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THE NEW YORKER

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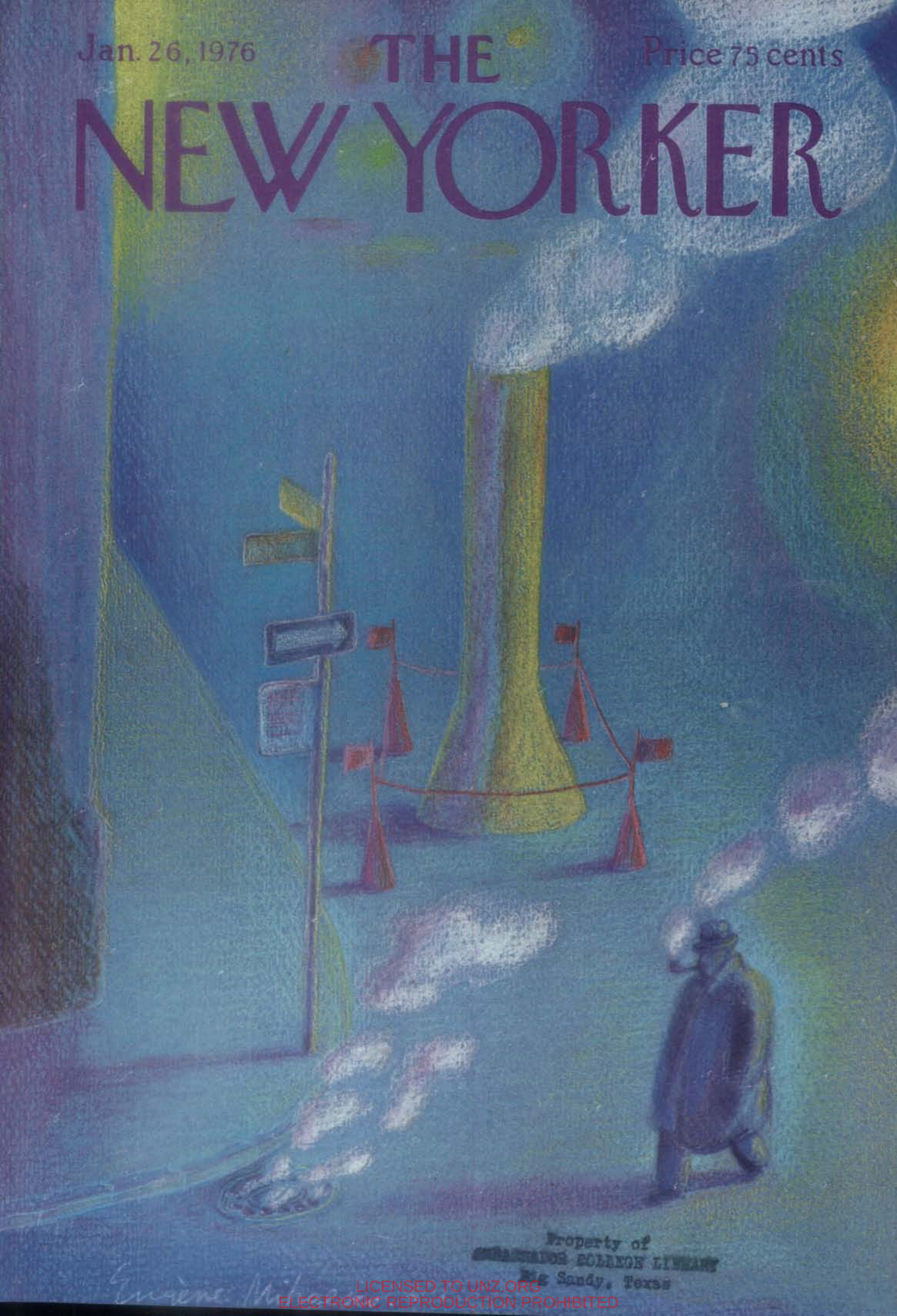

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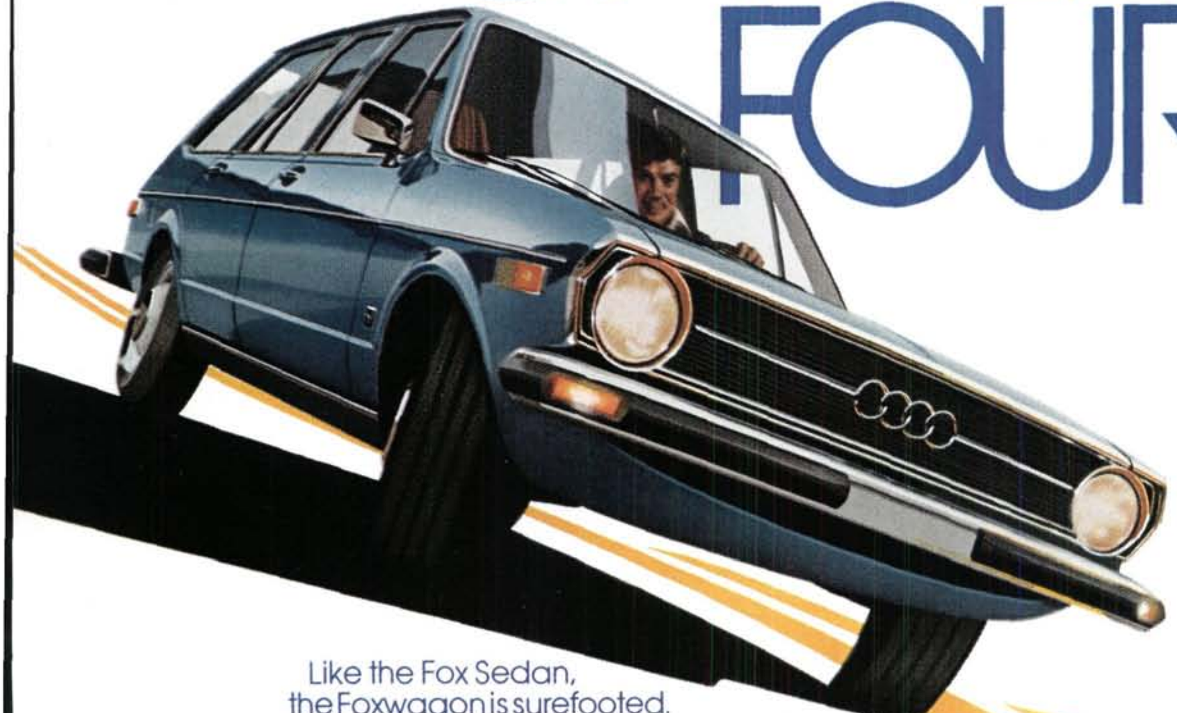

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Angel Street—Hanky-panky in Pimlico, featuring a murderous husband and a twittering wife. Mild, old-fashioned fun, starring Dina Merrill. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Clarence—A revival that wrongly emphasizes the quaintness at the expense of the genuine charm of this fifty-seven-year-old comedy by Booth Tarkington. With Stephen Keep in the title role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—Cole Porter's musical **PANAMA HATTIE** is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Every Night When the Sun Goes Down—A play by Phillip Hayes Dean. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Fifth Season—Joseph Buloff and Stan Porter in a musical version (in Yiddish and English) of Sylvia Regan's comedy. Adapted by Luba Kadison, with music and lyrics by Dick Manning. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesday and Friday at 7:30, and Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 2 and 6. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25.)

Gilbeau—A play by Clayton Riley. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25. Free.)

The Glass Menagerie—A fine revival of the early Tennessee Williams classic. Admirably enacted by Maureen Stapleton, Rip Torn, Pamela Payton-Wright, and Paul Rudd. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Habeas Corpus—Jokes about middle-aged lust and bodily decrepitude, unexpectedly redeemed by a brilliant cast. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Hamlet—Sam Waterston is the star of this superb production. Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25.)

Jesse and the Bandit Queen—David Freeman's romp, presumably a fantasy about Jesse James and his mistress and partner-in-crime, Belle Starr, is unsettling on a number of counts, but there is no doubt that it is at least an occasion for two performances—by Barry Primus and Dixie Carter, its entire cast. Costumes by Hilary M. Rosenfeld and lighting by Arden Fingerhut. Gordon Stewart directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Knock Knock—A play by Jules Feiffer. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Jason Robards, Zoe Caldwell, Michael Moriarty, and Kevin Conway in a revival of the O'Neill play, directed by Mr. Robards. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 27, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; on Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Me and Bessie—Perhaps the main weakness of Linda Hopkins' attempt to re-create Bessie Smith by clamping cloche hats on her head and singing Bessie's songs is that she is a jittery and uncertain actress. Bessie had majesty; Hopkins doesn't. But now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

A Musical Jubilee—A couple of dozen old songs, delivered with spirit by Cyril Ritchard, Lillian Gish, Patrice Munsel, John Raitt, Tammy Grimes, Larry Kert, and Dick Shawn. This is Broadway? (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Norman Conquests—Three plays, each com-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

plete in itself and presented on succeeding nights, make up one great big play. The hero is a lascivious young man who pursues every woman he encounters, including, from time to time, his wife. The author is Alan Ayckbourn, and a very funny fellow he is. The schedule is complicated—ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN: Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 2; Friday, Jan. 23, as well as Monday, Jan. 26, and Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2. . . . TABLE MANNERS: Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2; Tuesday, Jan. 27, as well as Thursday, Jan. 29, and Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8. . . . LIVING TOGETHER: Thursday, Jan. 22, and Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8; Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 2; and Friday, Jan. 30, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

PACIFIC OVERTURES—A musical curiosity, based on Commodore Perry's bullying visit to Japan in 1853. With an all-Asian cast. Songs by Stephen Sondheim, and direction by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Opening performances of a five-play repertory that will run for several months. Tennessee Williams' 27 WAGONS FULL OF COTTON and Arthur Miller's A MEMORY OF TWO MONDAYS, a twin bill directed by Arvin Brown: Previews Friday, Jan. 23, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2; and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3. Opens officially on Monday, Jan. 26, at 6:45. Other performances Friday, Jan. 30, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Sidney Howard's THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, directed by Stephen Porter. Previews Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 21-22, and Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 6:45. Additional performance Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820.)

THE ROYAL FAMILY—This revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores, under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, is as fresh and funny as ever. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE SHORTCHANGED REVIEW—A play by Michael Dorn Moody. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 21. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 22. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH—Irene Worth's extraordinary performance as an aging, frightened movie star, in hiding after making what she considers a disastrous comeback, almost redeems this deeply flawed play by Tennessee Williams. With Christopher Walken, Pat Corley, and Cathryn Damon, among others. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 7.)

TRAVESTIES—A comedy by Tom Stoppard that ingeniously mingles history with outrageous make-believe. John Wood (David Dukes substitutes for him at the Wednesday matinées) is the spectacular star. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME . . . BUT I'M NOT GOING!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Len Gochman, Patti Perkins, and Renny Temple are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. Charles E. Hoefler designed the imaginative scenery, and the whole show moves with humor and style, under the direction of James Hammerstein and Gui Andrisano. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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VERY GOOD EDDIE—Young folk raising innocent hell in the sunny days of 1915. With music by Jerome Kern. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

YENTL—You don't have to be Jewish to like "Yentl," but it will certainly help. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, the play tells how an old-country Jewish maiden assumes the guise of a man, marries a pretty girl, and finds misery. Tovah Feldshuh is enchanting in the title role. The play has been well directed by Robert Kalfin. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR: A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . EQUUS: Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Jacob Milligan, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE FANTASTICKS: 6,553 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . GODSPELL: A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . GREASE: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE MAGIC SHOW: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . PIPPIN: A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Harney, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR: A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . SHENANDOAH: A musical about the Civil War, but really about showbiz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . THE WIZ: A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "Agon," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Chaconne" (première), and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2: "Serenade," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 25, at 1: "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2" and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 25, at 7: "Rapsodie Espagnole," "Tzigane," "In the Night," and "Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Sonatine," "Illuminations," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Concerto Barocco," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Concerto Barocco," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Raymonda Variations" and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Gaspard de la Nuit," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "Gaspard de la Nuit," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," and "Chaconne." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Las Hermanas," "Grand Pas Classique," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8: "Gemini" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Fancy Free," "Medea," "The Maids," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2: "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Gemini," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Shadowplay," "Fall River Legend," "Pas de Deux," and "The Leaves Are Fading." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2: "Push Comes to Shove," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Las Hermanas" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8: "The River," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Fall River Legend," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Fall River Legend," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "The River." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2: "The Leaves Are Fading" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Las Hermanas" and "La Sylphide." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Sunday, Feb. 1.)

PEARL LANG DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of "The Possessed," a full-length work based on Ansky's play "The Dybbuk." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 21, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 24-25, at 8.)

MAZOWSZE—More than ninety Polish folk dancers and singers, plus a symphony orchestra. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 27-29, at 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

●

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one. A long bar on the

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left leads to a small, raised dining room, which serves good New York chophouse food. The décor, with its soft wallpaper, soft lights, and rathskeller trimmings, is out of the thirties, and so is the little porch between the bar and the dining room which holds a baby grand and the pianist **DARDANELLE**, who is on hand from seven until midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. She is a cheerful, trim grandmother who bears lightly several distinctions—she is a neighbor of Bucky Pizzarelli, who persuaded her to come out of retirement; she was voted best new pianist in a 1945 *Esquire* poll by Lionel Hampton, and best new vibraphonist by Art Tatum; and she is a singer of a kind that is almost gone. Her diction is extraordinary (her words are so clear they seem to slide across a screen in front of one), she sings in tune, she has an absolutely straightforward (Lee Wiley) voice, and she has a singular repertory. During a couple of sets, she will toss off Blossom Dearie's "I'm Shadowing You," Joe Raposo's "There Used to Be a Ballpark Right Here" and "Bein' Green," Jobim's "Waves," Lee Wiley's "A Woman's Intuition," the Beatles' "Michelle," and Stephen Sondheim's "Send In the Clowns" (what a remarkable song!), as well as an assortment of vintage Porter, Gershwin, Arlen, and Mercer. She even sings an occasional doileyed blues. Her piano playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

•

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant with mostly mainstream and occasionally out-there jazz. Music from nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Aging wunderkind **TONY WILLIAMS**, seated at his spiffy yellow trap set, is here with his latest band, opposite energetic saxophonist Joe Farrell and *his* group; on Wednesday, Jan. 21. On Thursday, Jan. 22, **BETTY CARTER**, one of the few truly improvisational singers, will begin trading sets with pop singer Gino Vannelli, one of the few truly Canadian discoveries of Herb Alpert. This odd double bill runs through Sunday, Jan. 25. Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 26-27, are landmark dates in the annals of the rock-palace business: pianist Peter Serkin, violinist Ida Kavafian, cellist Fred Sherry, and clarinettist Richard Stoltzman—known collectively as **TASHI** (Tibetan for "good fortune," and the name of Serkin's Lhasa apso), a chamber-music ensemble—will perform from a repertoire that stretches from Bach to Messiaen. This engagement, reportedly the first of its kind, amounts to an experiment for the musicians in Tashi and the management of the Bottom Line. Tashi, founded nearly three years ago, has appeared in traditional, if not completely staid, circumstances; the group was acclaimed last June at a New York Philharmonic Rug Concert, and in February, it will begin a series of three Y.M.H.A. concerts. On the other hand, Bottom Line presentations have never ventured much closer to the classics than the synthesized Mantovanian strings used by the Strawbs. But the young, informally dressed members of Tashi will no doubt be warmly received here. Indeed, the only problems that may confront this unusual Bottom Line booking lie in the music-criticism department: Should a paper send its music critic or its rock critic? The opening act for Tashi will be alto saxophonist, flutist, and contrabass clarinettist **ANTHONY BRAXTON** and three other highly regarded players—bassist Dave Holland, trumpeter Kenny Wheeler, and drummer Philip Wilson. Braxton (who has noted as his influences Ornette Coleman, Karlheinz Stockhausen, and Paul Desmond) and his various collective-improvisation groups have done much toward merging and decategorizing jazz and new music. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 29-31, the place is turned over to the latest edition of the National Lampoon Show—word has it that it's a deliberately, outrageously sophomoric collegiate revue with music. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** works with a bassist through Saturday, Jan. 24. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and his bassist, Bill Takas, will return to these hectic quarters on Monday,

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Jan. 26. On Sundays, Barry Harris runs through a keyboard history of bop standards. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **SYLVIA SYMS** demonstrates how to sing beautifully in the classic vein of Billie Holiday and Mildred Bailey. Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL**, who has taken over from Marian McPartland in the Bemelmans Bar, was a good minor pianist when she came up in the fifties; now she commands and moves. Her time is infallible, and she is equally at ease with legato, backpedalling figures, double-time sprints, and spacious, collecting rests. Weekdays from nine-fifteen.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Joe Turner, who hasn't worked in this country for some twenty-eight years (he's been living and performing in Europe), is now busy making up for lost time Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN**, a neatly bearded musical historian and memory bank, plays just about everything. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, Jan. 27, Jimmy Giuffre will sit in with the regulars. Pianist Red Richards plays into the night, starting most nights at five-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 25, trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN** heads up a quartet, beginning at eight. Dinner.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—**LOUISIANA RED** is the real thing: he's a direct descendant of Robert Johnson, Bukka White, and other distraught blues singers of the thirties. Red, who is thirty-nine and, reportedly, very shy and self-conscious, rarely brings to his live performances the all-out vitality that characterizes his excellent recent album, "Sweet Blood Call" (Blue Labor), but what he does bring is well worth seeing and hearing. After ten, through Sunday, Jan. 25.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist **BROOKS KERR**, who at twenty-four knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SONNY GREER**. The trio is well worth your time. The Hal Galper duo takes over Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three, and from five to nine on Sundays, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson heads a trio.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and overblown chandeliers, and the excessively neat staff. This really is a Village jazz club. The current musicians include **DEE DEE BRIDGEWATER**, perhaps the best young vocalist around nowadays, powerhouse pianist **ROLAND HANNA**, and their bassist George Mraz. Music from ten. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Norris Turney on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, check their mail, throw darts, and listen to Lance Hayward, whose piano style is peppered with tremolos. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**RED NORVO'S** whispering runs and spidery double-time figures on his xylophone and vibraharp are being supported by the sparkling and witty drumming of **JO JONES**. And alongside *them* are the delicate and inventive piano of **JOHN BUNCH** and the infallible bass of **MILT HINTON**. They also back the singer Mavis Rivers. Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Bassist **GORDON EDWARDS** and his loose and nimble rhythm-and-blues outfit, which usually includes guitarists **ERIC GALE** and **CORNELL DUPREE**, pianist **RICHARD TEE**, and either **CHRIS PARKER** or **STEVE GADD** on drums, are present Sundays through Thursdays. These R. & B. classicists—who are among the very few blues musicians now working in New York (outside the recording studio) on a regular basis—move through graceful, extended, and freewheeling versions of "I Heard It Through the Grapevine," "Sunny," "Hold On, I'm Coming," and more, from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** and his band, Fusion, is onstage, along with vocalist **URSZULA DUDZIAK**, through Sunday, Jan. 25. Urbaniak's and Dudziak's music is a fusion, too—one that combines the folk melodies and rhythms of their native Poland with the rhythms and improvisatory turns of contemporary electronic jazz. On Wednesday, Jan. 28, Juilliard-schooled banjo technician Eric Weissberg is scheduled to show up with his band, Deliverance. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—An attractive, easygoing haunt for belatedly decadent college freshmen, middle-aged couples from Roslyn, remnants of the neighborhood glitter element, and an occasional record-company representative. Lynn Kellogg, a guitar-picking and quite agreeable pop singer, will take the stage beginning Tuesday, Jan. 27. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A clean-cut uptown bar with small jazz groups presented from nine-thirty. Sundays, as always, are reserved for **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** guitar duets. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Nearly half the tables have been placed on a newly constructed two-foot-high carpeted platform that offers a fine view of the musicians—usually pianists and bassists—who occupy the knotty-pine-walled corner. Collin Walcott, on sitar and tabla, and bassist Glen Moore—who together make up one-half of the self-indulgently ethereal East-West quartet, Oregon—are joined by pianist Larry Karush through Saturday, Jan. 24. On Thursday, Jan. 29, guitarist **SAM BROWN**,

A PREDICTABLE PROGRAM: ONE SURPRISE AFTER ANOTHER

Every Sunday morning on the CBS Television Network, a nationwide following of loyal viewers turns to "Camera Three." They know what to expect: The unexpected.

"Camera Three" is a staged anthology of theater, music, art, and the sciences of man. It's also a carousel of innovation. It holds national distinction as a force in experimental theater and *avant-garde* dance. WCBS-TV, CBS Owned station in New York, has produced the program for the past 22 years. It was twice chosen for further distribution: In 1956, by the Network. In 1958, for classrooms, by the New York State Department of Education.

In one program, Henry Moore creates a sculpture. In another, Pierre Boulez conducts an orchestra. Or Anthony Burgess sheds light on James Joyce. Or Costa-Gavras (of "Z") ignites ideas with Marcel Ophuls (of "The Sorrow and the Pity").

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"Camera Three" turns experiment into discovery. It broadens critical faculties for more knowing enjoyment of the new. To its mass audience, it brings the famous as well as the novice—along the creative frontiers of their arts.

With ideas, insights, stories...form, color, motion...artists, sounds, and gestures. Combining these, what will they think of next—for "Camera Three"?

CBS OWNED STATIONS AND CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS**, and a bassist will take over. The hours run from nine Mondays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

TANGERINE, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard on Sundays and Mondays, assisted by bassist John Williams.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A pleasant enough hangout. None of the music here is slick, and, lately, most of it has been characterized by unadventurous small-group bebop dabblings. Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but the place is nevertheless worth visiting. Pianist Ahmad Jamal, who once estimated that he has played "Poinciana" about a hundred thousand times, winds up his two-week stint here on Sunday, Jan. 25. Super bassist **RON CARTER** will descend the murky staircase with a quartet on Tuesday, Jan. 27. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. Wednesdays, the Warren Court—an outfit that includes former Basieite Earle Warren, Taft Jordan (his gigs were with Chuck Webb and Ellington), Cecil Young, and Skip White—is in session. A swing-to-bop quartet performs Thursdays and Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, Sammy Price, Buddy Tate, and Paul Quinichette get together with their quartet for some more swing sessions. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 5:45: **BARBARA CARROLL** and **RICHARD SUDHALTER**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 5:45: **DON SHIRLEY**.

ORCHESTRA FOR THE LIVING ARTS—James Frazier conducting, with Don Shirley, piano. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

DEEP PURPLE and **NAZARETH**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 22-23, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.

HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 7 and 11.

SALVATORE ADAMO—Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 26, at 8.

DAN FOGELBERG—With Fools Gold. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday, Jan. 28, and Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

NATALIE COLE—With the Crown Heights Affair. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

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ALVIN ROSS (1920-75)—Realism of a painterly rather than a photographic orientation is exemplified by this memorial exhibition of still-lifes done in the last five years. But the spirit of Photo-Realism (and its Pop and Surrealist progenitors) hovers over many of these small, delicately and precisely painted compositions, and it derives from the banality of the objects represented: chocolate-covered cupcakes, jelly doughnuts sprinkled with powdered sugar, paper bags, cartons, ironing boards, Mixmasters, bottles of milk, and such. The most felicitous of the paintings represent the most commonplace of objects (an unappetizing marble cake sitting on a paper carton, for one superlative example, and some sticky buns together with the paper bag they came in, for another), while the pictures that use the handsome fruits and compôtes of traditional still-life painting themselves look somewhat commonplace. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

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BENNY ANDREWS—Preparatory studies—drawings, watercolors, collages—made for a major painting, "Utopias," which hangs in Boston. Through Feb. 7. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

GEORGE W. W. BREWSTER—Marine colors dominate these abstract paintings, suggested by Maine and Barbados coastlines. Through Feb. 7. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

FRITZ BULTMAN—New sculptures in bronze by this artist, who also is represented by several collages of cloth and paper that have a sort of calico gaiety, at the Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ Other bronzes by the same artist at the gallery's branch location, 521 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5). Through Feb. 7.

ROBERT DE NIRO—Pastel sketches of Moroccan women, nudes, and other subjects. Through Feb. 14. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

LOUIS FINKELSTEIN—Bosky landscapes ranging in locale from Central Park to the rolling hills of Connecticut and the mountains upstate. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

PIERRE HAUBENSAK—Geometric abstractions, most of them based on a rectangle within a rectangle (sometimes three rectangles are involved), done in subdued colors. Through Feb. 5. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

BERNARD KARFIOL (1886-1952)—Paintings of figures: nudes, children at play, circus performers. Also landscapes. Through Feb. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

HERBERT KATZMAN—A high order of draftsmanship is manifest in this collection of drawings—in ink, wash, charcoal, pencil, conté crayon—done over the past forty years and setting forth friends, celebrities, models, landscapes, and early, Groszlike antiwar sentiments. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

KARL KORAB—Compositions by a young Austrian that contain elements derived from many antecedent Surrealists yet have an independent character of their own; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 7. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR—Cheerful, sunny, stylized landscapes of the Maine countryside, and a few still-lifes and interiors, by this Icelandic-born artist, who also offers some scenes of outdoor groups romping around on small, Icelandic ponies. Through Feb. 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Collages using photographic enlargements of foreign cigarette and soap boxes are prominent in this show of recent work, in which the artist again pays his sombre tributes to Spain, and again delivers his familiar visual thunderclaps in black and red. Through Feb. 4. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

JAN MÜLLER (1928-58)—Figurative paintings and pastels made up of a kind of mosaic of individually colored, small abstract forms. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

JOHN OPPER—Abstract paintings characterized by vertical columns of color. Through Thursday, Jan. 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

REINHOUD—Amusing metal sculptures done in this country by a Flemish-born Parisian artist who came over for a while to teach in Minneapolis; his grasp of football is memorable, and so is his rendition of a posturing baritone with a tuba bell for a head. Through Feb. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

HENRY SCHNAKENBERG (1892-1970)—A retrospective consisting of oils and watercolors by an artist who was prominent in the thirties. Through Feb. 7. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

FRITZ SCHOLDER—Raw, haunting paintings of American Indians, done with implacable directness in oil or acrylics, and in colors that might have been scraped off totem poles, by a Minnesota-born Indian artist. Through Feb. 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

KURT SELIGMANN (1900-62)—Paintings and drawings, dating from the twenties through the fifties, plus a series of costume designs for the ballet, done in watercolor and pastel. Through Feb. 28. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

THÉO STAVROPOULOS—Abstract paintings, subdued in color, some of which suggest architectural ruins (the glory that was Greece?), plus pencil drawings, one or two related to the larger works by this Athenian-born artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

CORA KELLEY WARD—New abstract paintings in which a sombre background in a deep earth color is broken up by a window or windows in almost pastel tones. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

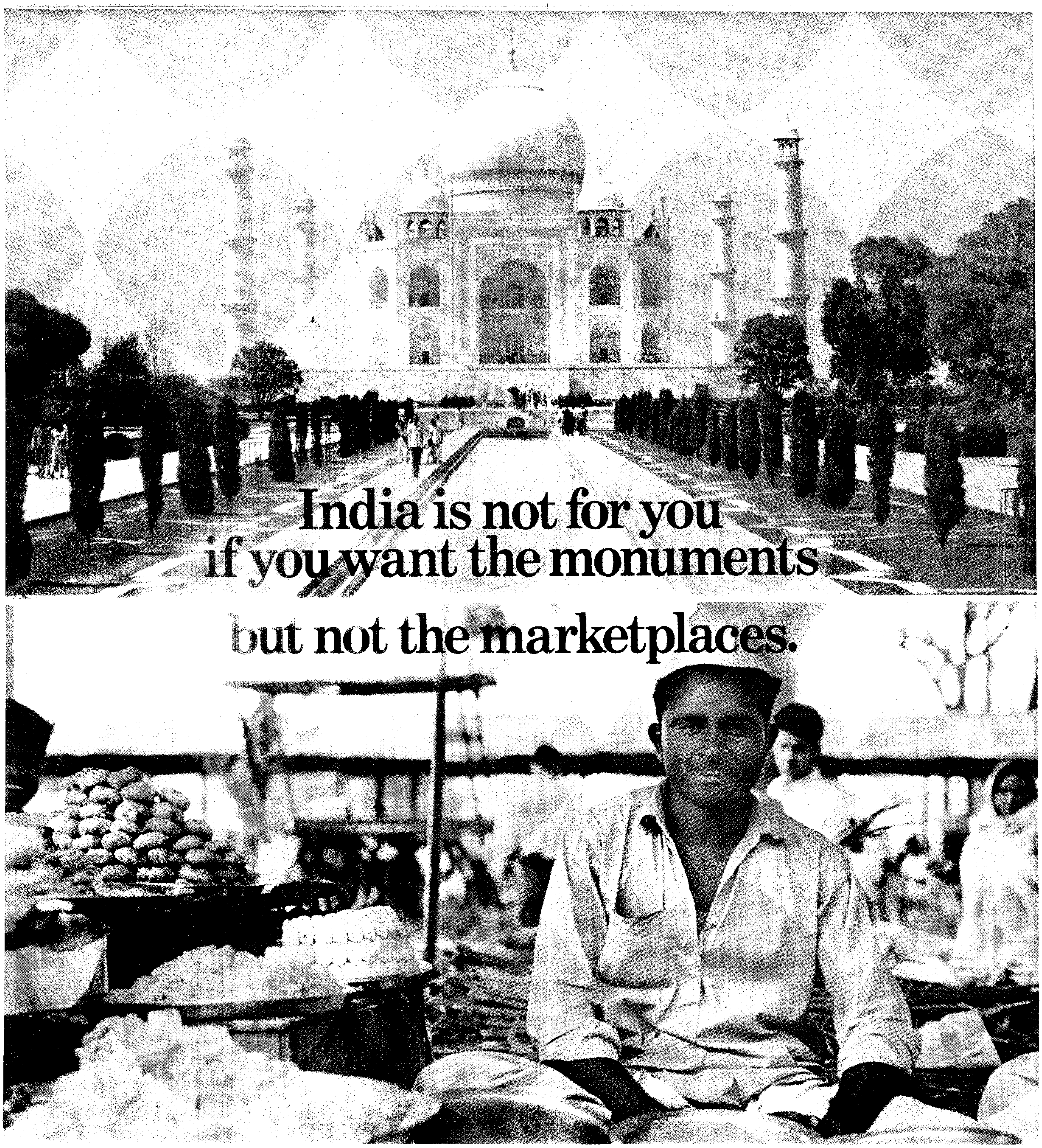
GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: A painting apiece by Edward Ruscha and Sam Francis, plus a single sculpture each by Anthony Caro and John Chamberlain. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by Margit Beck and Helen Hoie, among others, and a freestanding illuminated sculpture by Clyde Lynds. Through Wednesday, Jan. 28. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Works in a wide variety of mediums by forty-seven artists from Latin-American countries. Through Feb. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such European artists as Sonia Delaunay and Barbara Hepworth, plus paintings by Sam Francis and Paul Jenkins. Through Thursday, Jan. 29. . . . **KERR**, 49 E. 82nd St.: A benefit loan show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by N. C. Wyeth, Andrew Wyeth, James Wyeth, and a scattering of non-Wyeths, including Asher B. Durand and Everett Shinn. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **LARCADA**, 23 E. 67th St.: Drawings and photographs of Art Deco architecture in the Bronx. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, R. Taylor, James Thurber, and Barney Tobey. Through Feb. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, Braque, Tamayo, and Calder. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by gallery regulars Ken Danby, Stephen Greene, Grace Hartigan, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 31.

SCULPTURE—Small pieces, primarily in bronze and carved stone, by Doris Caesar, Charles Salerno, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently showing their work uptown include: **EDWARD AVEDISIAN** at Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:45); **JUD NELSON** at Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

LEONARD BASKIN—Twenty watercolors that were used as illustrations for a revised edition of



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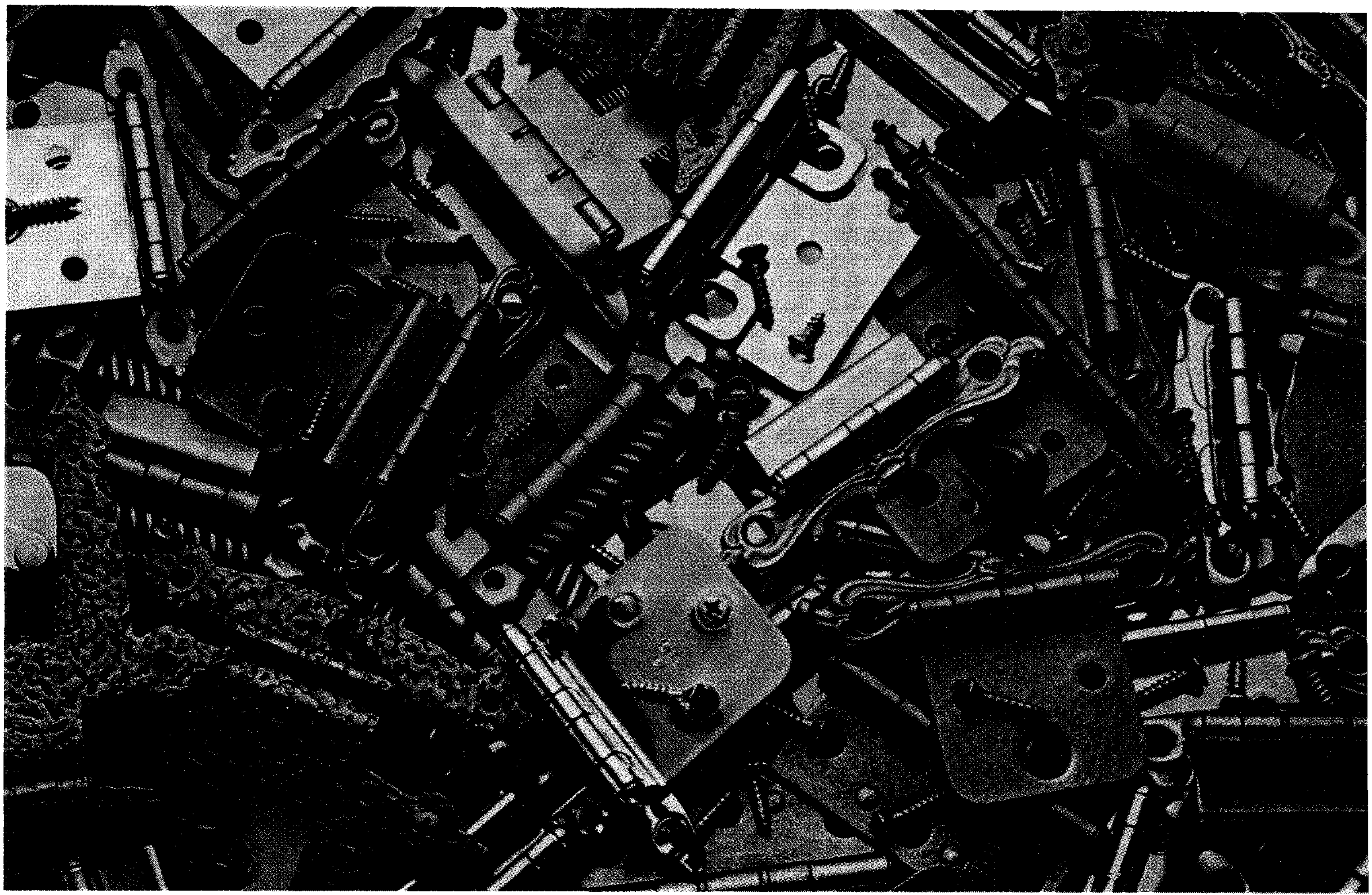

Sperry Univac's UNIS computer system has helped turn the theory of manufacturing and inventory control into a working reality.

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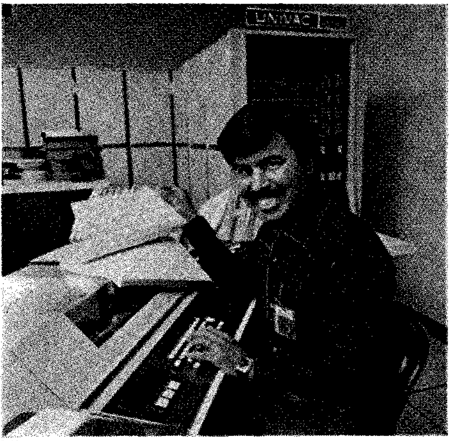

Now, planners spend their time planning instead of running around checking their figures. Ajax can react faster to changing demand, anticipate material shortages, better coordinate purchasing and production with real needs. They can actually produce and sell more without adding a single man or machine.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"A Passover Haggadah," plus examples of his sinewy birds of prey and his impassive Indians. Through Feb. 7. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

William Copley—A large painting of John Hancock's signature, entitled "Modesty," and a red, white, and blue portrait of George Washington—the nose being the red part—are two of the works in this exhibit. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Walter Dusenbery—Abstract stone sculptures. Through Feb. 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alberto Giacometti (1901-66)—Fifty-three examples of his stalagmitic sculpture and his tangled skeins of lines which resolve themselves into masterworks of painting and drawing. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

James Hagan—Tulip, oak, and walnut are among the woods used in these large, abstract carved sculptures, which have a rough, unfinished quality; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Will Insley—The rationale behind this exhibit is that we are living far in the future and looking at fragments of walls discovered by our archeologists, who have been delving into the ruins of a not-quite-so-future civilization. The individual fragments are made of contemporary Masonite. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Jensen / Guy Dill—A selection of paintings done over the past dozen years, most of them checkerboards in thick, bright colors and incorporating numbers, which might be the playing surface of some complicated gambling game. / Constructions—some of them freestanding and some of them wall pieces—that combine steel, glass, and concrete. Through Feb. 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Aristodemos Kaldis—Bright-colored landscapes of the more precipitous Greek countryside, dotted with cottages and churches and walled-in farms, giving the impression of an avalanche arrested in time. Through Feb. 5. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ethel Magafan—Semi-abstract landscape paintings of Colorado. Through Feb. 14. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Henry Pearson—Paintings on paper, nearly all of them showing a squared-off black monolith against a sort of marbled background—a combination that somehow exudes supernaturalness. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Eric Sloane—Paintings of clouds. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Robert Warrens—Comic-surrealist paintings of animals, including one of a life-size hunting dog who has been converted into an ashtray, and four that deal with the trouble in Eden (half-eaten apples are prominent in the foreground) from the viewpoint of various creatures who seem to have evolved from Dr. Seuss; first one-man show in New York. Through Friday, Jan. 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Isaac Witkin—A series of nine free-form stainless-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Nina Yankowitz—Lengths of unstretched canvas on which the artist has blocked out a dark background area and written on it in squeezings of acrylic paint that make up a convincing calligraphy. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Zuka—Collage paintings of figures and events in American history; the Colonial scenes come off particularly well, because of all the fine brocades and wallpapers the citizens enjoyed. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Constructions and paintings, done in either black or white, by artists regularly associated with this gallery, including Vasarely, Soto, and Charles Hinman. Through Feb. 14. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—Heavy-duty wood and metal sculptures from the past fifteen years. One new work is a floor piece made up of a hundred and forty-four twelve-inch squares of pure tin—a beautiful, silvery metal. Through Wednesday, Jan. 28. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

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Sherman Drexler—A new series of the peculiarly earnest paintings of nudes that are this artist's specialty. One notes that naked people wearing eyeglasses look funny. Through Thursday, Jan. 29. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Cynthia Mailman / Diane Churchill—Realist landscapes seen from an automobile. / Abstract paintings, some of them on shaped canvases. Through Wednesday, Jan. 28. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Vincent Moore / Harry Kramer—Two large paintings (a landscape and an interior showing rooms undergoing repairs), plus smaller surreal works of rusted metal objects. / Geometric abstractions on canvas and paper. Through Wednesday, Jan. 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Ray Parker / Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe—Works on paper. / Abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Jan. 28. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Fabrizio Plessi / Ernst Aebi—Plessi thinks up implausible experiments (sawing a lake into two equal parts with a handsaw, for instance), and projects a photograph of his stab at carrying out such an experiment onto photo-sensitized canvas, which he then colors to his own taste. / Dantean horrors (fantastic monsters devouring a naked citizenry, or consuming a whole town), done in a pen-and-ink style that lies somewhere between Hieronymus Bosch and Flash Gordon. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Dalia Ramanauskas—Pen-and-colored-ink drawings of cardboard boxes, crumpled wrapping paper, and opened cartons, done in meticulous detail and—considering the crosshatch technique employed—startlingly lifelike colors. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Ben Schonzeit—Photo-Realist paintings that range in subject matter from cauliflowers and eggplants to the Continental Divide, and include an immense head (eight feet tall, seven feet wide) of a pretty girl named Marcia, whose every pore and wrinkle is carefully examined. Through Feb. 4. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Justin Schorr—Abstract paintings and drawings, some of them painstaking delineations of what could be a thick vein of pebbles, and some of them dashed-off objects of the so-called organic genre. Through Thursday, Jan. 29. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Richard Shaw—Ceramic sculpture, much of it in a comic vein—for instance, a duck diving into a pail of water, with his head breaking through the side of the bucket; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Braunstein-Quay, 139 Spring St.)

Group Shows—At **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Invited artists showing paintings, sculptures, and other works. Through Wednesday, Jan. 28. . . . **KNOWLTON**, 153 Prince St.: A rotating exhibit of works on paper by about twenty artists, plus bronzes by Charles Frazier. Through March 6. . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Work in a variety of mediums, such as paintings by Mary Grigoriadis and sculptures by Marilynn Gelfman-Pereira and Gary Wojcik. Through Saturday, Jan. 24.

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **JEAN LE GAC** at Gibson, 392 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 6); **BARRY LE VA** at Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **REEVA POTOFF** at Meisel, 141 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **DOUG SANDERSON** at Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

Harriet Feigenbaum—Bunches of hay tied by wire to wood branches, works inspired by haying methods the artist observed in the Tuscan Valley. Through Feb. 23. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

War Posters—Hackle-raisers from the two world wars, including examples by such old reliables as Howard Chandler Christy and James Montgomery Flagg. One shows a sailor exhorting a civilian (while Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, waves the flag in the background), "The Navy Needs You! Don't Read American History—Make It!" Through Feb. 13. (Poster America, 174 Ninth Ave., near 20th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

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Berenice Abbott—This large retrospective confirms what one has suspected about this renowned seventy-seven-year-old photographer: that her chief contribution to photography is her portraiture, done in the twenties and thirties and then largely abandoned for documentary photography of New York City. Abbott worked from 1923 to 1925 as Man Ray's assistant in Paris, and then opened her own studio there, to which everybody who was anybody in art and literature flocked (James Joyce, André Gide, François Mauriac, Jules Romains, Djuna Barnes, Max Ernst, Jean Cocteau, Margaret Anderson, Janet Flanner, and Isamu Noguchi among them)—and flocked for good reason. Abbott's portraits at once idealize the flesh and penetrate the spirit of their subjects, and, in addition, have a formal audacity and authority comparable to Man Ray's own. The well-known portrait of Joyce with hat and cane is on view here—an elegant, painterly portrait of the artist as a beset, bone-weary man having his picture taken—and offers a particularly clear example of Abbott's exquisite melding of the art in photography with the art *of* photography. The pictures of New York, which form the largest part of the show, do not have the same impact. They were taken in the thirties, after Abbott's return home from Paris, when she was working first on her own and then under a W. P. A. art project called "Changing New York." Only a few of the urban scenes have any special formal distinction, and their interest as documents is milder than one would suppose of pictures taken forty years ago. For all the destruction and construction that has been going on in the city, it hasn't fundamentally changed, and many of the pictures taken by Abbott in the thirties could be—and, indeed, are being—taken today. A third section of the show is devoted to a group of photographs illustrating physical laws, and these are extremely ingenious, handsome, and, like the portraits, reflective of the great Ray. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

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Eugene Buechel (1874-1954)—Photographs of the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Indian Reservations taken between 1922 and 1942 by a South Dakota Jesuit priest and teacher. Through Feb. 8. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Van Deren Coke—Landscapes and other work by a well-known historian of photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Winthrop Edey—Landscapes and cityscapes tak-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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en in Venice, Mexico, and New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

John McWilliams / Neal Slavin—Southern landscapes. / Group portraits. One is titled: "Staff, Statue of Liberty, Liberty Island, N.Y. 1974." Through Feb. 7. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Linda Solomon—Photographs of children, mostly; first solo show in New York. Through Feb. 16. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Fifty-six photographs of Chicago immigrants and workers that may or may not have been taken by Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940) but that do reflect his period. . . . ¶ Color photographs of the American scene by Ernst Haas. Both exhibitions through Feb. 1. (Open Sundays.). . . **WITKIN**, 243 E. 60th St.: A hundred prints by ten photographers, among them Ansel Adams, Imogen Cunningham, Walker Evans, and Edward Weston. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The museum has acquired about twenty thousand art works in the last ten years, and of these, five hundred have been selected to illustrate, along with descriptive panels, how this institution goes about amassing its collections. Through March 23. . . . ¶ A private collection: the Norbert Schimmel assemblage of classical, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities. Through March 23. . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century Italian architectural drawings, including an album by Filippo Iuvara, as well as drawings of stage sets and decorative objects, all from the museum's collection. Through March 14. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art 11 W. 53rd St.—Drawings, some of them large-scale works on the wall by Dorothea Rockburne, Sol LeWitt, and others, done over the last twenty years by American and European artists. Starts Friday, Jan. 23. . . . ¶ Photographs of Midwestern Indian reservations. Through Feb. 8. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Aristide Maillol, including bronzes (among them about two dozen monumental pieces), terracottas, paintings, drawings, tapestries, and illustrated books. Through March 21. . . . ¶ Drawings (encompassing watercolors, collages, and other mediums) by such twentieth-century American artists as Arthur G. Dove, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Frank Stella. Starts Friday, Jan. 23. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the abstract sculptures of Mark di Suvero. The smaller pieces are on exhibit in the museum, and twelve monumental pieces have been installed in open spaces in all five boroughs. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures drawn from the collections of this country's oldest art institution, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, along with material documenting the academy's history. Some of the artists included are Peale, Eakins, Sheeler, and Calder. Through Feb. 22. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ The final concerts of the season by the Composers' Showcase: On Thursday and Friday, Jan. 22-23, at 8:30, a performance by the Erick Hawkins Dance Company of "Here and Now with Watchers," with Lucia Dlugoszewski, timbre piano. On Monday, Jan. 26, at 6:45 and 9:30, a program by Vanessa Redgrave, narrator; Clark Terry, trumpet; and Collage, the contemporary-music ensemble of the Boston Symphony. Tickets on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—An exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by thirty American women artists who worked in the eighteen-hundreds, among them Cecilia Beaux, Emma Stebbins, and Mary Cassatt. Through Feb. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century silhouettes on paper and glass, from the museum's collection. Through Feb. 22. This show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through April 30. . . . ¶ An eleven-minute slide show, with narration, of drawings and photographs that explain (in a mixture of story and fact) how hats are used all over the world, and a companion exhibit of hats worn by politicians and theatre people. Through Feb. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Indian drawings and painted sketches dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Feb. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century," an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Chagall, Shahn, Soutine, Weber, Nevelson, and others. Through Sunday, Jan. 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evening until 9.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred drawings from the Thaw collection, including examples by Rembrandt, Watteau, Degas, and Cézanne. . . . ¶ Charles Lamb's bicentenary is marked by a small show of autograph manuscripts, letters, and first editions. Both exhibitions through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show devoted to cats as depicted in American folk art: carousel cats, weathervane cats, papier-mâché cats, paintings of cats. Through March 26. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Nearly sixty-five pieces of furniture made in New York between 1740 and 1840. Also on view: a tool chest that belonged to cabinetmaker Duncan Phyfe. Through May 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Early manuscripts and printed editions by American writers, ranging from Benjamin Franklin to Walt Whitman, from the Berg Collection. (Weekdays, except Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Colored-pencil drawings by Cleveland Bellow. Through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Paintings by Phillip Lindsay Mason. Through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Collages, paintings, and pen-and-ink drawings by Michael Cummings. Through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 21: "La Traviata," with Beverly Sills, Stuart Burrows, and Ingvar Wixell; conducted by Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 22: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Renata Scotto, Lili Chookasian, Harry Theyard, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Renata Scotto and Lili Chookasian; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Renata Scotto, Lili Chookasian, Frank Guarrera, Raymond Gibbs, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 23: "Fidelio," with Gwyneth Jones, Judith Blegen, Jess Thomas, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, James Morris, and Kenneth Riegel; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 24: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, William Lewis, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, Morley Meredith, Lenus Carlson, Richard T. Gill, and Raymond Michalski; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 24: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Justino Díaz, and Richard T. Gill; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 26: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Renata Scotto, Lili Chookasian, Harry Theyard, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Renata Scotto and Lili Chookasian; "Gianni Schicchi," with Renata Scotto, Lili Chookasian, Frank Guarrera, Raymond Gibbs, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 27: "La Traviata," with Beverly Sills, Stuart Burrows, and Ingvar Wixell; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 28: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Cynthia Munzer, Ryland Davies, Richard Stilwell, Fernando Corena, and James Morris; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 29: "Elektra," with Klara Barlow, Teresa Kubiak, Irene Dalis, Robert Nagy, and Morley Meredith; Heinrich Hollreiser. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 30: "La Traviata," with Beverly Sills, Stuart Burrows, and Ingvar Wixell; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 31: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Cynthia Munzer, Ryland Davies, Richard Stilwell, Fernando Corena, and James Morris; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 31: "Fidelio," with Gwyneth Jones, Judith Blegen, Jess Thomas, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, James Morris, and Kenneth Riegel; John Mauceri. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Jan. 24, at 1:30, and Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, André Previn conducting—Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 23, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 7:30 (all with Mr. Previn as piano soloist); and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 29-30, and Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8:30 (all with Van Cliburn, piano).

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—Georg Semkow conducting, with Heather Harper, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

New and Newer Music—Dennis Russell Davies conducting the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 7:30. For tickets, which will not be on sale at the auditorium, call 362-1911.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8, with Mary Louise Boehm, piano, and Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; and Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. All seats have been sold for the second concert, and only standing room is left.)

St. Paul Chamber Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet, and Paul Sperry, tenor. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting, with Judith Burganger, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Christine Weidinger, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra—George Schick conducting a benefit concert, with Frederick Swann, organ. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at

122nd St. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Musica Sacra Orchestra and Chorus—Richard Westenburg directing a program of Bach cantatas, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi and Shirley Love, mezzo-sopranos; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Uwe Harrer directing. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a program of music by Horatio Parker, with Jennifer Barron, soprano; Cynthia Munzer, contralto; Leo Goeke, tenor; Richard Anderson, bass; Bradley Hull, organ; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing the second in a series of three concerts entitled "Treasures of American Choral Music." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

RECITALS

Eugene Gratovich—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The fourth in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, with Martine Geliot, harp, and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra conducted by Dennis Russell Davies. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Karl Kraber—Flute, with Mary Beth Peil, soprano; Jerry Kirkbride, clarinet; Edward Brewer, harpsichord; and Fortunato Arico, cello. The last in a series of recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Nobuko Imai—Viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2:30.)

Nigel Coxe—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 5.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Jan DeGaetani—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Anne Perret and Rodrigo de Zayas—Mezzo-soprano and lute/theorbo/vihuela. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Aulos Wind Quintet—With Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, and Paula Robison, flute. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2.)

Lynn Harrell and James Levine—In a recital of Beethoven sonatas for cello and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3.)

Gudrun Schaumann and Michael Newman—A recital of Paganini sonatas for violin and guitar. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Nathaniel Rosen—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Orpheus Chamber Ensemble—The second in a series of five recitals by small ensembles drawn from the orchestra. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Arkadii Sevidov—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8, the first in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8, with John Graham, viola. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Andrew Rangell—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Zarate Guitar Quartet—Classical guitarists. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Raymond Lewenthal and Friends—Piano, in the third in a series of four recitals of romantic ensemble music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in an all-Schumann recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Bert Lucarelli—Oboe, with the Manhattan String Quartet; Raphael Hillyer, viola; and Thomas Hrynkiv, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—John Browning and Charles Wadsworth, pianos; Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 1, at 5.)

Tom Krause—Baritone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Renata Scotto and Louis Quilico—Soprano and baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of music of the northern Renaissance. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Gary Towlen—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Royal Marines and the Black Watch—The massed bands, pipes, drums, and dancers of these two British regiments. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 7:30; Friday, Jan. 23, at 10:30; Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 1:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Jan. 23, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Houston, Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:05.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Sunday, Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Jan. 28. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Tuesday, Jan. 27.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 15. The Affectionately Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 24, and the Stymie Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 31. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 12.

Track Meet—Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 30, at 7.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 6.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—James Wright reading from his own works. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Winter Antiques Show—This year's event will feature an exhibit of furniture loaned by the Metropolitan Museum. In addition, there will be displays of folk art, silver, porcelains, rugs, and accessories. A benefit show. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Jan. 24, through Sunday, Feb. 1. Weekdays, noon to 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 2: Jewelry, from many owners. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Jan. 22-23, at 2: Old Master paintings, from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2: French and other Continental furniture and decorations, from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 29, at 2, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including Chinese Export porcelains, portrait miniatures, prints, paintings, quilts, furniture, clocks, and decorations; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 24.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Jan. 27: "Flesh Gordon" (X-rated) and "The Groove Tube."
From Jan. 28 (tentative): "Let's Do It Again" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 27: "Black Moon" and "Lacombe, Lucien."
From Jan. 28: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 27: "The Lion in Winter" and "A Touch of Class."
From Jan. 28: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Hindenburg."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"All Screwed Up."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Lucky Lady."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Jan. 24: "The Story of O" (X-rated).
From Jan. 25: "Hedda."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hester Street."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Barry Lyndon."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Man Who Would Be King."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Divine Obsession" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Story of Joanna" (X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Bugs Bunny Superstar."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Story of Adèle H."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Seven Beauties."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Jan. 22: "The Black Bird."
From Jan. 23: "The Sunshine Boys."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Black Bird."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Slap."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 27: "The Other Side of the Mountain."
From Jan. 28: "Hearts of the West."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Swept Away."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Jan. 22: "The Life and Times of Grizzly Adams."
From Jan. 23: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 22: "Rooster Cogburn."
From Jan. 23: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Hindenburg."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Hustle."

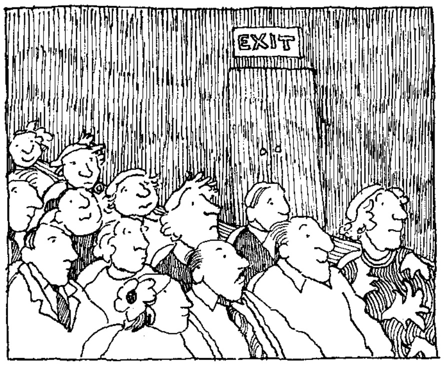
86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Farewell Scarlet" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Jan. 27: "Killing Machine."
From Jan. 28: "Shampoo."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Jan. 22: "Las Vegas Lady."
Jan. 23-27: "Let's Do It Again."
From Jan. 28: "The Black Bird."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Jan. 22: "Three Days of the Condor."
From Jan. 23: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."



THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Jan. 27: "Greaser's Palace" and "Trash."
From Jan. 28: "Women in Love" and "The Boys in the Band."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 22: "Hearts of the West" and "The Wind and the Lion."
From Jan. 23: "The Sunshine Boys."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and **4,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 27 at one or another of the theatres: "Rancho Deluxe" and "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx" / "Smile" and "Thieves Like Us" / "Swept Away" / "The Romantic Englishwoman."
From Jan. 28: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Adventures of the Wilderness Family."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Barry Lyndon."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Magic Flute."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 27: "The Lion in Winter" and "A Touch of Class."
From Jan. 28: "Death Wish" and "The Longest Yard."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Jan. 24: "Lies My Father Told Me."
From Jan. 25: "Scent of a Woman."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 27: "Don Quixote."
From Jan. 28: "The Invitation" and "Jules and Jim."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Battle of Algiers."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Swept Away."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and **3,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 27: "Three Days of the Condor." From Jan. 28: "Shampoo."
Theatre 2: Through Jan 22: "Las Vegas Lady." From Jan. 23: "If You Don't Stop It . . ."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 27: "Aaron Loves Angela" and "Hard Times." From Jan. 28: "The Black Bird."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 27: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."
From Jan. 28: "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx" and "The Twelve Chairs."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 27: "Dog Day Afternoon."
From Jan. 28: "Hearts of the West" and "The Wind and the Lion."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Jan. 22: "Gone with the Wind."
From Jan. 23: "The Sunshine Boys."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 27: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté."
From Jan. 28: "Mahogany" and "Once Is Not Enough."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 21: "A Safe Place" (1971), directed by Henry Jaglom, with Tuesday Weld, Orson Welles, and Jack Nicholson; and "Pretty Poison" (1968), directed by Noel Black, with Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld.
Jan. 22: "The Story of a Three Day Pass" (1968), in French and English, directed by Melvin Van Peebles, with Harry Baird and Nicole Berger; and "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1971), directed by, and with, Melvin Van Peebles.
Jan. 23: "Blow-Up" (†) and "Eclipse." (†)
Jan. 24: "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow; and "The Silence" (1964), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom.
Jan. 25: "Summertime" (1955), directed by David Lean, with Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi; and "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore.
Jan. 26: "Le Samourai" (1967; "The Godson"), in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Melville, with Alain Delon; and "Doulos—The Finger Man" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Melville, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Serge Reggiani.
Jan. 27: "The Night of Counting the Years" (1969), in Arabic, directed by Shadi Abdelsalam; and "My Wife and the Dog" (1970), in Arabic, directed by Said Marzouk.
Jan. 28: "Fata Morgana" (1971) and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970), both films in German, directed by Werner Herzog.
Jan. 29: "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Bad Sleep Well." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 21: "Fear Eats the Soul-Ali" (1974), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Brigitte Mira; and "All That Heaven Allows" (1956), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson.
Jan. 22: "Miracle in Milan" (1951), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica; and "Umberto D." (1952), in Italian, directed by, and with, Vittorio De Sica.
Jan. 23: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Killing." (†)
Jan. 24: "The Decameron" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself; and "Medea" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Maria Callas.
Jan. 25: "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951), directed by Charles Crichton, with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James; and "The Ladykillers" (1956), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom.
Jan. 26: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (†) and "The Ugly American." (†)
Jan. 27: "Knife in the Water" (†) and "Macbeth." (†)
Jan. 28: "The Naked Night" (1953), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Ake Groen-

Volaré

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

The accent is on comfort... and space.

The comfort in our new kind of small wagon starts with the doors. There are 4, not 2, like some other small wagons. And every one of those doors is wide for easy entry.

You and your packages. Handled with care.

The comfort and convenience extends to handy storage compartments. And a liftgate with gas pressure props for easy opening (they disappear when closed).

Inside, Volaré has 70% as much cargo space as an average full-size wagon. And yet it is 2 feet shorter, 1,200 lbs. lighter and $1,500 less expensive.

Small wagon efficiency. Big wagon ride.

The Volaré is very easy on gas. According to E.P.A. estimated mileage results, of all Volarés, the wagon did best—30 mpg on the highway, 18 in the city—equipped with 6-cylinder engine and manual transmission. Your actual mileage may differ, depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car and optional equipment.*

The Volaré is easy on you, too. Because it has an Isolated Transverse Suspension System (pat. pend.) that gives you a smooth, comfortable ride like a big car.

And here's "The Clincher."

For the first 12 months of use any Chrysler Corporation dealer will fix, without charge for parts and labor, any part of our 1976 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use. Regardless of mileage. The owner is responsible for maintenance services such as changing filters and wiper blades.

And the part about "regardless of mileage" is especially nice. Because Volaré is one wagon you're going to love to drive. Volaré.

The new small wagon from Plymouth.

*In California, see your dealer for engine availability and mileage data for California equipped vehicles.

55
5

Announcing a major development in fire fighting. Faster water.

Fighting a fire is fighting time.

Every minute wasted may cost thousands of dollars in property destroyed. Every second saved may be a life.

And yet, a fire fighter can't always move as fast as he would like.

Because his basic weapon, the 2½-inch fire hose, when full of water, is about as hard and unyielding as a steel pipe. The only way to bend it around a corner is to shut the water off.

And to lug it up a flight of stairs is a test of any man's stamina.

All of this makes it easy to understand why a Union Carbide product called UCAR Rapid Water Additive is revolutionizing fire fighting.

Rapid Water Additive mixes easily with water and makes it flow faster through a hose by reducing friction.

Because the water flows faster, fire fighters can get just as much water as before using a smaller 1¾-inch hose that weighs half as much.

The smaller hose makes a much better weapon. It bends around corners. It can be carried up a stairway fully charged. In short, it helps firemen get water to the fire faster.

At the same time, it makes their job safer and less strenuous.

Rapid Water Additive was invented by Union Carbide and perfected in cooperation with the New York City Fire Department.

It's already helping fire fighters do their job more efficiently in many American cities.

Yours may be one—now or soon.

UNION
CARBIDE

Today, something we do will touch your life.

berg; and "The Magician" (1958), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Max von Sydow.

Jan. 29: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Jan. 21: "The Saphead" (1920), directed by Herbert Blaché, with Buster Keaton.

Jan. 22: "Go West" (1925), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton; and "College" (1927), directed by James W. Horne, with Buster Keaton.

Jan. 23: "Seven Chances" (†) and "The Three Ages." (†)

Jan. 24: "The Navigator" (†) and "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (†)

Jan. 25: "The General" (†) and "Sherlock Jr." (†) One performance, at noon, of "The Ballet of Romeo and Juliet" (1956), a full-length Russian production, with Galina Ulanova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.

Jan. 26: "Our Hospitality" (†) and "Battling Butler." (†)

Jan. 27: A program of ten Buster Keaton short films.

Jan. 28 (at 2:30 only): "The Longest Day." (†)

Jan. 29: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson; and "Brief Encounter" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Jan. 22: "The Roaring Twenties" (1939), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart; and "Manpower" (1941), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Marlene Dietrich, Edward G. Robinson, and George Raft.

Jan. 23-25: "Roberta" (†) and "Show Boat." (†)

Jan. 26-28: "The Dawn Patrol" (†), "The Crowd Roars" (†), and "Tiger Shark." (†)

From Jan. 29: "The North Star" (†); and "A Farewell to Arms" (1932), directed by Frank Borzage, with Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper, and Adolphe Menjou.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Ten programs in a series of Mexican films directed by Luis Buñuel: Jan. 22 at 5:30: "This Strange Passion" (1953), in Spanish, with English subtitles. . . . Jan. 22 at 8: "Wuthering Heights" (1954), in Spanish, with no English subtitles. . . . Jan. 23 at 2: "Illusion Travels by Streetcar" (1954), in Spanish, with English subtitles. . . . Jan. 24 at 3: "This Strange Passion.". . . Jan. 24 at 5:30: "Illusion Travels by Streetcar.". . . Jan. 25 at 3: "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" (1952), in English. . . . Jan. 26 at 2: "The River and Death" (1955), in Spanish, with English subtitles. . . . Jan. 27 at 2: "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.". . . Jan. 29 at 5:30: "The River and Death.". . . Jan. 29 at 8: "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (1955), in Spanish, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Other, non-Buñuel, films scheduled during this period are: Jan. 22 at 2 and Jan. 23 at 5:30: "Wuthering Heights" (1939), directed by William Wyler, with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, and David Niven. . . . Jan. 24-25 at noon: "Yellow Submarine" (1968), directed by George Dunning, Jack Stokes, and Bob Balser, with the Beatles. . . . Jan. 25 at 5:30: "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" (1960), directed by Karel Reisz, with Albert Finney. . . . Jan. 26 at 5:30: A program of seven short films by Morgan Fisher. . . . Jan. 29 at 2: "Forgotten Faces" (1928), directed by Victor Schertzinger, with Clive Brook, Olga Baclanova, and William Powell. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will *not* be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 27: A program of three films by Barry Gerson. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 28: "Miracle," directed by Edward Ruscha; and "The Desert People," directed by David Lamelas. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Dreyer, Bresson, Cocteau, Dovzhenko, Flaherty, Eisenstein, Cornell, Fisher, and others. Showings Jan. 21-23 at 6, 8, and 10; Jan. 24 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Jan. 25 at 8; Jan. 27-28 at 6, 8, and 10; and Jan. 29 at 6 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Jan. 22-25: "An Infinite Tenderness" (1972), directed by Paul Jallaud, a French film with no dialogue. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 29: "The American Soldier" (1970), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Aaron Loves Angela—With Moses Gunn, Kevin Hooks, and Robert Hooks; directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Loews 83rd St.; through Jan. 27.)

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Leo McKern. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/22/75.) (Loews Tower East, and Little Carnegie.)

The Adventures of the Wilderness Family—With Robert F. Logan, directed by Stewart Raffill. (Guild.)

All Screwed Up—Directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Eastside Cinema.)

The Bad Sleep Well (1960)—Kurosawa takes on the theme of corruption in business and government in this melodrama about how Toshiro Mifune tries to track down the men responsible for murdering his father. He finds them, all right, but here's the Japanese twist on a basically American-type story: Mifune is eliminated and business goes on as usual. It's a strangely mixed movie—an attempt at social significance but with several borrowings from "Hamlet" that take bizarre forms: a giant wedding cake in the shape of an office building serves the plot function of the play within the play in "Hamlet." (The groom's father had committed suicide by jumping from a window of an office building.) The cast includes Masayuki Mori and Takashi Shimura. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 29.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Baronet, and Ziegfeld.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic, which stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Regency.)

Battling Butler (1926)—Rarely seen Buster Keaton film that he sometimes said was his favorite but that is probably no one else's favorite; the story is slight enough to hang gags on (including a famous duck shoot), but there's some discomfort—almost masochism—built into it. Keaton plays puny, defenseless Alfy Butler, a rich, soft simpleton whose father sends him into the woods to make a man of him; through love (for broad-faced Sally O'Neil) and mistaken identity, he becomes embroiled in prizefighting and is pitted against the sadistic world champion. He wins, of course, but not until after he's taken a cruel beating. Keaton directed, and there are cleverly worked out compositional techniques, including the sort of deep focus that was later to be associated with Orson Welles and Gregg Toland. With Snitz Edwards as the valet. (Elgin; Jan. 26.)

The Black Bird—George Segal is engagingly peppy as Sam Spade, Jr., in this attempted takeoff on "The Maltese Falcon," and there are scattered good jokes, but it's a dumb comedy, with an insecure tone. David Giler wrote and directed; with Stéphane Audran. (1/19/76) (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Columbia I; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Jan. 28.)

Black Moon—Louis Malle is temperamentally unsuited to the meandering, enigmatic, post-apocalypse fantasy he attempts here; he's a sane man trying to make a crazy man's film. Fifteen-year-old Cathryn Harrison is Alice in a bombed-out Wonderland, where flowers squeal when they're stepped on and a unicorn talks. There's no obsessive quality in the disordered vision, and no wit. It's deadly. (11/24/75) (Cinema Village; through Jan. 27.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An oversensitized and wildly misaccented account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 23.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 28.)

Bugs Bunny Superstar—A collection of ten Warner Brothers Looney Tunes cartoons, with Bugs Bunny, Elmer Fudd, Tweety-Pie, and others. (D. W. Griffith.)

The Crowd Roars (1932)—The Howard Hawks version, not the later film of the same name with Robert Taylor. This one has James Cagney and Joan Blondell in a racing-driver tale made with the usual Hawks skill and unpretentious technical flair. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 26-28.)

The Dawn Patrol (1930)—Howard Hawks doing his usual job of Hollywood professionalism about a tale of chaps at war. With an unerring ear for the freshly minted cliché, he hits here on the idea that war devours a man's humanity. The mediocrity is deep-dyed. Air Force, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., et cetera. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 26-28.)

Death Wish (1974)—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. Directed by Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Playboy; starting Jan. 28.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Olympia; through Jan. 27.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Art, 34th St. East, and U.A. East. . . . ¶ Symphony; through Jan. 27.)

Don Quixote (1973)—The Petipa ballet to the music of Minkus, staged by and starring Rudolf Nureyev, with Robert Helpmann as the Don, and with dancers of the Australian Ballet. It has the cushioned impact of all ballets filmed in studios, and its air of unreality may make you drowsy, but Nureyev, aided by the multiple takes that this process makes possible, disports himself with inhuman zest, and the bewitching Marilyn Rowe appears in two of the featured roles. (Cinema Studio; through Jan. 27.)

Eclipse (1962)—Some like it cold. Michelangelo Antonioni on alienation, this time with Alain Delon and, of course, Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 23.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Olympia; through Jan. 27.)

The General (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except perhaps for "The Navigator." He did it all himself: stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. (Elgin; Jan. 25.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Thalia; through Jan. 22.)

Greaser's Palace (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny, with none of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. (8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 27.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 27.)

Hard Times—This first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp. Looking like an authentic Depression worker, Charles Bronson plays an aging itinerant who hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that this loner-hero will be hurt or vanquished, but you don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. (10/6/75) (Loews 83rd St.; through Jan. 27.)

Hearts of the West—Jeff Bridges is just the right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stunt man in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. Howard Zieff directed, from Rob Thompson's script. (10/13/75) (Greenwich; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Symphony; starting Jan. 28.)

Hedda—With Glenda Jackson as Ibsen's heroine. Directed by Trevor Nunn. (Fine Arts; starting Jan. 25.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Plaza.)

The Hindenburg—Tame, impersonal good taste doesn't do much for a disaster picture. Robert Wise directed; with George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft, and William Atherton. (1/19/76) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

Hustle—With Burt Reynolds and Catherine Deneuve, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Ciné.)

The Invitation—A summery haze hangs over this wonderfully simple and tender film by the Swiss filmmaker Claude Goretta. This tale, which won a Special Jury Prize at Cannes in 1973, is about a middle-aged, shy office worker, delicately played by Michel Robin. He lives with his mother until she dies. After taking two months off from his job, he invites every member of the staff of his small office to a day-long party. They had expected to find their host living as humbly as before; they find him on an estate, attended by an exquisitely played hireling butler (François Simon). In French. (5/5/75) (Cinema Studio; starting Jan. 28.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Cinema Studio; starting Jan. 28.)

The Killing (1956)—Stanley Kubrick made this film when he was twenty-seven. (His early career was with *Look* as a photographer.) He used Lucien Ballard to photograph the story, which includes Sterling Hayden. A very skillful suspense film, full of nervy style and the sidelong wit about character that expanded in Kubrick's later work. Fine to see, and fun. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 23.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 27.)

Lacombe, Lucien (1974)—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teenage country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (Cinema Village; through Jan. 27.)

Las Vegas Lady—With Stella Stevens and Stuart Whitman, directed by Noel Nosseck. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.; through Jan. 22.)

Let's Do It Again—An innocent, cheerful farce about an Atlanta milkman (Sidney Poitier) and a factory worker (Bill Cosby) who go to New Orleans and pull off a great scam. Cosby looks spaced out on his own amiability, and he floats away with the show; Poitier, who directed, plays straight man to him and gives an embarrassed, unfunny performance. It's crude slapstick, but the people on the screen are very likable. The cast includes Jimmie Walker, Ossie Davis, Julius Harris, Mel Stewart, John Amos, Lee Chamberlin, Denise Nicholas, and Calvin Lockhart. (11/3/75) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; Jan. 23-27. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 28, tentative.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Paris; through Jan. 24.)

The Life and Times of Grizzly Adams—With Dan Haggerty, directed by Richard Friedenberg. (Juliet 2; through Jan. 22.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Gramercy, and Playboy; through Jan. 27.)

The Longest Day (1962)—Darryl Zanuck's conscientious reconstruction of D Day, which, for all its three hours' juggling with life and death, is never very moving. (Elgin; Jan. 28, at 2:30 only.)

The Longest Yard (1974)—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily

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ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (Playboy; starting Jan. 28.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (New Yorker; through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Jan. 23.)

Lucky Lady—Liza Minnelli is a blond toughie, and Gene Hackman and Burt Reynolds are her competing lovers; they're rumrunners in the early thirties, and meant to be adorable. They're not. Stanley Donen directed. (12/29/75) (Trans-Lux East.)

Macbeth (1971)—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The handsome, intelligent, and well-acted production succeeds as vivid melodrama but reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 27.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life; you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Festival.)

Mahogany—Diana Ross in a garish, garbled version of outmoded white kitsch. She plays a secretary from the South Side of Chicago, who becomes the first black model to crack the color bar, goes on to be a whirling international celebrity, and then gives it all up to help her black lover (Billy Dee Williams) fight to improve conditions at home. The decadent whites who paw her or bitch at her include Tony Perkins, Nina Foch, Marisa Mell, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Berry Gordy directed. (10/27/75) (Olympia; starting Jan. 28.)

The Man Who Would Be King—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy, starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (Coronet.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (Gramercy; starting Jan. 28.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1962)—Marlon Brando as Fletcher Christian and Trevor Howard as Captain Bligh in a high-flown version of a tale that used to be about good men and bad but that now concerns the class struggle, sex, and other Hollywood commonplaces. The sea scenes are stupendous. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 26.)

The Navigator (1924)—Arguably, Keaton's finest—but amongst the Keaton riches can one be sure? What isn't subject to debate is that this movie about a useless young millionaire (Keaton) who can't even shave himself, and his rich dizzy girl friend (Kathryn McGuire) adrift on an enormous, deserted ocean liner without lights or steam is one of the greatest comedies ever made. It was also his biggest box-office success. Keaton and Donald Crisp directed. According to Keaton, Crisp was to take care of the dramatic scenes but lost interest in them and "turned into a gagman. Well, that we didn't want, but we did manage to pull the picture through." Noble Johnson plays the cannibal chief; Crisp's face appears in a portrait at a porthole that petrifies the hero. (Elgin; Jan. 24.)

The North Star (1943)—Samuel Goldwyn liked to produce major pictures—expensively mounted shiny prestige films about "real people" from carefully structured scripts by big-name writers. And when he made this Second World War picture about German atrocities, it was done on the same formula. Anne Baxter, Farley Granger, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews, Ann Harding, Walter Brennan, and Jane Withers are Russians living in a village that fights back against its German invaders. Lillian Hellman wrote the script, Aaron Copland wrote the music, James Wong Howe did the careful, studio-ish cinematography, and Lewis Milestone, who had made his reputation on "All Quiet on the Western Front"—which was about the humanity of the young German soldiers who proudly went off to die in the First World War—disgraced himself by directing this slick piece of propaganda, which dehumanizes the Germans and, in the process, romanticizes the Russians so foully that they're turned into Andy Hardy's neighbors. Among the stock characters are Erich von Stroheim, Dean Jagger, Martin Kosleck, Tonio Selwart, Esther Dale, Paul Guilfoyle, and Carl Benton Reed. The film was doctored to change its political slant and reissued under the title "Armored Attack;" the version showing here is the original. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 29.)

Once Is Not Enough—This adaptation of Jacqueline Susann's infatuated exposé of the scandalous goings on among celebrities wants so badly to be shocking and is actually so naïve that you begin to feel some affection for its silly sleaziness. Brenda Vaccaro is entertainingly spunky as a Helen Gurley Brownish editor, and David Janssen gives a surprisingly energetic performance as a Norman Mailer-like brawling writer. The others include George Hamilton and Kirk Douglas, and Alexis Smith and Melina Mercouri, who have an excruciating lesbian scene. Guy Green directed, unevenly, from a too-sober script by Julius J. Epstein. (Olympia; starting Jan. 28.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel-outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Sutton, Beekman, and Paramount.)

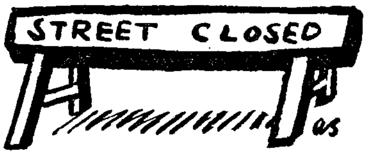
The Other Side of the Mountain—With Marilyn Hassett and Beau Bridges, directed by Larry Peerce. (72nd Street East; through Jan. 27.)

Our Hospitality (1923)—Buster Keaton in a comedy about feuding families (based on the Hatfields and the McCoys), set in the nineteenth century and considered by some to be one of his perfect films. With Natalie Talmadge (Keaton's wife) and Keaton's father, Joseph Keaton, as a railroad engineer. (Elgin; Jan. 26.)

Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx (1970)—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting Jan. 28.)

Rancho Deluxe—Tom McGuane wrote the script for this flip, absurdist modern Western. Jeff Bridges plays a dropout from the upper middle class, and Sam Waterston plays a wryly bemused Indian. The self-conscious cleverness isn't as charming as it's meant to be. Frank Perry directed; with Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James. (12/8/75) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 27.)

Roberta (1935)—Astaire and Rogers; Irene Dunne singing in white foxes and satin; and Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, and Claire Dodd. The apparatus is a bit heavy, but the Jerome Kern music includes "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Lovely to Look At." Best of all is the dance to "I'll Be Hard to Handle." William Seiter directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 23-25.)



The Romantic Englishwoman—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo-intruder. Directed by Joseph Losey. (12/8/75) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 27.)

Rooster Cogburn—Just about the worst. A Western shoot-'em-up, with John Wayne wallowing in the role of the one-eyed U.S. marshal carried over from "True Grit." Katharine Hepburn—her role lifted bodily from "The African Queen"—plays the schoolteacher-daughter of a missionary to the Indians. When Wayne and Hepburn spar, it's mortifyingly blunt vaudeville, and their inevitable mutual admiration comes all too coyly soon. Stuart Millar directed, from a script written by the producer Hal Wallis, his wife, Martha Hyer, and others; they all hid—as well they should have—under the pseudonym Martin Julien. (11/3/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Jan. 22.)

Scent of a Woman—With Vittorio Gassman, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Paris; starting Jan. 25.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A very funny farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (New Yorker; through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Jan. 23.)

Seven Beauties—With Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey, directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Cinema II.)

Seven Chances (1925)—The plot gimmick—the hero must be married in a few hours in order to collect an inheritance—is an antique, and the play flopped on Broadway, but what Buster Keaton and his gag writers managed to do with the material will be everlastingly fresh. When the news of the shy hero's need to wed is published in the papers, prospective brides arrive, singly at first and then in droves, and the distraught man, fleeing them, dislodges a boulder, which dislodges others, and soon he is pursued by hundreds of huge boulders. It's a lovely comedy, imaginatively—possibly faultlessly—directed by Keaton. With Snitz Edwards and Ruth Dwyer. (Elgin; Jan. 23.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer). (2/17/75) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Jan. 28.)

Sherlock Jr. (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (Elgin; Jan. 25.)

Show Boat (1936)—Despite (or is it perhaps because of?) the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 23-25.)

The Slap—With Lino Ventura, Annie Girardot, and Isabelle Adjani; directed by Claude Pinoteau. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Smile—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. With Bruce Dern as the chief judge, Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 27.)

Steamboat Bill, Jr. (1927)—One of the least known of the Buster Keaton features, yet it possibly ranks right at the top. It is certainly the most bizarrely Freudian of his adventures, dealing with a tiny son's attempt to prove himself to his huge, burly, rejecting father. Ernest Torrence is the father—a tough Mississippi-steamboat captain, who does not conceal his disgust when Junior (Keaton) arrives to join him, nattily dressed in bell-bottoms, a polka-dot tie, and a beret. When the father is in jail, Keaton tries to hand him a gigantic loaf of bread containing tools for breaking out, but the father doesn't understand what's in it and refuses the bread; Keaton mutters, "My father is ashamed of my baking." The film features a memorable comic cyclone, and a peerless (and much imitated) sequence in which Keaton tries on hats and changes personality with each, becoming a series of movie stars of the period. Directed by Charles Reisner. (Elgin; Jan. 24.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Cinema I.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bull-horn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Columbia I, Greenwich, and Thalia; starting Jan. 23.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, but it is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Juliet I, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 27.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the most quietly poetic of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 27.)

The Three Ages (1923)—Buster Keaton in love in the Stone Age, the Roman Age, and the Modern Age. With Margaret Leahy, Wallace Beery, Joe Roberts, and Horace Morgan. Directed by Keaton. (Elgin; Jan. 23.)

Three Days of the Condor—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Waverly; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through Jan. 27.)

Tiger Shark (1932)—The material of this brisk (eighty-minute) Howard Hawks melodrama is naïve and far from virgin-new, but the movie is freshly and powerfully directed, and the tired plot is filled out by footage of tuna fishing in the Pacific. Edward G. Robinson gives a shrewd, energetic performance as the Portuguese captain of a tuna boat; the beautiful, sullen, dark-eyed Zita Johann is his wife, and his best friend (Richard Arlen) is, inevitably, in love with her. Wells Root did the script, from "Tuna," by Houston Branch. Vince Barnett and J. Carrol Naish are in the cast. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 26-28.)

A Touch of Class (1973)—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (Gramercy, and Playboy; through Jan. 27.)

Trash (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 27.)

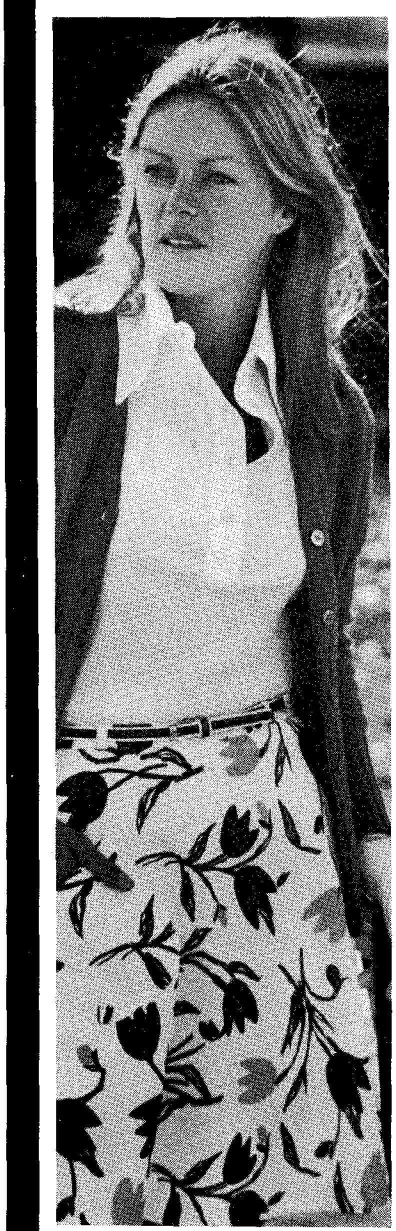
The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (New Yorker; starting Jan. 28.)

The Ugly American (1963)—This attempt by Marlon Brando to deal with some of the peculiarities of American foreign policy in Asia is only marginally successful, and the director, George Englund, has zero style, but the film is entertaining anyway. The plot is about the mythical Asian country of Sarkhan, divided by factional disputes and torn between American aid and Communist influence. Clearly, Brando enjoys the joke of his playing a proper career statesman in a pin-striped suit, and sporting a neat little mustache. He's the new U.S. Ambassador to Sarkhan (concocted out of Thailand and Universal's back lot), whose premier is played by the extraordinarily handsome Kukrit Pramoj, who was later to become the Thai premier in fact. He was hired as the film's technical consultant, but Brando and Englund persuaded him to turn actor, and he saves the later part of the action, when Brando's role is dim. With Eiji Okada, Pat Hingle, Sandra Church, Jocelyn Brando, and Arthur Hill. The screenplay, by Stewart Stern, has fairly remote connections to its credited source, the novel by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 26.)

The Wind and the Lion—The flamboyance of the writer-director John Milius is initially startling; this film opens with such a bang that the viewer may really expect a beautiful, old-fashioned swords-in-the-desert epic. However, when the actors begin to talk, the ludicrous dialogue and the amateurish acting (especially by the secondary characters) take one back to the low-budget buffoonery of Maria Montez and Turhan Bey. The plot involves Brian Keith as Theodore Roosevelt, Sean Connery as the last of the Barbary pirates, and Candice Bergen as a kidnapped American, but Milius is not a gifted storyteller. His characters talk incessantly, and toss away the information the audience needs to make sense of the action. People are killed so arbitrarily that the whole epic seems dissociated—as if Milius were trying to think like a nine-year-old boy but wasn't sure how he should feel about his boyish ideas; there isn't enough conviction behind this movie to hold it together. Billy Williams did the cinematography. (Greenwich; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting Jan. 28.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 28.)

David Smith
A meaningful relationship



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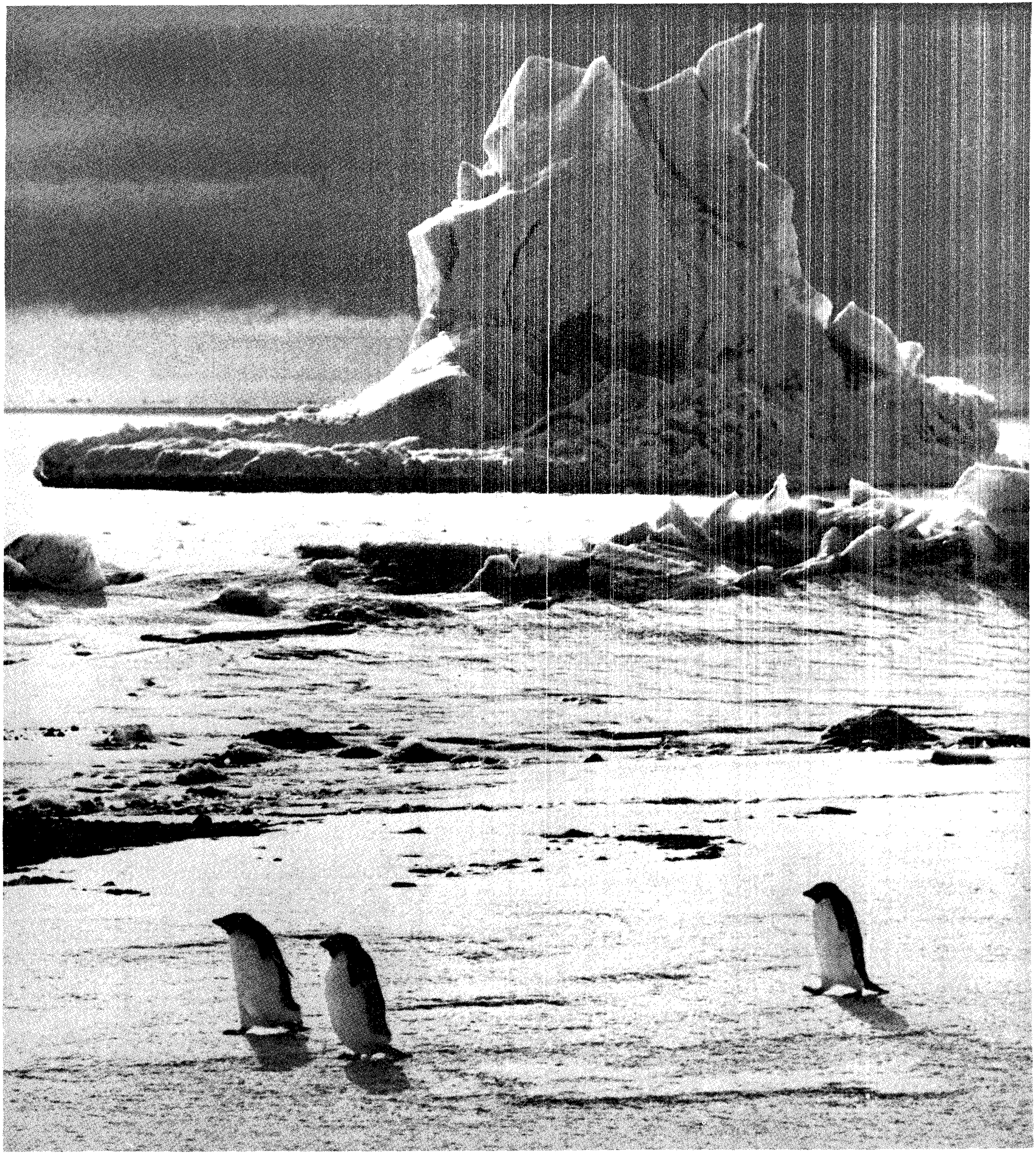

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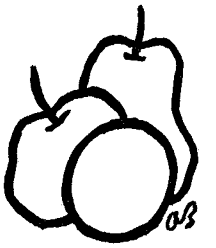
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON the morning of January 9th, the day after the death of Premier Chou En-lai, the texts of two poems written by Mao Tse-tung in 1965 and released by the Chinese press this New Year's Day reached the newsstand of Chinese Native Products, Ltd., on Catherine Street. We went to pick up some copies at the store, which carries an assortment of goods from the People's Republic, and found a few random shoppers, with stolid faces that showed no particular reaction to the news. We helped ourself to papers in English and Chinese, paid, and left. Outside, the streets displayed that special mixture of grim cityscape and gaudy chinoiserie which distinguishes an American Chinatown, and the thought came of how so many Chinese emigrants have been scattered over the world—in each city forming their own neighborhood and opening their own shops, and now, perhaps, all reading the same news of their homeland. In their dispersion, the Chinese are a little like the Jews, and they are as reluctant as some Jews to give up their quarters, their foods, and their respect for the written word. It is in the Book of Deuteronomy that Moses—having prophesied the Diaspora, the scattering of the race "among all people, from one end of the earth even unto the other"—prepares for his death by leaving his people a song. The analogy with Mao, whose New Year poems are set to music, and whose own approaching end seems doubly foretold by his associate's passing, is perhaps not too farfetched. He and Chou transformed China, rallied their people to a renewal of the land as radical as the Israelites' journey out of the wilderness toward a place of abundance. Where once were famine, filth, and corruption, travellers now report health, cleanliness, and order. As the price of this transformation, the Chinese people have suffered the almost gangsterish violence summed up in Mao's "Sayings," but they may be compensated, we can hope, by the future. It is at least conceivable that, in much the way the Mosaic tradition developed, through the contributions of who knows how many successors, from a mere Ten Commandments into the rich narrative of the Pentateuch, the New Year's publication of these two poems presages in China some wider-spread exercise of free thought and free speech and free writing.

As Americans know, a civil war of the sort that produced modern China is the most terrible of conflicts. A friend of ours was a schoolboy under the old Nationalist regime. He remembers one night when rival armies fought a pitched battle outside his boarding school. The children were gathered in one room at the center of the compound, where they heard shooting through most of the night. In the morning, the fields outside revealed tableaux of horror which haunt him still. Our friend belonged to a typical landholding family, which is to say that it owned around five acres. His home was in the province of Kiangsi, famous now as the site of the first Chinese soviet and as the starting point of the Long March. In such a poor area, it did not require great wealth to make one an object of resentment, and the time came when he and his father thought it would be prudent to spend the night with relatives. When he returned in the morning to change his shirt, his mother told him to flee at once, and he did—luckily, for the house was soon surrounded by thugs. He does not know how many men were abducted and killed by such ready recruits to the Communist cause, or how many victims were similarly claimed in the terrors of Chiang Kai-shek.

Encirclement and escape: the pattern recalls the Chinese game of *wei-ch'i* (known here by its Japanese name, *go*), in which a player captures his opponent's counters by surrounding them with his own. The resemblances between *wei-ch'i* and guerrilla warfare have long been remarked by scholars and military thinkers, and in reading Chou's obituaries we were struck anew by the repetitions of this pattern in the Chinese civil war. In 1927, Mao and his comrades established their first camp, in the Chingkang Mountains, along the Hunan-Kiangsi border. Defending all approaches to their camp except one, at Huangyangchieh, they invited an attack along that route, and ambushed Chiang's forces when they came. Later, the Communists' domain spread through Kiangsi, where Chou joined them in 1931, and where they were again encircled, and tightly blockaded. In 1934, they fought their way out of the siege—losing a major portion of their forces—and began the Long March. Crossing desert and steppe, mountain and marsh, they wandered through much of western China, until, reduced in numbers to a tenth of their original strength, they reached safety in the hills around Yenan. Along the way, they had preached the Communist faith, already beginning that ultimate encirclement achievable in guerrilla warfare: the enlisting of such general sympathy as to enable a revolutionary army, in Mao's most famous metaphor, to move among the people like fish in the sea. Given the stagnation and immobility of Chiang's regime, the Communists' victory was (as the American China hands recognized) inevitable.



The story of the Long March is one of great derring-do. To us, in our less realistic moments, it seems much more interesting than the industrious, dutiful story that Chou lived out during the twenty-seven years of his premiership. This later Chou, for all his flashes of debonair charm, reminded us of nothing so much as a successful executive, and we have no doubt that in another incarnation he would have done marvellously running A.T. & T. or Con Ed. We hope it isn't untrue to his record to imagine that, late some night while he was slaving over his papers, he thought nostalgically of the trek to Yenan. Certainly one of Mao's New Year poems, "Chingkang Mountains Revisited," shows the persistence of memory:

I have long aspired to reach for the
  clouds.
Again I come from afar
To climb Chingkangshan, our old haunt.
Past scenes are transformed,
Orioles sing, swallows swirl,
Streams purl everywhere,
And the road mounts skyward.
Once Huangyangchieh is passed,
No other perilous place calls for a glance.

Wind and thunder are stirring,
Flags and banners are flying
Wherever men live.
Thirty-eight years are fled
With a mere snap of the fingers.
We can clasp the moon in the Ninth
  Heaven
And seize turtles deep down in the Five
  Seas:
We'll return amid triumphant song and
  laughter.

THE death of Dame Agatha Christie, whose mystery novels were best-sellers for over five decades and, in toto, sold over four hundred million copies—very likely more than the output of any other twentieth-century writer—put us in mind of many things. One was the pleasant obbligato that the reading of a Christie novel often provided when we embarked on a trip of any length. Another was a specific insight we once gained into the character of this unusual woman, who in her eighty-five years produced sixty-odd mystery novels, nineteen collections of short stories, eighteen plays, six highly romantic novels (written under a pseudonym), two books of nonfiction, and two volumes of verse. The insight was the fruit of an incident that took place in 1971, when a young writer of our acquaintance, planning to spend several months in England, wrote to Dame Agatha's publisher requesting an interview with her, and also wrote directly to Dame Agatha, enclosing a letter of introduction from a colleague of hers she had long admired. The publisher's reply was a routine turndown. Dame Agatha's wasn't. The letter of introduction, plus, possibly, the young writer's obvious devotion to her work (he had read over forty of her novels), may have influenced the exceptional detail and generosity of spirit which marked her explanation of why she could not accede to his request for an interview. Having assimilated this disappointment, he went out and had her letter framed; sent her a second letter, in which he assured her that he could well understand her position; bought himself a few more Christies; and went on with life.

Shortly after Dame Agatha's death, we happened to pay a visit to this young man, and pored over the framed letter, which hangs in his den. It reads as follows:

> This is in answer to your letter which I have just received. . . . Sir William Collins [Mrs. Christie's publisher] mentioned the idea to me when I was lunching with him last week, but as he refuses I should think about thirty demands for interviews, profiles or projects of me every month—as do my literary agents Messrs. Hughes Massie—you must not blame them, for they are the protectors of my tranquility in life!!
>
> I have never enjoyed interviews, which always make me feel embarrassed and tired, and why people should want to read articles about the author of books they have read, I have never been able to understand. I agree that it is a duty owed by actors, actresses, political figures, those who speak in public, display themselves on platforms—but I think that people who offer writing to the world, or their paintings or music, have a right to a quiet private life, when they can meditate and think of interesting ideas they might want to write about.
>
> However charming an article may be, written about one, the result is that sheaves of letters descend upon one (more than the ones one receives already!) saying: 'I have just read an article about you that says you are very fond of apples. Have you any particular association with apples, and why do you like them?' Or: 'I hear that you had a pet cat you were very fond of.' Or: 'Can you tell me why you wrote a book about Ancient Egypt at the time you were actually in Yugoslavia?'
>
> I am now 81 years of age, and I feel having just published my 81st book that I am entitled to enjoy the happiness of a quiet life, though still continuing, I hope, to write books. I am sure you will understand my feelings and my point of view. I write books which are meant to entertain people, and to sell for that reason. I have never seen any point in informal studies of an author's work.
>
> Sorry if I seem disobliging, but at 81 one does know one's own mind and avoids what one does not like.
>
> With best wishes to you,
> Yours sincerely,
> AGATHA CHRISTIE MALLOWAN

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Crossing

SERGEANT WALTER ROBINSON, a black, thirty-year-old carpenter in the United States Army who is stationed at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, walked across the Hudson River last Tuesday morning from Guttenberg, New Jersey, to Manhattan, on amazing special shoes of his own devising. He was aiming for the Seventy-ninth Street Boat Basin, but the tide and the current carried him about half a mile downstream. The special shoes, which cost him twenty-five dollars to assemble, are olive-drab air mattresses, each about six feet by two and a quarter, stiffened with aluminum poles, which are surmounted by plywood boards in the middle for the feet. The Sergeant stands on his special shoes in his ordinary shoes. There's some white cord stretched across the front ends of the boards, which he can slip his ordinary shoes under in rough water. The two special shoes are lashed together with two black canvas Army belts so they don't move independently of each other for more than a few inches. The Sergeant, who carries a couple of plastic paddles with arm grips when he's out on the water, doesn't so much walk as stand and paddle. He stands straight and tall, relaxed, balanced and mobile. The shoes themselves are almost invisible, being the same shade as river water, and when the Sergeant slides toward you, it is an arresting sight. The Sergeant has already walked the entire fifty-one-mile length of the Panama Canal, and he plans to walk across the English Channel—some twenty-two miles by his chosen route—later this year.

We first saw the Sergeant from a dock at the boat basin. He was a tiny figure, about half the size of an ant, just off the shore of Guttenberg, almost a mile away. A tugboat, the Victoria McAllister, laden with press, drifted near him. A ladder, a fire extinguisher, and a tar bucket floated by us in rapid succession, and so did hundreds of slabs of river ice, pockmarked where the salt was starting to eat at them, and hitting each other and sliding over each other with a big silvery sound that stretched all the way to Albany. It was windy, cold, and dark, and up the river the sky was black with snow clouds. We were standing with Roger Field, from NBC radio; Joseph Erdelyi, Jr., an American-flag peddler who's a member of the American Party; and a river man from the Ohio who lives in his boat at the basin. "That's a twenty-five-dollar fire extinguisher," said the river man, rocking on his heels, hooking his thumbs in his belt, and spitting tobacco juice in the river. "That old boy out there get hit with a chunk of ice, he could get knocked over. A piece of ice three by three by three feet weigh about fifteen hundred pounds, do almost as much damage as concrete. People have no respect for the river."

The Sergeant was sliding diagonally closer to us, trying to stay clear of a big run of ice. He was now about the size of an ant and a half. "Last time I was here," said Roger Field, "there was a press conference for a man who said he could generate electricity with a windmill sort of thing on top of a trailer. He was running a vacuum cleaner, and everyone was asking him dead-serious questions like 'Is this the answer to the energy problem?' and I just happened to be the only one who went around back and opened the door of the trailer, and inside I found a kid pushing the windmill. I interviewed him, and he said he was getting pretty tired."

Joseph Erdelyi pulled a soda jerk's red-white-and-blue hat out of his pocket and put it on. "I'm going to record this in my scrapbook *and* my diary," he said. "Do you know me? I'm the man who wrote four new tunes for 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' "

A newcomer bustled onto the dock carrying a tripod. "Is some guy supposed to walk across the river here?" he asked us all.

Pointing to Sergeant Robinson, who was now more than halfway across, his paddles glinting in the winter light, the river man said, "That's him."

"That's *he*," Mr. Erdelyi corrected.

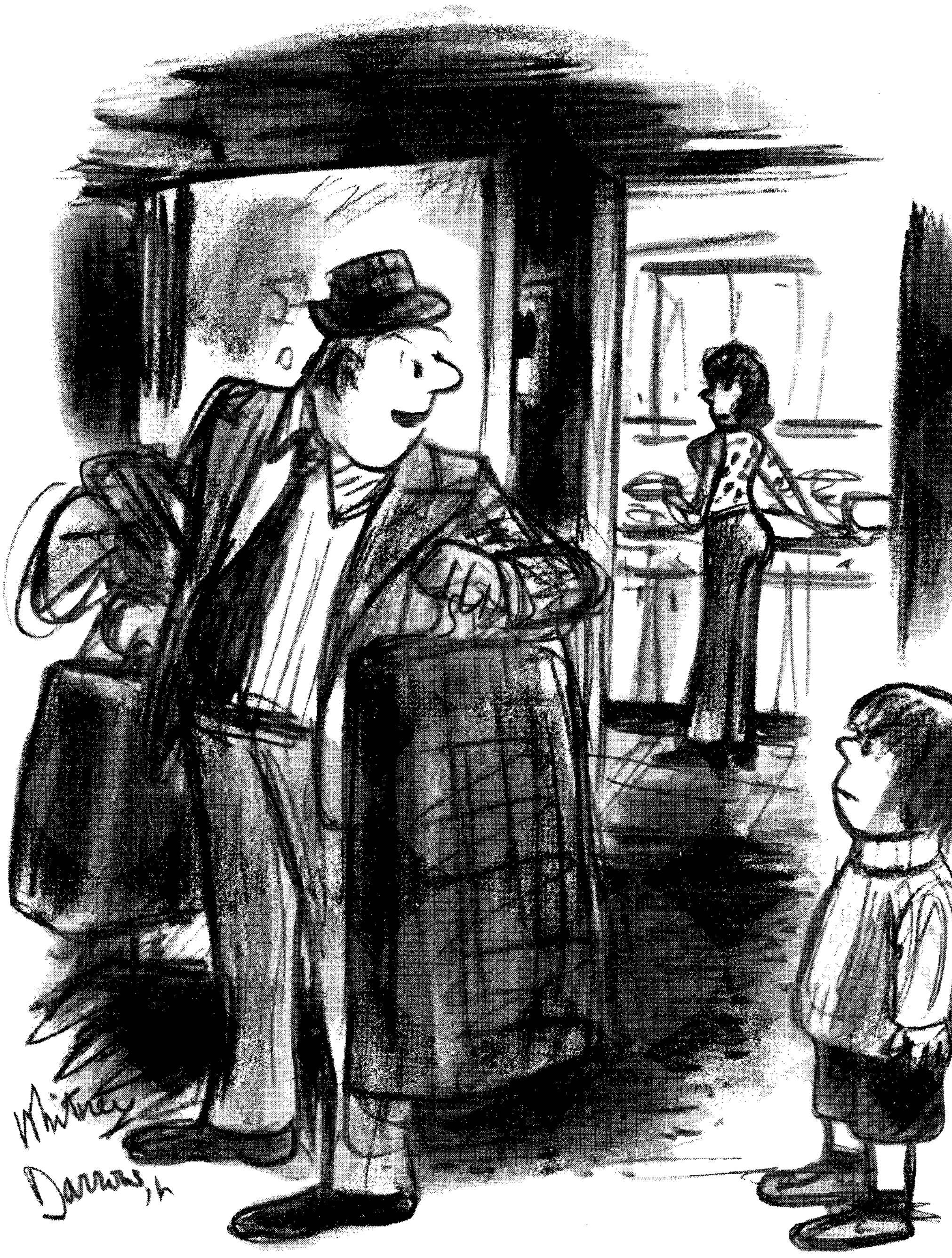
British Goods

NEW YORK's retail-merchandising sensation of last week, Gimbels' offering on Monday of a hundred and fifty-four sturdy school desks put out to pasture by Eton and Harrow, the high-toned English public schools, after several generations of classroom use (the desks were a smash and sold out at a hundred and fifty dollars within two hours), was the brainstorm of a cheerful, canny twenty-eight-year-old English entrepreneur named Stephen Boswell. Each desk came equipped with a Boswell-scripted "Certificate of Authenticity," complete with a photostat of a receipt signed by either the Eton or the Harrow bursar. Buyers were assured that statesmen like the Right Honourable Harold Macmillan may well have sat at the desks. The ones we inspected were in good condition, ink-stained, carved with a very few names and only one legible graffito, a backward swastika. One woman drove all the way from Pittsburgh on Interstate 80 in the middle of the night to be the first in line outside the store on Monday. She bought a Harrow desk and plans to use it as a planter.

Boswell has now had two triumphs in three American outings. Two hundred and fifty chairs from St. Paul's Cathedral did not move well in southern California, but two hundred chairs that had spent half a century in St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle sold out in two days last year at W. & J. Sloane. Boswell says this supports a theory he developed in three years of guiding tourists around U.K. high spots—he also put in five years at a number of English ad agencies—that Americans would like to own any artifacts that can be associated with historical figures. The first step, of course, is to demonstrate that the figures are indeed historical. Reached at his London residence last week by this department's North Atlantic operative, Boswell outlined his merchandising plans for the remainder of '76. The two key figures will be Robin Hood and King Arthur. "I'm really getting into the fact that King Arthur did exist," Boswell said. "At least, there was a guy named Arthur and he was married to a chick named Guinevere, and he was almost certainly the king of at least the area around Glastonbury in pre-Norman days. There's not a lot available from back then, so I may go first to Sherwood Forest and chop down a tree that Robin Hood might have cut his arrows from."

The Smew

LAST year around this time, a Ross's gull—the only species of gull with a conspicuously pink breast—caused a



"I wouldn't be the person to ask. It seems I'm your lame-duck father."

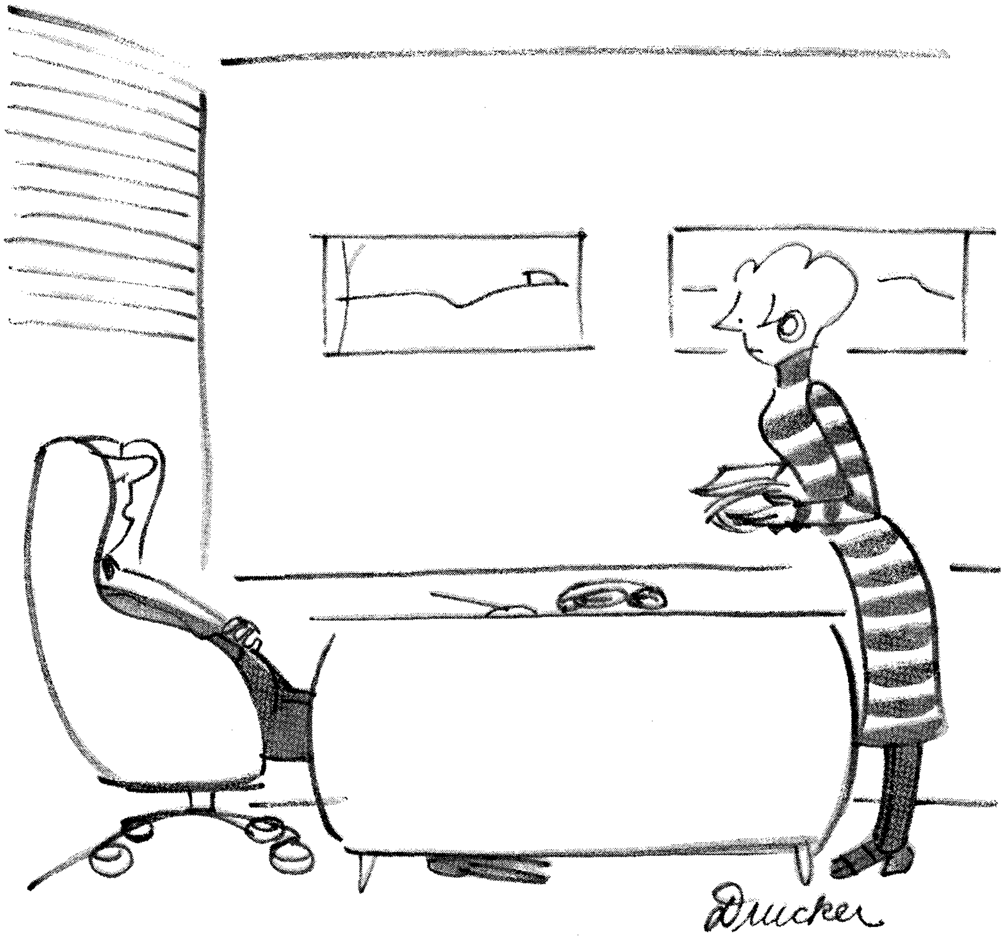
considerable stir when it arrived at Salisbury, Massachusetts, thousands of miles from its normal home, in Siberia. This year, we have the equally stirring arrival of another exotic bird, the smew, in Newport, Rhode Island. Smews are waterfowl that nest in northern Europe and Asia from Sweden to Siberia. Never before in recorded history has a smew visited our East Coast under its own steam. In fact, the only sightings in the United States have been in Alaska, except for a single bird seen sixteen years ago in the harbor at Buffalo, New York. At 9:35 A.M. on January 3rd, two bird-watchers were on the shore of Green End Pond, just off First Beach, on the border between Newport and Middletown. They were Hugh Willoughby, forty-four, a former educational consultant who is now a real-estate man, from Riverside, Rhode Island, and Robert Bushnell, of North Providence, who is a production controller in a manufacturing plant. Willoughby has been bird-watching for fifteen years. His life list of species observed is close to six hundred, which puts him in the top ranks of bird-watchers. Bushnell, who is twenty-nine and has been bird-watching for only four years, has a commendable life list of three hundred and twenty-three. The scene at the pond that morning was icy but peaceful. Numbers of waterbirds—green-winged teal, common mergansers, canvasbacks, and various gulls—were riding on the open water of the partly frozen pond. They were all familiar species, readily identifiable. Then, momentously, Bushnell saw bobbing on the wavelets a bird that looked like a little white diving duck with a crested head. Since there is no such thing as a little white diving duck with a crested head among North American birds, Bushnell exclaimed, "What the hell is *that?*" Willoughby looked, and agreed that it was not an American bird. Finally, he said, "Damned if it doesn't look like a smew!" For this inspired conjecture Willoughby is generally credited with the discovery of the Newport smew, but he quickly and modestly points out that it was Bushnell who first spotted it.

Willoughby had never seen a smew, though he had once travelled all the way to Adak Island, in the Aleutians, where smews sometimes appear, in quest of one. Upon seeing this one, both men were excited, but their emotion was tempered by the possibility that it was a tame bird that had escaped from an aviary. Willoughby hurried home to consult his bird books, which confirmed that the bird was a smew. He called Charles Wood, the co-editor of *Rhode Island Field Notes*, with the news. From that moment, word of the smew sped along the intricate communications network that links bird-watchers all over the country. The Massachusetts Audubon Society maintains a telephone service called the Voice of Audubon. Anyone dialling (617) 259-8805 hears a recorded message giving an up-to-date report of interesting bird sightings. There are similar rare-bird-alert systems in the New York and Washington areas. (The New York number is 832-6523.) In addition, bird-watchers are quick to phone colleagues and friends. Thus, within a day hundreds of people were aware of the little white bird on Green End Pond. For several days, however, the question of its origin remained unsettled. At first, few people believed that the smew could be a bona-fide wild bird. Audubon people called all the waterfowl fanciers who might have lost a smew. Smews are difficult to keep in captivity. It turned out that there were only eleven smews in captivity in the United States, and they were all accounted for. European weather patterns were examined. A storm with hundred-mile-an-hour winds had swept into northern Europe just before the smew arrived, and people speculated that as a result the bird could have been carried across the Atlantic by freakish air currents. Watchers also noted that the smew had no band and was as wary as any wild bird. By the end of the week, doubts about its authenticity as a far-flung smew had vanished.

We learned all this, and more, when we visited the smew ourself, a week after the first sighting. We drove along the beach road, where a grassy embankment encloses one end of a large reservoir adjacent to Green End Pond. A long line of cars was parked beside the embankment, and the edge of the reservoir was lined with people looking through telescopes set on tripods. We scrambled up the bank, and a Siberian wind hit us in the face. A man muffled in a parka pointed out a distant white speck and offered us a view through his telescope. We saw the smew. It was the cutest little duck we ever saw—white, with a large black eye-spot, a crested head, and two black crescent bars on each side of its breast. Its outline was short and plump. Its neck arched in a graceful curve. The man said that the smew, a male, was only sixteen inches long and weighed less than two pounds. It is a merganser—specifically, *Mergus albellus*. The species is quite uncommon even in its home range. Suddenly, the smew bobbed its head and vanished, reappearing a moment later. There was a murmur of pleasure from the bird-watchers. Mergansers feed on small fish caught underwater. The smew resumed floating. Watching, we were reminded of Dorothy, swept by a cyclone into the Land of Oz, and wondered if the smew was aware of its enormous journey. Its small, plump form gave no clue. Shortly, when icy tears blurred our sight, we slid down the bank and went over to the office of the nearby Norman Bird Sanctuary to talk with its director—Lee Gardner, an ornithologist with a beard that looked enviably warm that day. Gardner said he had spotted the smew a few hours after Willoughby and Bushnell saw it, and had recognized it immediately, since he had seen smews on the Black Sea (where migrating smews appear in winter) when he was a professor in Istanbul some years ago. He, too, had called the Audubon people, in some excitement, and he had been a little disappointed to find that they already knew.

Gardner has his own theory of how the smew got here. He doubts whether it was blown over from Europe, and thinks it was a bird that had migrated eastward, as Siberian smews do, into China. Thence it could have wandered on to Japan and to the Aleutians, and finally reached Alaska. Each year, a handful of smews show up in the Aleutians, and they have been seen as far east as British Columbia. On the Alaskan coast, the weather is relatively mild, but inland there are fierce storms. If the smew had been caught in one of these, prevailing winds would have carried it southeast into western Canada and diagonally across the United States to Newport. The past autumn was exceptionally mild, Gardner points out, and the smew would have found open water in which to feed along the way. A smew must eat every thirty-six hours or it dies. "Other birds have crossed the continent from Alaska," Gardner said. "Some experts don't agree, but my theory is much more plausible."

What lies ahead for the wandering smew? Will he ever return home? Gardner thinks not. The cues that trigger migration in birds—hormones, day length, and weather patterns—would not induce him to fly either west to Siberia or east to Europe. Therefore, his exile is permanent. How long can he survive? Surprisingly, his new environment is not radically different from his home range. Newport is at the same latitude as portions of the smew's normal wintering ground. His problem is isolation from his own species in unfamiliar territory during the coming weeks of freezing temperature. If the reservoir freezes over, as it may any day, all the birds must leave for open water. Some species can resort to the sea, but common mergansers and smews prefer to feed in fresh water. The smew's survival will depend on his finding unfrozen estuaries and ponds farther south. Ducks often find food by following old-timers who know the way. Fortunately for the smew, there are other mergansers on the pond—both the American, or common, merganser and the red-breasted merganser. (The third native species, the hooded merganser, is as rare here as the smew is in its home range.) Perhaps the smew will recognize his American kin and follow them to new feeding grounds. Then, if he survives the winter, he will migrate north in the spring and find the marshes and bogs of Canada, which are much like those of Siberia. But he will find no other smews. We asked Gardner if this meant that the smew is doomed to solitude as long as he lives. "Perhaps not," Gardner said. "I am a romantic. I see an outside chance that our mergansers will tolerate him. He is the wrong color, but he is still a merganser and speaks essentially the same language they do. Who knows? He might even find an American mate. Meanwhile, he is settling down very well. Eating frequently. Preening himself. Today, there was a very good sign—he disappeared and came back. That means he is scouting and remembering."



"Let's generate some controversy, Miss Waldren. I thrive on controversy."

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LIFE AFTER DEATH

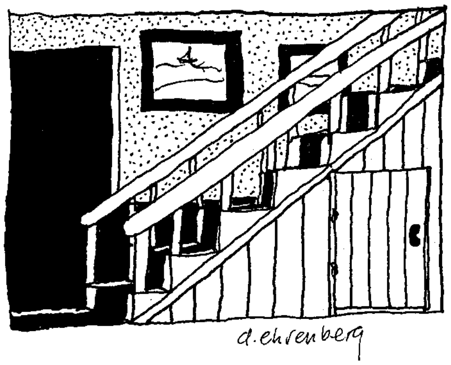
YESTERDAY evening I passed one of President Kennedy's sisters in the street again. They must live in New York—and in this neighborhood—the sister I saw and one of the others. They're well-dressed, good-looking women with a subdued, possibly unconscious air of importance that catches your attention. Then you recognize them. I react to them in the flesh the way I've reacted over the years to their pictures in the papers. I feel called on to account for what they do with their time, as if it were my business as well as theirs. I find myself captioning these moments when our paths cross. *Sister of the late President looks in shop window. Sister of slain leader buys magazine. Kennedy kin hails taxi on Madison Avenue.* And yesterday: *Kennedy sister and friend wait for light to change at Sixty-eighth and Lexington.* That was the new picture I added to the spread that opens out in my mind under the headline "LIFE AFTER DEATH."

It was beautifully cold and clear yesterday, and sunny and windless, so you could enjoy the cold without having to fight it, but I was dressed for the worst, thanks to my mother. At three o'clock she called to tell me it was bitter out, and though her idea of bitter and mine aren't the same, when I went outside I wore boots and put on a heavy sweater under my coat. I used to be overwhelmed by my mother's love; now it fills me with admiration. I've learned what it means to keep on loving in the face of resistance, though the resistance my two sisters and I offered wasn't to the love itself but to its superabundance, too much for our reasonable natures to cope with. My mother should have had simple, good-hearted daughters, girls who'd tell her everything, seated at the kitchen table, walking arm in arm with her in and out of department stores. But Grace and Rosemary and I were never like that, not simple at all, and what goodness of heart we possess is qualified by the disposition we inherited from our father. We have a sense of irony, a detachment, that my mother with the purity of instinct and the passion of innocence sees as a threat to our happiness and thus to hers. Not one of us is someone she has complete confidence in.

Grace, the oldest of us, is married and has six children and lives in another city. Grace is a vivid person—vivid-looking with her black hair and high color, vivid in her strong opinions, her definite tastes. And Grace is a perfectionist who day after day must face the facts—that her son, Jimmy, never opens a book unless he has to and not always then; that her daughter Carolyn has plenty of boyfriends but no close girlfriends; that just when she gets a new refrigerator the washing machine will break down, then the dryer, then the house will need to be painted. My mother tells Grace that what can't be cured must be endured, but any such attitude would be a betrayal of Grace's ideals.

My middle sister, Rosemary, is about to marry a man of another religion. Rosemary is forty and has lived in Brussels and Stuttgart and Rome and had a wonderful time everywhere. No one thought she'd ever settle down, and my mother is torn between relief at the coming marriage and a new anxiety—just as she's torn, when Rosemary cooks Christmas dinner, between pleasure and irritation. Rosemary rubs the turkey with butter, she whips the potatoes with heavy cream; before Rosemary is through, every pot in the kitchen will have been used. This is virtue carried to extremes and no virtue at all in the eyes of my mother, whose knowledge of life springs from the same homely frame of reference as my sister's but has led to a different sort of conclusion: Rubbed with margarine the turkey will brown perfectly well; to bring the unbeliever into the fold, you needn't go so far as to marry him.

Every so often I have a certain kind of dream about Mother—a dream that's like a work of art in the way it reveals character and throws light on situations. In one of these dreams she's just died—within minutes. We're in the house where I grew up, which was my grandmother's house. There are things to be done, and Grace and Rosemary and I are doing them, but the scene is one of lethargy, of a reluctance to get moving, that belongs to adolescence, though in the dream, as in reality, my sisters and I are grown women. Suddenly I realize that Mother, though still dead, has got up and taken charge. There's immense weariness but no reproach in this act. It's simply that she's been through it all before, has helped bury her own mother and father and three of her brothers. She knows what has to be done but she's kept this grim knowledge from Grace and Rosemary and me. She's always tried to spare the three of us, with the result that we lack her sheer competence, her strength, her powers of endurance, her devotedness. In another dream Mother is being held captive in a house the rest of us have escaped from and can't get back into. We stand in the street, helpless, while inside she's being beaten for no reason. The anguish I feel, the tears that wake me are not so much for the pain she's suffering as for the fact that this should be happening to her of all people, someone so ill-equipped to make sense of it. Harshness of various kinds and degrees has been a continuing presence and yet a continuing mystery to her, the enemy she's fought blindly all her life. "I don't think that gray coat of yours is warm enough," she said to me yesterday.



"Sure it is," I said.

"It isn't roomy enough." As she spoke, she'd have been throwing her shoulders back in some great imaginary blanket of a coat she was picturing on me.

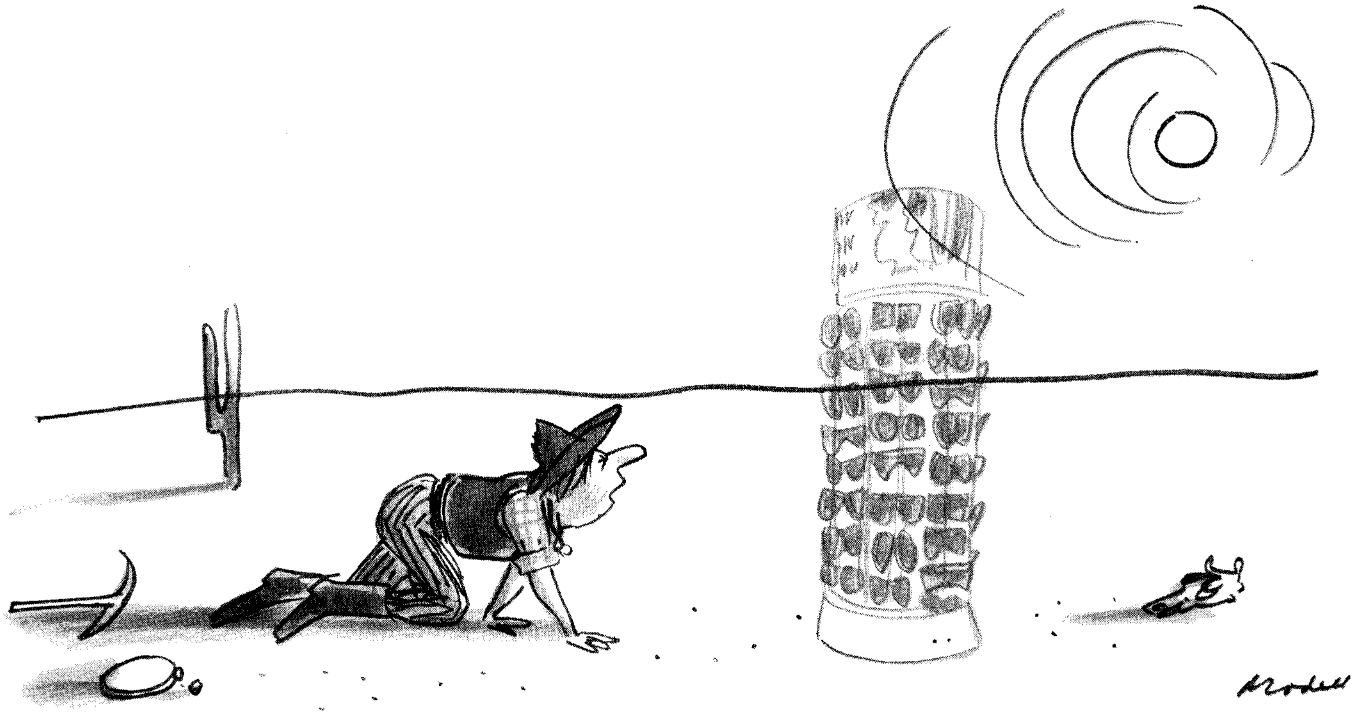
"It fits so close, the wind can't get in," I explained. "That's its great virtue."

"Let me give you a new coat," she said.

When I was four years old I had nephrosis, a kidney disease that was almost unheard of and nearly always fatal then. It singled me out. I became a drama, then a miracle, then my mother's special cause in life. From this it of course follows that I should be living the life she'd have liked for herself—a life of comfort—but desire has always struck me as closer to the truth of things than comfort could ever be. "I don't really want a new coat," I told her yesterday. "I like my gray one."

"Dress warmly when you go out," she said. "It's bitter cold."

As I was hanging up there was an explosion—down the street from me, half a block on either side of Lexington Avenue is being reconstructed. The School for the Deaf and the local Social Services Office were torn down, and now in place of those old, ugly buildings, battered into likenesses of the trouble they'd tried to mend, there are two huge pits where men drill and



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break rocks and drain water, yelling to each other like industrious children in some innovative playground. And all day long there are these explosions. There was another; then the phone rang again. It was Francis, for the second time that day. "Constance," he said. "What a numbskull I am."

I said, "You are?"

He gave the flat, quick, automatic laugh I hate, knowing it to be false. When Francis truly finds something funny, he silently shakes his head. "Yes, I'm a numbskull," he said. "Here I made an appointment with you for tomorrow afternoon and I just turned the page of my calendar and found I've got some sort of affair to go to."

"What sort of affair?" I asked. It could have been anything from a school play to a war. Francis produces documentaries for television. He's also married and has four sons, two of them grown. He's a popular man, a man everyone loves, and when I think of why, I think of his face, his expression, which is of someone whose prevailing mood is both buoyant and sorrowful. He has small, bright brown eyes. His mouth is practically a straight line, bold and pessimistic. He has a long nose and a high forehead and these give his face severity, but his thick, curly, untidy gray-blond hair softens the effect.

"I'm down for some sort of cocktail party," he said. "This stupid, busy life of mine," he added.

This life of his, in which I figure only marginally, is an epic of obligation and entertainment. Work, eat, drink, and be merry is one way of putting it. It could also be put, as Francis might, this way: Talent, beauty, charm, taste, money, art, love—these are the real good in life, and each of these goods borrows from the others. Beauty is the talent of the body. Charm and taste must sooner or later come down to money. Art is an aspect of love, and love is a variable. And all this being, to Francis's way of thinking, so—our gifts being contingents—we can do nothing better than pool them. Use me, use each other, he all but demands. I say, no—we're none of us unique, but neither are we interchangeable. "Well, if you've got something else to do, Francis," I said to him yesterday, "I guess you've got something else to do."

He said, "Why don't I come by the day after tomorrow instead?"

I said, "I'm not sure."

"Not sure you're free or not sure you want to?"

"Both." I wasn't exactly angry or hurt. I have no designs on Francis Hughes, no claim on him. It would be laughable if I thought I did.

"Ah," he said, "Inconstance."

"No," I said, "indefinite."

He said, "Well, I'm going to put Thursday down on my calendar and I'll call you in the morning and see how you feel about it."

"All right," I said, but on Thursday morning I won't be here—if people aren't interchangeable, how much less so are people and events.

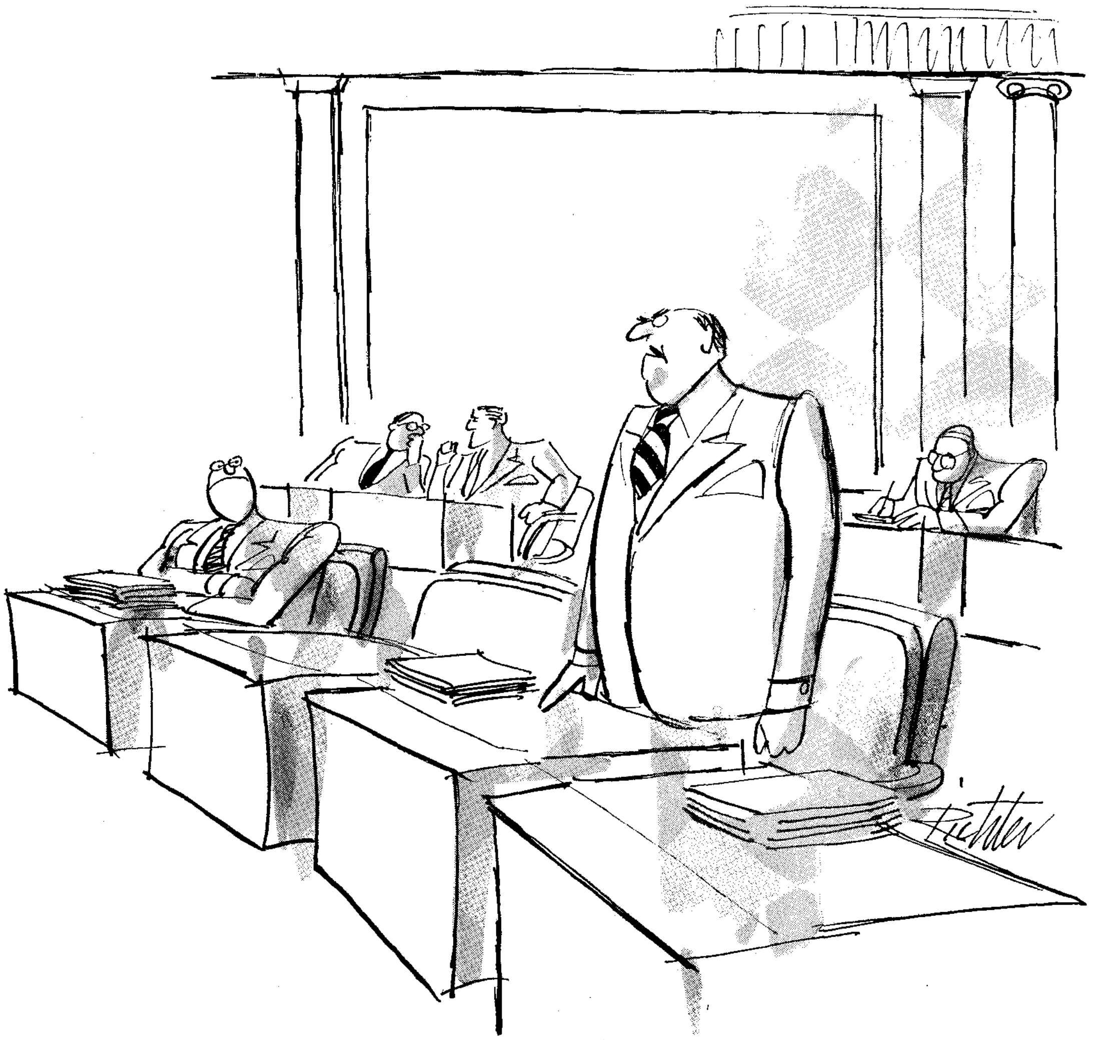
"Tell me you love me," said Francis.

I said, "I do."

He said, "I'll talk to you Thursday."

"Goodbye, Francis," I said, and I hung up and put on my boots and my heavy sweater and my gray coat and went out.

THE college I went to is a few blocks from this brownstone where I have an apartment. It's a nice school, and I was happy there and I can feel that happiness still, as though these well-kept streets, these beautiful houses are an account that was held open for me here. But New York has closed out certain other accounts of mine, such as the one over in the West Fifties. Down one of those streets is the building where I used to work and where I first knew Francis. His office was across the hall from mine. His life was an open book, a big, busy novel in several different styles—part French romance, part character study, part stylish avant-garde, part nineteenth-century storytelling, all plot and manners, part Russian blockbuster, crammed with characters. His phone rang constantly. He had streams of visitors. People sent him presents—plants, books, cheeses, bottles of wine, boxes of English crackers. I was twenty-two or three at the time, but I saw quite clearly that the man didn't need more love, that he needed to spend some of what he'd accumulated, and being twenty-two or three I saw no reason why I shouldn't be the one to make that point. Or rather, what should have put me off struck me as reason for going ahead—for the truth is I'm not Francis's type. The girls who came to see him were more or less



"When my distinguished colleague refers to the will of the 'people,' does he mean his 'people' or my 'people'?"

• •

voluptuous, more or less blond, girls who looked as if they were ready to run any risk, whereas I'm thin and dark-haired, and the risks I run with Francis are calculated, based on the fact that the love of someone like me can matter to someone like him only by virtue of its being in doubt. And having, as I say, no designs, I find myself able to be as hard on him as if he meant very little to me when, in fact, he means the world. I try now to avoid the West Fifties. Whenever I'm in that part of the city, the present seems lifeless, drained of all intensity in relation to that lost time when my days were full of Francis, when for hours on end he was close by.

I also try to avoid Thirty-fourth Street, where my father's brother-in-law used to own a restaurant, over toward Third Avenue. Flynn's was the name of it, and when I was twelve my father left the insurance business to become manager of Flynn's. He's an intelligent man, a man who again and again redeems himself with a word, the right word he's hit on effortlessly. His new raincoat, he told me the other day, "creaks." I asked if there was much snow left after a recent storm, and he said only a "batch" here and there. Sometimes he hits on the wrong word and only partly accidentally. "Pompadour," he was always calling French Premier Pompidou. He also has a perfect ear and a loathing for the current cliché. He likes to speak, with cheery sarcasm, of his "life style." He also likes to throw out the vapid "Have a good day!" "No way" is the expression that drives him crazy.

The other night I dreamed a work of art about my father. He was in prison, about to be executed for some crime having to do with money. Rosemary and my mother and I had tried everything, but we failed to save him. At the end we were allowed—or obliged—to sit with him in his cell, sharing his terror and his misery and his amazing pluck. For it turned out that he'd arranged to have his last meal not at night but in the morning—so he'd have it to look forward to, he said. I woke up in despair. My father's spirit is something I love, as I love his sense of language, but common sense is more to the point in fathers, and mine has hardly any. As for business sense—after eight months at Flynn's, it was found that he'd been tampering with the books; six thousand dollars was unaccounted for. No charges were pressed, but my father went back to the insurance business, and from then on we didn't meet his family at Christmas and Easter, they didn't come to any more graduations or to Grace's wedding, Rosemary no longer got a birthday check from Aunt Kay Flynn, her godmother. You could say those people disappeared from our lives except that they didn't, at least not from mine. Once, when I was shopping with some friends in a department store, I spotted my Aunt Dorothy, another of my father's sisters. She was looking at skirts with my cousins Joan and Patricia, who are Grace's age—I must have been about sixteen at the time. A couple of summers later I had a job at an advertising agency where my cousin Bobby Norris turned out to be a copywriter. He was a tall, skinny, good-natured fellow, and he used to come and talk to me, and once or twice he took me out to lunch. He never showed any hard feelings toward our family, and neither did he seem to suspect how ashamed of us I was. Around this time I began running into my cousin Paul Halloran, who was my own age. At school dances and at the Biltmore, where everybody used to meet, he'd turn up with his friends and I with mine. Then one Christmas I got a part-time job as a salesgirl at Altman's. A boy I knew worked in the stockroom, and sometimes we went for coffee after work, and once he asked me to have a drink. We were walking down Thirty-fourth Street when he told me where we were going—a bar that he passed every day and that he wanted me to inspect with him. Too late to back out, I realized he was taking me to Flynn's. As soon as I walked in, I saw my father's brother-in-law sitting at a table, talking to one of the waiters. He didn't recognize me, but I couldn't believe he wouldn't. I'm the image of my mother and I was convinced this would have to dawn on him, and that he'd come over and ask me antagonistically if I was who he thought I was, and so I drank my whiskey sour sitting sideways in the booth, one hand shielding my face, like a fugitive from justice. Or like the character in a movie who, when shot, will keep on going, finish the business at hand, and then keel over, dead.

IT'S three blocks north and three blocks east from the house where I live to the building where I went to college. Sometimes, of an afternoon, I work there now, in the Admissions Office, and yesterday I had to pick up a check that was due me. The Admissions Office is in a brownstone. The school has expanded. Times have changed. On the way in I met Sister Alice, who taught me a little biology. "Is it going to snow?" she asked.

All day yesterday the sky was clear. I said, "It doesn't look like snow to me."

In the old days these nuns wore habits with diamond-shaped headpieces that made them resemble figures on playing cards, always looking askance. Yesterday Sister Alice had on a pants suit and an imitation-fur jacket with a matching hat on her short, curly gray hair, and it was I who gave the sidelong glance, touched but intimidated by this flowering of self where self had for so long been denied.

"It's cold enough for snow," Sister Alice said.

I said, "It certainly is," and fled inside.

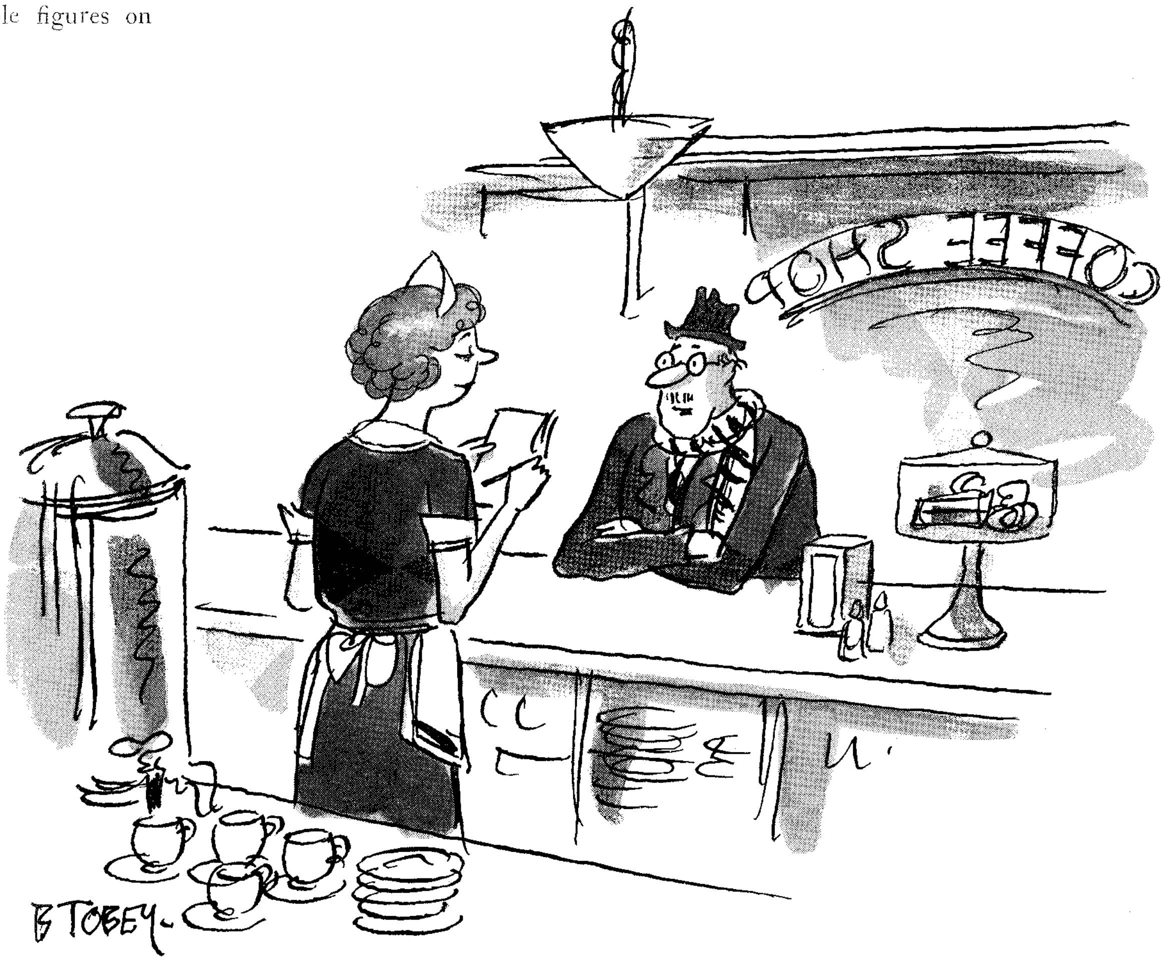
The house was adapted rather than converted into offices, which is to say the job was only half done. Outside Admissions there's a pullman kitchen—stove, sink, cabinets, refrigerator, dishes draining on a rack. Food plays an important part in the life of this office, probably because the clerical staff is made up of students who, at any given moment, may get the urge for a carton of yogurt, or a cup of soup, or an apple, or a can of diet soda. I went and stood in the doorway of the room where they sit: Delia, Yeshi, Eileen, Maggie. They knew someone was there, but no one looked up. They always wait to make a move until they must, and then they wait to see who'll take the initiative. One reason they like it when I'm in the office is that I can be counted on to reach for the phone on the first ring, to ask at once if I can help the visitor. But the routine of Admissions is complicated; every applicant seems to be a special case, and I work there on such an irregular basis that I can also be counted on not to be able to answer the simplest questions, and this makes the students laugh, which is another reason they like having me around. That someone like me, someone who's past their own inherently subordinate phase of life, should come in and stuff promotional material into envelopes, take down telephone requests for information, type up lists and labels—and do none of this particularly well—cheers them. I stepped into the office and said, "Hello, everybody." They looked up and stopped everything. I said, "Guess what I want."

"You want your check," said Yeshi, who comes from Ethiopia—the cradle of mankind. Lately I've been studying history. A friend of mine who's an Egyptologist lent me the text of a survey course, and now there are these facts lodged in my mind among the heaps of miscellaneous information accumulating there. "Where is Constance's check?" asked Yeshi. She speaks with a quaver of a French accent. Her hands are tiny, her deft brown fingers as thin as pencils. She has enormous eyes. "Who made out Constance's time sheet?" she asked.

Maggie said, "I did." She wheeled her chair over to the file cabinet where the checks are kept. "It should be here. I'm sure I saw it this morning with the others." Maggie is Haitian. Her hair is cut close and to the shape of her head. She has a quick temper, a need to be listened to, and a need, every bit as great, to receive inspiration. "Uh-oh," she said.

"Not there?" I asked.

"It's got to be. I made out that time sheet myself," said Maggie. "I remember it was on Thursday—I'm not in



"I want you to know, Miss, how grateful I am to hear the voice of another human being. I'll have tuna fish on white and tea with lemon."

on Wednesdays, and Friday would have been too late."

I said, "Well, I don't suppose anyone ran off with it. It was only for a few dollars."

"Money is money around here." This came from Delia, a pre-med student and the brightest of the girls. Her wavy light-brown hair hangs below her waist. She has prominent features—large hazel eyes, an almost exaggeratedly curved mouth, and a nose that manages to be both thin and full; but there's a black-haired, black-eyed sister, the beauty of the family, and so Delia must make fun of her own distinctive looks. She's Puerto Rican and must also make fun of that. She speaks in sagas of self-deprecation that now and again register, with perfect pitch, some truth of her existence. "There's no poor like the student poor," she said yesterday.

"That's a fact, Delia," I said. "But I don't plan on contributing my wages to the relief of the Student Poor."

Maggie began pounding the file cabinet. "I made out that time sheet *myself*. I brought it in *myself* and had Mrs. Keene sign it; then I took it right over to the business office and handed it to feebleminded Freddy. He gave me a hard time because it wasn't with the others. I hate that guy." She pounded the cabinet again.

Yeshi said, "Maybe Mrs. Keene has it."

"Is she in her office?" I could see for myself by stepping back; Olivia was at her desk.

"Come on in," she called.

I said to the students, "I'll be back," and I went to talk to my friend.

"You're just in time for tea and strumpets," she said.

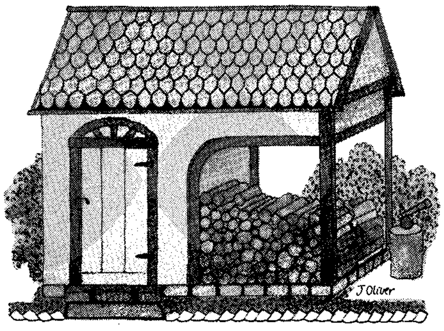
Olivia was in school with me here, but her name then was McGrath. She's been married and divorced and has two sons, and I say to myself, almost seriously, that the troubled course of her life must be the right course since it's given her the name Keene, which describes her perfectly. She's clever, capable, resilient, dresses well, wears good jewelry, leads a busy life. Except for the divorce, Olivia is an example of what my mother would like me to be, though her own mother continually finds fault. "I wonder what it's like to be proud of your children," Mrs. McGrath will say.

Olivia reached for the teapot on her desk and said, "Have a cup."

"No thanks," I said. "I only came by to pick up my check, but it doesn't seem to be outside."

She opened her desk drawer, fished around, and came up with a brown envelope. "Someone must have put it here for safest keeping." She handed me the envelope and said, "Come on, sit down for a minute. Hear the latest outrage."

I sat down in the blue canvas chair beside the desk. I love offices and in particular that office, where the person I am has very little fault to find with the person I was. I begin to wonder, when I'm there, whether the movement of all things isn't toward reconciliation, not division. I'm half convinced that time is on our side, that nothing is ever lost, that we need only have a little more faith, we need only believe a little more and the endings will be happy. Grace's children will be a credit to her. Rosemary will find herself living in a style in keeping with her generous nature. My mother will come to trust the three of us. Olivia's mother will learn to appreciate Olivia. Francis will see how truly I love him. I'll be able to walk down Thirty-fourth Street and not give it a thought. "All right," I said to Olivia, "let's hear the latest outrage."



"Yesterday was High School Day."

"How many came?" I asked.

"A record hundred and seventy, of whom one had her gloves stolen, five got stuck in the elevator, and twelve sat in on a psychology class where the visiting lecturer was a transsexual."

"Oh God," I said.

"Tomorrow I get twelve letters from twelve mothers and dads."

"Maybe they won't tell their parents." I never told mine about seeing Aunt Dorothy shopping for skirts, or about the time I went to Flynn's for a drink, or how my first boyfriend, Gene Kirk, tried to get me to go to bed with him. To this day, I tell people nothing. No one knows about Francis.

Olivia said, "Nowadays kids tell all. Last week Barney came home and announced that his teacher doesn't wear a bra."

I looked at the two little boys in the picture on Olivia's desk. "How old is Barney?" I asked.

"Ten."

He has blond hair that covers his ears, and light-brown eyes with a far-

THE BANJO

There is some demon turning me into an old man,
Living like a tapeworm in my gut,
Turning me into a snowman
Of cleaned-up fingernails and shaving cream,
While somewhere in the life I forgot to live
An old rapscallion banjo sleeps with dust.

I'd like to take that banjo to my job
And sit cross-legged, strum and strum
And wake those rigid people into dancing—
Those white men so white their smiles are water,
Those camouflaged men who cruise
Around each other like soft battleships.

I'd like them to remember their bare feet,
The bite of dust and sun down country roads,
The face they forgot to desire
Carved and wrinkled as a peach pit . . .

All of them nailed to their careers
Like handles on boxes!
There is some other game for me,
Another reality could walk in anytime
And become the boss,
Shouting Dance! Dance! Dance!
Dance through partitions!
Dance through stairwells, envelopes, telephones!

It's hard to know which life is sleep
Or where the door is with my real name on it.

—ROBERT WINNER

• •

Royalty

• •

away look. He calls the office and says, “Can I speak to Mrs. Keene? It’s me.” His brother, Bartholomew, is a couple of years older. Like Olivia, Bart has small, neat features and an astute expression. He sometimes does the grocery shopping after school. He’ll call the office and discuss steaks and lamb chops with his mother, and I remember how when I was a little older than he I used to have to cook supper most evenings. The job fell to me because Grace wasn’t at home—she’d won a board-and-tuition scholarship to college—and Rosemary was studying piano, which kept her late most evenings, practicing or at her lessons. And after my father’s trouble at Flynn’s my mother had to go back to teaching music herself. She’s a good—a born—musician, but the circumstances that made her take it up again also made her resent it. I resented it, too, because of the way my life was pulled out of shape. After school, I’d hang around till the last minute at the coffee shop where everyone went; then I’d rush home and peel the potatoes, shove the leftover roast in the oven or make the ground beef into hamburgers, heat the gravy, set the table—all grudgingly. But Bartholomew Keene takes pride in his shopping and so does Olivia. In our time, people have made trouble manageable. I sat forward and said, “I’d better get going.”

“Think of it,” said Olivia. “A transsexual.”

I said, “Put it out of your mind.”

In the office, the students were in a semi-demoralized state. Their feelings are in constant flux; anything can set them up or down, and though they work hard, they work in spurts. My turning up was an excuse to come to a halt. I showed them my pay envelope. Maggie pounded the desk and said, “I *knew* it had to be around here somewhere.”

“And I believed in you, Maggie,” I said.

“ ‘I be-lieve for ev-ry drop of rain that falls,’ ” sang Delia, “ ‘a flow-er grows.’ ” They love to sing—when they’re tired, when they’re fresh, when they’re bored or happy or upset.

“ ‘I be-lieve in mu-sic!’ ” Maggie snapped her fingers, switching to the rock that comes naturally to them. Eileen got up and went into her dance—she’s a thin, pretty blonde with a sweet disposition and the soul of a stripper.

“ ‘I be-lieve in mu-sic!’ ” they all yelled—all except Yeshi, who only smiled. Yeshi is as quiet as the others are noisy but she loves their noise. Noise gives me eyestrain. I began backing off.

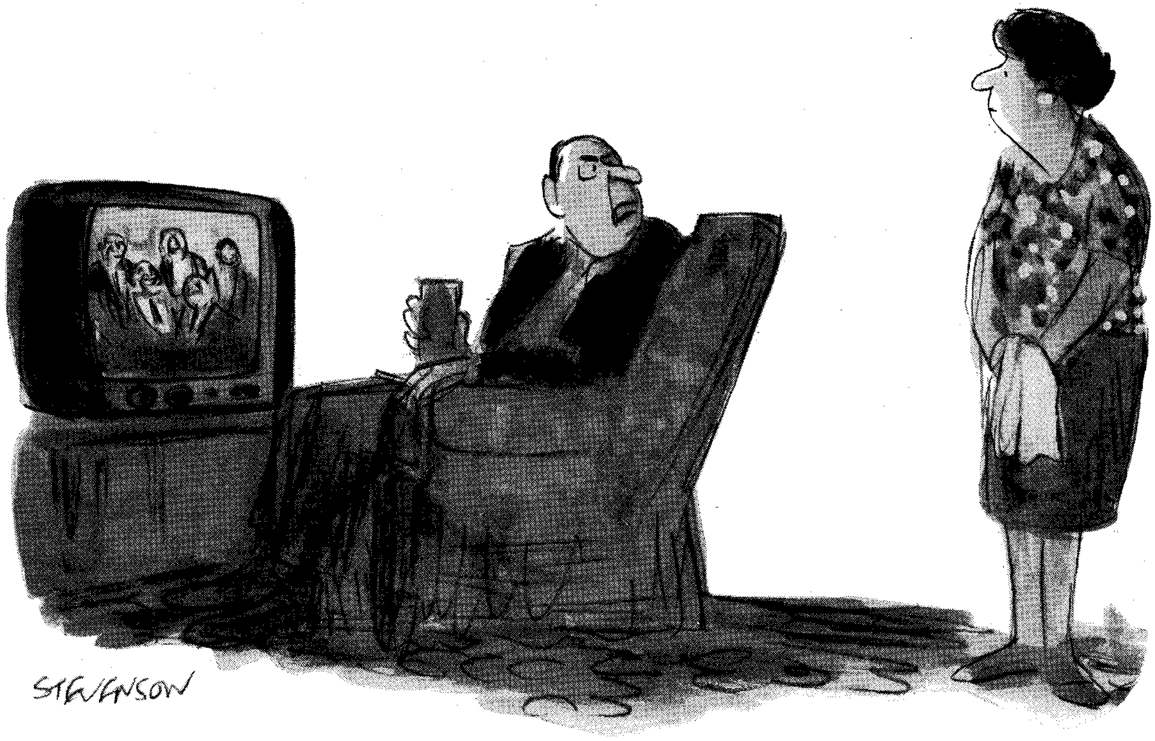
“When are you coming in again?” asked Delia.

I said, “Next week, I think.”

Yeshi laughed. Her full name is Yeshimebet. Her sisters are named Astair, Neghist, Azeb, Selamawit, and Etsegenet. Ethiopia lies between Somalia and the Sudan on the Red Sea, whose parting for Moses may have been the effect of winds on its shallow waters.

AFTER I left the office yesterday, I went to evening Mass. I often do. I love that calm at the end of the day. I love the routine, the prayers, the ranks of monks in their white habits, sitting in choir stalls on the altar—I go to a Dominican church, all gray stone, vaulted arches, and blue stained glass. Since it’s a city parish, my companions at Mass are diverse—businessmen and students and women in beautiful fur coats side by side with nuns and pious old people, the backbone of congregations. I identify myself among them as someone who must be hard to place—sometimes properly dressed, sometimes in jeans, not so much devout as serious, good-looking but in some undefined way. It’s a true picture of me but not, of course, the whole truth. There’s no such thing as the whole truth with respect to the living, which is why history appeals to me. I like the finality. Whatever new finds the archeologists may make for scholars to dispute, the facts stand. Battles have been won or lost, civilizations born or laid waste, and the labor and sacrifice entailed are over, can perhaps even be viewed as necessary or at least inevitable. The reasons I love the Mass are somewhat the same. During those twenty or so minutes, I feel my own past to be not quite coherent but capable of eventually proving to be that. And if my life, like every other, contains elements of the outrageous, that ceremony of death and transfiguration is a means of reckoning with the outrageousness, as work and study are means of reckoning with time.

Yesterday Father Henshaw said the five-o’clock Mass. He doesn’t linger over the prayers—out of consideration, you can tell, for these people who’ve come to church at the end of a day’s work—but he’s a conscientious priest and he places his voice firmly on each



"Why the hell don't we have a host of friends?"

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syllable of each word as he addresses God on behalf of us all, begging for pardon, mercy, pity, understanding, protection, love. By the time Mass was over yesterday, the sun had set, and as I stepped onto the sidewalk I had the feeling I was leaving one of the side chapels for the body of the church. The buildings were like huge, lighted altars. The sky was streaked with color—a magnificent fresco, too distant for the figures to be identified. The rush hour had started. The street was crowded with people—flesh-and-blood images, living tableaux representing virtue and temptation: greed on one face, faith on another, on another charity, or sloth, fortitude, or purity. And there, straight out of Ecclesiastes, I thought—vanity of vanities, all is vanity. Then I realized I was looking at President Kennedy's sister. She was with a dark-haired man in a navy-blue overcoat. I had the impression at first that he was one of the Irish cousins, but I changed my mind as she smiled at him. It was a full and formal smile, too full and formal for a cousin and for that drab stretch of Lexington Avenue. It was a smile better given at official receptions to heads of state, and I got a sense, as I walked behind the couple, of how events leave people stranded, how from a certain point in our lives on—a different point for each life—we seem only to be passing time. I thought of the Kennedys in Washington, the Kennedys in London, the Kennedys in Boston and Hyannis Port. Which were the important days? The days in the White House? The days at the Court of St. James's? Or had everything that mattered taken place long before, on the beaches of Cape Cod where we saw them sailing and swimming and playing games with one another?

We reached the corner of Sixty-eighth and had to wait for the light to change. It's a busy corner, with a subway station, a newsstand, a hot-dog stand, and a flower stand operated by a man and his wife. The flower sellers are relative newcomers to the corner. I began noticing them last summer, when they were there all day, but when winter came they took to setting up shop in late afternoon. For the cold they dress alike in parkas, and boots, and trousers, and gloves with the fingers cut out. They have the dark features of the Mediterranean countries and they speak to each other in a foreign language. They have a little boy who's almost always with them. I'd guess that he's about five, though he's big for five, but at the same time he also seems young for whatever age he may be, possibly because he appears to be so contented on that street corner. Another child might sulk or whine or get into trouble, but not that little boy. Sometimes he has a toy with him—a truck or an airplane or a jump rope. He also has a tricycle that he rides when the weather is good. If it's very cold he may shelter in the warmth of the garage a few doors down from the corner, or he'll sit in his parents' old car, surrounded by flowers that will replenish the stock as it runs out. In hot weather, he sometimes stretches out on the sidewalk, but that's the closest I've ever seen him come to being at loose ends. He's a resourceful little boy, and he's independent like his parents, who work hard and for the most part silently. I've never seen them talking with the owner of the hot-dog stand or the newsdealer. Business is business on that corner, and not much of it comes from me. I never buy hot dogs, flowers only once in a blue moon, and newspapers not as a rule but on impulse. Yesterday, I put my hand in my pocket and found a dollar bill there and I decided to get a paper. I picked up a *Post* and put my money in the dealer's hand. As he felt through his pockets full of coins, the flower sellers' little boy suddenly appeared, dashed over to his parents' cart, seized a daisy, and put his nose to the yellow center. The newsdealer gave me three quarters back. The traffic lights changed. President Kennedy's sister started across the street. The flower seller's wife grabbed the daisy from her son, and he ran off. I put the quarters in my pocket and moved on.

Yesterday's headlines told of trouble in the Middle East—Israel of the two kingdoms, Israel and Judah; Iran that was Alexander's Persia; Egypt of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies. I love those ancient peoples. I know them. They form a frieze, a band of images carved in thought across my mind—emperors, princesses, slaves, scribes, farmers, soldiers, musicians, priests. I see them hunting, harvesting, dancing, embracing, fighting, eating, praying. The attitudes are all familiar. The figures are noble and beautiful and still.

—Elizabeth Cullinan

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The evening ended with Mr. Robbins's work to Ravel's Piano Concerto in B Major. I forget what it was called before, probably something madly imaginative such as "Ravel Concerto." In any event it is now called "In G Major," which is accurate if not precisely descriptive.—*Clive Barnes in the Times.*

If it's accurate, we're all in trouble.

THE KENNING

WE read in histories of literature that the medieval Germanic poetic line is made up of two half lines. In the first part of this line two words alliterate—that is to say, begin with the same sound; in the second part, one word alliterates with the two preceding ones. This rigorous scheme does not always correspond to the facts, however. A line like "*ofer brade brimu, Brytene sohtan*" ("over the broad sea, they sought the Britons"), from the "Ode of Brunanburh," in which the consonantal group *br* occurs three times, is relatively infrequent.

Genzmer has written that alliterative verse is better than rhymed verse, because in the former each line is a unit, but he seems to forget that this does not permit the making of stanzas. After three rhymed lines,

> When I consider how my light is spent,
> Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
> And that one Talent which is death to hide,
> Lodged with me useless

the ear expects the repetition of the *ent* rhyme; at the end of two alliterated lines,

> *Ne bið him to hearpan hyge, ne to hringðege,*
> *ne to wife wyn, ne to worulde hyht*
>
> (His thoughts are not of the harp, nor of receiving rings,
> nor of delight in a woman, nor of joy in the world)

nobody can be expected to recall the opening alliteration.

I have deliberately chosen two Anglo-Saxon lines with triple alliteration; we have already seen that, in general, these occur infrequently. Let us look, for example, at the epic Finnsburh fragment, one of the oldest examples of Germanic poetry. It dates, probably, from the eighth century A.D. or the end of the seventh. Of the forty-eight four-stressed lines that make it up, only twenty have the conventional three alliterations; the rest are limited to two. Let us pass from an Anglo-Saxon to a German illustration: the no less famous "Hildebrandslied," which dates from the ninth century, but whose simplicity and uncouthness belong to a more backward stage of development. It is made up of sixty-seven lines, only twenty-five of which contain three alliterative words. It is more accurate, then, to speak of four stresses, marked, as far as possible, by alliteration. It is interesting to note that the vowels alliterate with each other, though in most cases they were open. This assimilation of sounds as different as the *a* and the *u* may perhaps be explained by assuming a light initial aspirate, a suggestion of the *h* sound. The number of syllables in each line was unfixed.

Literature begins with poetry, and poetry with the epic; it is as if before he spoke man sang. Since the origin of literature is spoken, this order may well be attributed to the mnemonic nature of verse. In India, as Winternitz tells us, the legal code was framed in verse so that it might be committed to memory. We can also think that verse is a pattern that has only to be repeated; prose, on the other hand, requires the continual discovery—as Robert Louis Stevenson has written—of variations at once pleasing and unexpected.

The themes of the epic are limited; alliteration forced the poet to coin synonyms. Like Greek, the Germanic languages led easily to the formation of compound words. This facility suggested the sought-after synonyms, which, at first, were rarely metaphors. In Bosworth and Toller's Anglo-Saxon dictionary, let us have a look at the fifty-one compound words whose prefix is *hild*, or battle. Only six are metaphors: *hildegicel* (battle-icicle), drop of blood; *hildeleoma* (light of battle), sword; *hildenædre* (battle-adder), arrow; *hildescur* (battle-shower), flight of arrows; *hildeswat* (battle-sweat), blood; *hildewulf* (battle-wolf), warrior.

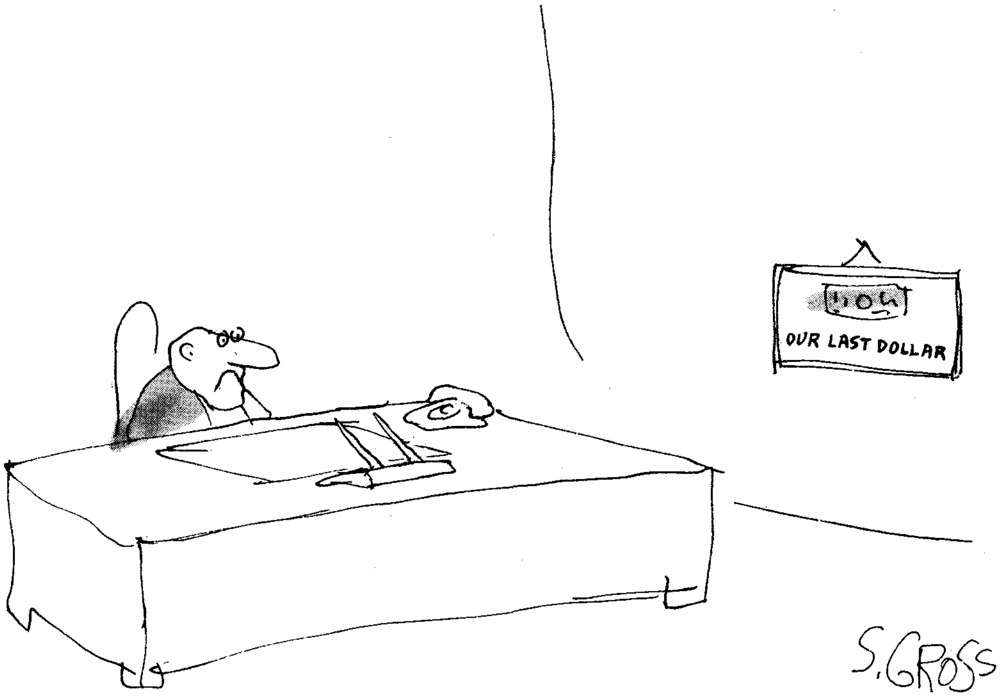
Kenning (the Norse plural form is *kenningar*) is the name that the Scandinavians gave to these metaphors. In England, poets came to feel that such figures of speech were burdensome, and with time their use began to diminish. Ninth-century elegies include only a few, or only those that were felt as common synonyms, not as metaphors.

For example, in this passage from the "Seafarer,"

> *singeð sumeres weard, sorge beodeð*
> *bittre in breosthord*
>
> (The warden of summer sings, boding
> bitter sorrow to the breast-hoard)

it is preferable to interpret the last kenning, *breosthord*, as a synonym for *heart* and not a laborious circumlocution. *Breosthord* had already been used in "Beowulf" some hundred years before.

Not so with the skalds, the Scandinavian court poets. They thought that if the ship is the stallion (or the stag or the bison) of the sea, and the sea is the whale's road, why not call the ship the stallion of the whale's road? This method was dangerous and led to frigid aberrations, like *provider to swans of the mead of battle*. The mead of battle is blood; the swans that drink it are ravens; their provider, the warrior who sheds it. A further example: *the dweller of the top of the beast yoked to the waves*. The beast yoked to the waves is a ship; the top of the ship is the poop; its dweller, the captain. Another: *dispenser of the flames of the falcon's field*. The falcon's field is the wrist; the flames of the wrist, bracelets of shining gold; the dispenser, a generous king. The early kennings were equations of two terms (sword-water=



blood); later on, there were several of these equations in each word, which the listener had to solve one by one. Their aim was technical; the poet, like Joyce or Pound, wrote for other poets, not for immediate emotion. It would be unfair to overlook the fact that the examples of labored circumlocution given here were, in every case, single striking words made up of short nouns. *Miðgarðsormr* (middle-yard's worm) is less ponderous than *worm* (or *serpent*) *of the middle-dwelling*, which means the river that circles the earth.

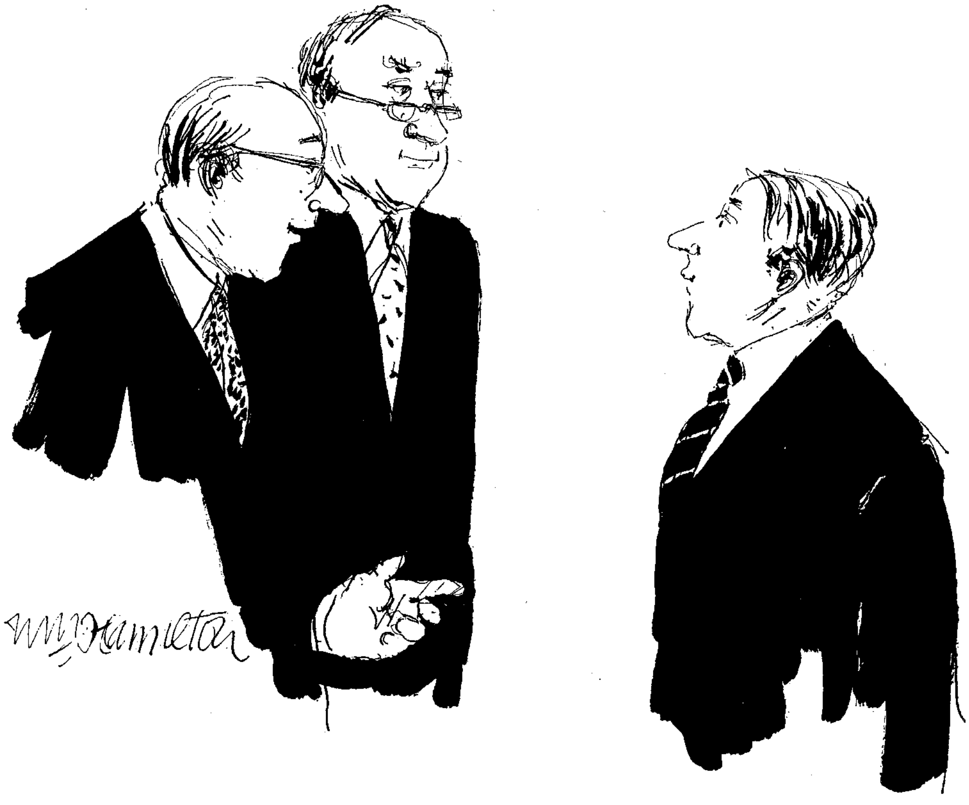
Let us now decipher some lines overburdened with kennings. This, from "Njal's Saga":

The killer of giants' offspring
broke the strong bison of the
gull's meadow.
So the gods, while the keeper of
the bell despaired,
destroyed the seashore's hawk.
The horse that rides the reefs
found no help in the King of
the Greeks.

The killer of giants' offspring is the god Thor. The keeper of the bell is a Christian priest. The King of the Greeks is Jesus, for the sufficient reason that King of the Greeks is one of the titles for the emperor of Byzantium, and that Jesus is surely no less. The bison of the gull's meadow, the seashore's hawk, and the horse that rides the reefs are not three anomalous beasts but a single battered ship. Of these tortuous verbal equations, the first is made up of two elements, the killer and the giants' offspring; the second, of three, since gull's meadow is a name for the sea. These knots untied, I leave to the reader the task of unravelling the whole meaning. That solid German scholar, Niedner, acclaims the "human-contradictory" qualities of these figures, and goes so far as to suggest that they be enlisted in the service of modern poetry "in its concern for real values." Another example, some lines from Egil Skallagrimsson, who fought at Brunanburh and celebrated that Saxon victory in an ode that contains a moving elegy to the memory of his younger brother, who fell by his side in the battle:

The dyers of the wolf's fangs
squandered the red swan's meat.
The hawk of the sword's dew
fed on heroes in the field.
The serpents of the Vikings' moons
fulfilled the will of the Irons.

Lines like the third and the fifth give us, I believe, a certain immediate satisfaction. The meaning is irrelevant, the suggestion of little value. They neither stir the imagination nor call up images or emotions; they are not points of departure but ends in themselves. Their pleasure—their sufficient pleasure—lies in their variety, in the unexpected linking together of the words. This may have been felt by the poets, and the meaning behind the text could have been, for all we know, a mere justification. The Irons are the gods; Vikings' moon, the round shield; their serpent, the spear; the sword's dew, blood; their hawk, the raven; the red swan, any bird bathed in gore; the red swan's meat, the dead; dyers of the wolf's fangs, the victors. Upon reflection, we reject these locutions. The Vikings' moon is hardly the most compelling metaphor for shield, but it is an aesthetic fact. To explain kennings, reducing them to single words, is to explain them away.



"See, Lister? Mr. Harrison is approachable."

Kennings have a functional quality. Generally they define things by their use and tend to give life to inanimate objects, freely reversing the procedure with living subjects. And so the sword may be *the wolf of wounds;* the spear, *the corpse-dragon;* and the warrior, *the sword's tree.* They were and are sufficiently forgotten—a fact that has moved me to resurrect a few of these now lost verbal flowers.

IN the third book of his "Rhetoric," Aristotle wrote that metaphor springs from the perception of an affinity between dissimilar things; Middleton Murry holds that the affinity should be real and hitherto unperceived. Perhaps this last requirement is unnecessary. An epigram from the "Greek Anthology" states: I wish I were the night that I might look on you with many eyes. Chesterton defines night as a monster made of eyes. Both examples compare eyes and stars, but the first suggests anxiety, tenderness, and exaltation, and the second, fear. Our imagination accepts the two. Kennings, on the other hand, are, or seem to be, the result of a mental process that looks for an accidental likeness. They answer to no particular feeling. They are the outcome of a deliberate combining process, not of a sudden discovery of hidden affinities. Mere logic may justify them, not human sentiment.

One more example, taken from "Beowulf." It is the word *banhus*, or bone-house, whose meaning is the body. Logic justifies it, since the human skeleton inhabits the body; the mind rejects it, since our restless blood and sensitive flesh are more alive than bone.

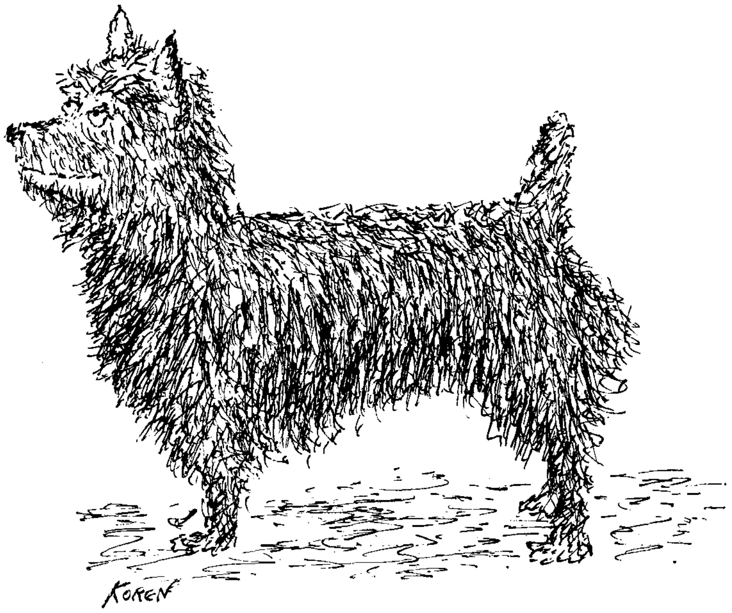
Now and then, however, poetry comes to us through the kenning. So we read, in the Saxon riddle of the nightingale, *"eald æfenscop, eorlum bringe blisse in burhum"* ("old poet of the evening, I bring to men happiness in their cities")—perhaps the selfsame song that John Keats heard some nine hundred years after in the garden of a London suburb.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in collaboration with the author.)

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE STAR AND THE CHORUS



NELL Fox, one of the best-known terrier breeders in the United States, is a small, tweedy woman in her late sixties who looks as though she might raise African violets, sew lavender sachets, and stay up late reading the latest Mary Renault under an old afghan. Few people who don't know her would suspect the warrior's heart that beats within, or the heights of admiration and the depths of antagonism that she inspires in the fiercely competitive world of professional dog exhibiting. And few who do know her were surprised to hear, some time ago, that this mild-looking, grandmotherly person had thrown a glass of water in a photographer's face or, on another occasion, that someone had slapped her at a dog show. (The photographer was attempting to take a picture of a dogfight, and the woman who slapped her had just finished hearing a rather stern lecture from Mrs. Fox on how cramped her dogs looked in their crates.) It would not be an exaggeration to say that most important moments in Mrs. Fox's life are connected with dogs, and particularly with Australian terriers, a breed that was unknown in this country until recently. That they are known at all can be credited largely to the efforts of Mrs. Fox, who has spent some twenty years trying to popularize the breed.

Mrs. Fox fell in love with Australian terriers when she was a young girl, in New Zealand, her native land. When she came to the United States, at the age of fourteen, she was surprised to learn that most people had never heard of an Australian terrier. Even knowledgeable terrier breeders hadn't heard of the dog, she discovered, though it had been a popular breed in Australia ever since the end of the nineteenth century. The breed is thought to have emerged from crossings of the Dandie Dinmont, Scottish, Irish, cairn, and Yorkshire terrier strains. "A small, sturdy, rough-coated terrier of spirited action and self-assured manner," according to the American Kennel Club; a "canine cocktail," according to the International Encyclopedia of Dogs. On city streets, it is sometimes confused with the cairn terrier; both breeds have short legs, sturdy bodies, small ears, pointy muzzles, and rough, ample coats.

Toward the end of the Second World War, Mrs. Fox, who was then living in New York, wanted something that would remind her of home, and decided that she might try breeding Australian terriers. She began writing to breeders in Australia and New Zealand asking if they would send her some of the dogs. For one reason or another, her efforts to get dogs were thwarted until 1954, when several Australian breeders agreed to send a total of seven terriers by plane to Point Pleasant, New Jersey, where Mrs. Fox and her husband, Milton, had been living since the end of the war.

When Mrs. Fox learned that her dogs couldn't be registered by the American Kennel Club, because they weren't a recognized breed in this country, it galled her so much that she decided to campaign for their recognition. She wrote ecstatic articles about the dogs for magazines; she sent information about them to newspaper pet columnists; she talked them up at dog shows; she had them advertised on Barry Gray's radio talk show; she raved about them on the "Today" show; and when she sold any of the dogs she had bred, she encouraged their owners to exhibit them at shows. By 1959, her field work had been so successful that a photograph of one of her puppies had made *Life*, and feelings about the illegitimate status of the breed had been stirred to such an extent that Dan Parker, the sports editor of the New York *Daily Mirror*, wrote on February 7th of that year, "We have welcomed the Armenian weasel hound, Mikoyan, but the Australian terrier, which makes short work of snakes in the grass . . . is still shown here only by sufferance." Finally, in 1960, when the number of Australian terriers entered in the Miscellaneous (or steerage) Class at the popular Westminster Kennel Club Show rose to fifty-eight—a record-breaking number of entries for that class—the A.K.C. relented and welcomed the Australian terrier to its starchy ranks. The Australian was the hundred-and-fourteenth breed to be recognized by the club, and the first new terrier to be recognized in more than twenty-four years. As Mrs. Fox later modestly wrote in a manual called "How to Raise and Train an Australian Terrier," "It was the press and public expressing such keen delight for the breed that spelled its secure future in the U.S.A., and truthfully the world over . . . for these 'down under darlings.' " By the late sixties, there were more than forty dogs in her kennel at Point Pleasant, and as many as twenty of them lived in her house and shared most of her waking hours.

I FIRST spoke to Mrs. Fox (shouted, actually, over a din of barks) by telephone, on a midwinter day. She invited me out to Point Pleasant to watch the preparations for two big dog shows that take place in New York every February: the Associated Terrier Clubs' annual show, at the State Armory, at 168th Street and Broadway, and the Westminster Kennel Club Show, at Madison Square Garden. When I arrived a couple of weeks later, on a Monday afternoon, Mrs. Fox met me at the train station dressed in a voluminous cape and a Black Watch plaid suit. Her fine reddish hair was wound around her head in a thin braid, and she wore the expression of a general called away from maneuvers. "I don't know how I'm going to get everything done in time," she said as we drove in a somewhat yeasty-smelling green Dodge station

FIVE POEMS

I

If we knew the point
where something is going to break,
where the thread of kisses will be cut,
where a look will no longer meet another,
where the heart will leap toward another place,
we could put another point on that point,
or at least go with it to its breaking.

If we knew the point
where something is going to melt into something,
where the desert will meet the rain,
where the embrace will touch life itself,
where my death will come closer to yours,
we could unwind that point like a streamer,
or at least sing it till we died.

If we knew the point
where something will always be something,
where the bone will not forget the flesh,
where the fountain is mother to another fountain,
where the past will never be past,
we could keep that point and erase all the others,
or at least keep it in a safer place.

II

A belly dyed with foam
has gathered up the pieces of the house of the sea.
All that's missing is the nethermost fish
of the first tenderness,
all that's missing is the glance that turned into hair
to listen to the wind,
all that's missing is the form of the touch
of the first tree and the first light.

But there is a liquid sign that unites what is missing
like the line that draws the sea on the sea.

III

Efficacy of the light,
efficacy of the cloud,
tricks of the efficacy of their absence.

The stick bell
is preparing a racket
louder than metal.
A bird is flying between two clouds
but there is another that flies
the whole time inside the cloud.
And there is yet another bird that raises
one wing outside and the other inside.

But now there is no more cloud.
And no more light, either.

IV

Each one goes however he can,
some with the breast ajar,
others with only one hand,
some with an identification in a pocket,
others with it in the soul,
some with the moon screwed into their blood,
and others without blood, or moon, or memories.

Each one goes, even though he can't,
some with love between their teeth,
others changing their skins,
some with life and death,
others with death and life,
some with their hand on their own shoulder,
others with it on the shoulder of another.

Each one goes because he's going,
some with someone up late between the eyebrows,
others whose paths never crossed anyone's,
some through the door that opens onto the road
or seems to,
others through the door that's drawn on the wall
or perhaps on the air,
some without having begun to live
and others without having begun to live.

But all of them go with their feet tied,
some by the path that they made,
others by the one they didn't make,
and all by the one that they will never make.

V

Sometimes I play that I catch up with myself.
I run with what I was
and with what I will be,
in the race of what I am.

And sometimes I play that I pass myself.
Then maybe I run
in the race of what I'm not.

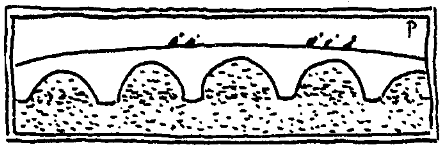
But there's still another race
in which I'll play that I'm overtaken
and that will be the real one.

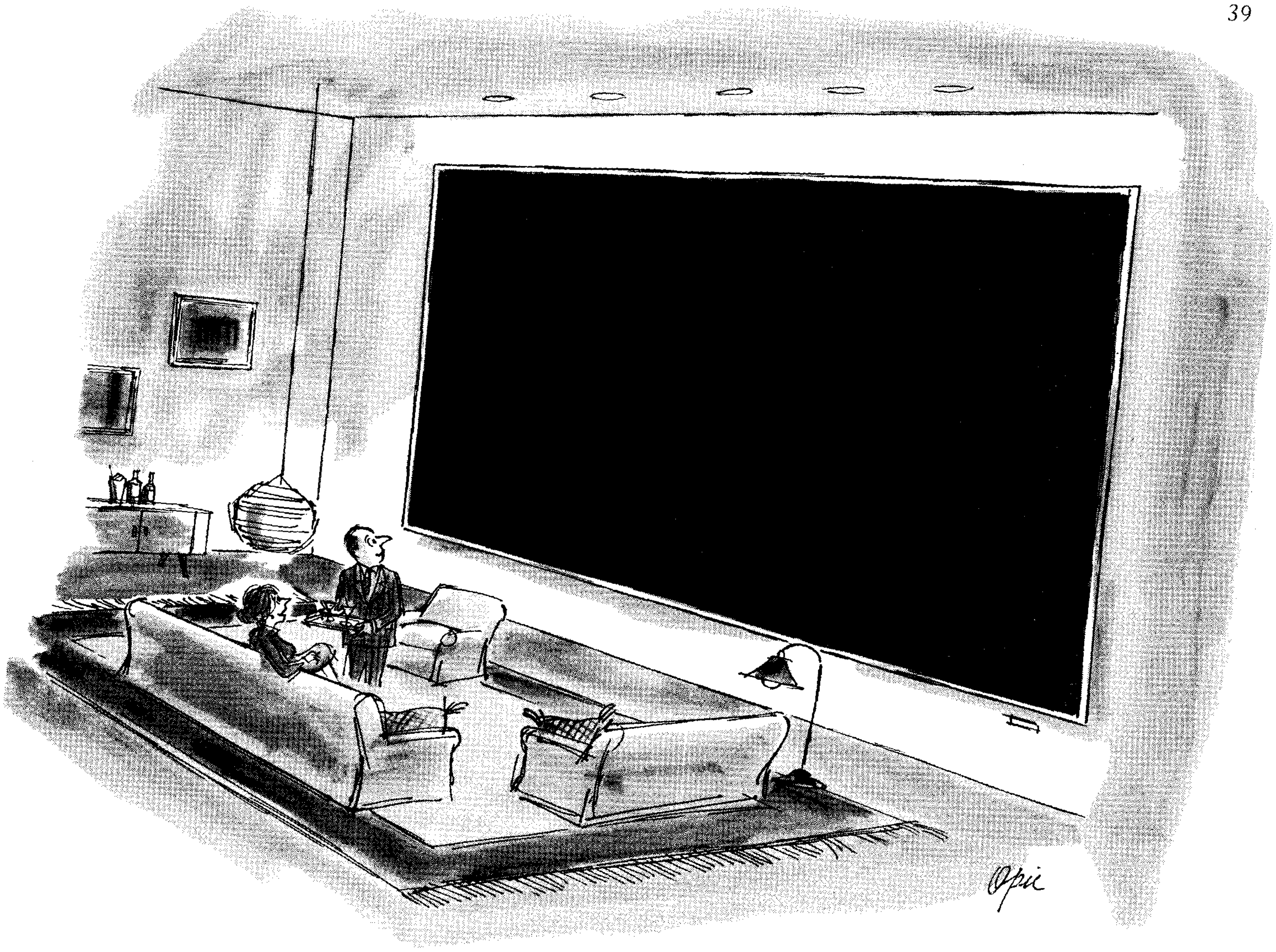
—ROBERTO JUARROZ

(Translated, from the Spanish, by W. S. Merwin.)

• •

wagon past a long stretch of hamburger stands and shopping centers. "I've only got one young girl, a nice girl named Janie, working for me now that my kennel manager has retired. Luckily, I've got wonderful friends who always come to my rescue at show time. I'd be lost without them. My dear husband, Milton, was a great help. But he died several years ago." Pleasant Pastures Kennels, as she calls her business, turned out to be a medium-sized two-story white frame farmhouse set amid several small outbuildings, a lily pond, and lots of trees and bushes. It looked old-fashioned, bucolic, and somehow very English next to its small ranch-house neighbors. As we drove past a tall, pale-green iron fence surrounding the grounds, Mrs. Fox explained that most of the sixty-odd dogs she had at the moment lived in the kennel—a long, low white and green building behind the house. Puppies were kept in a basement room under the back porch, and a number of dogs lived in the house—some because they were favorites, some because they were old, some because they needed special attention. "Don't mind the clutter, my dear," she said as we climbed some peeling wooden steps at the side of the house and picked our way through





“You have his masterpiece. But then you know that, of course.”

• •

stacks of newspapers and Big Bet dog-food cartons on a porch that led to the kitchen. When we opened the door, sixteen enthusiastically barking black-and-tan, silver-and-tan, and reddish-tan little dogs hurled themselves at us, jumped up and down, wagged their short tails, and, as we walked toward the living room, moved along underfoot like a shallow wave of fur. The air was sharp with the smell of disinfectant. Dog-biscuit crumbs crunched underfoot. “And these are two of my dear friends,” Mrs. Fox said, indicating a mild-looking young man with rosy cheeks and childlike blue eyes, and a young woman with long brown hair and a narrow, worried face. “Paul Purvis and Beth McCracken.”

Paul and Beth, who were both in their late twenties, explained that they were helping Mrs. Fox get ready for the dog shows, in part because Beth was considering becoming a breeder.

“I got Paul into this,” Beth added. “I’m learning a lot about dogs from Nell, and Paul hasn’t decided what to do since he left active duty in the Army. But we don’t work for her or anything—we just like to help her. You’ll find that most of Nell’s friends feel the same way.”

Helping Mrs. Fox appeared to be full-time work. At that moment, it involved being on hand to do a thousand odd jobs that had to be taken care of before the shows, and in Paul’s case, I soon discovered, it involved a great deal of carrying. Heavy crates with dogs in them frequently had to be carried from the house to the car and from the car to somewhere else, and Paul seemed to be the chief carrier. That evening, five of the dogs were to attend a handling class in nearby Lakewood, and Beth and Paul were soon packing them into the car. Mrs. Fox opened a cupboard and brought out a Gaines Dog Research Center leaflet with the deceptively innocent title “All About a Dog Show.” “I thought you might want to see how a dog show works,” she said, handing it to me. “All About a Dog Show” featured a chart that was supposed to explain all to the layman but failed to explain much of anything, because of the hopeless complexity of dog-show rules and regulations and because of the writer’s impressive command of the techniques of linguistic torture passed on from the ancients to all authors of automobile manuals, insurance prospectuses, and tax forms. Reduced to its essence, however, the chart outlined how a dog progressed in stages toward the award that is its highest glory: Best in Show. Dogs of the same breed first have to compete among themselves in various classes (Puppy, Novice, Bred by Exhibitor, Bitches, and Open); then they compete for Best of Breed; then the breed winners compete against each other for Group Winner (the groups are called Sporting, Hound,

NEITHER LETHARGY, INDIFFERENCE, NOR THE GENERAL COLLAPSE OF STANDARDS WILL PREVENT THESE COURIERS FROM EVENTUALLY DELIVERING SOME OF YOUR MAIL

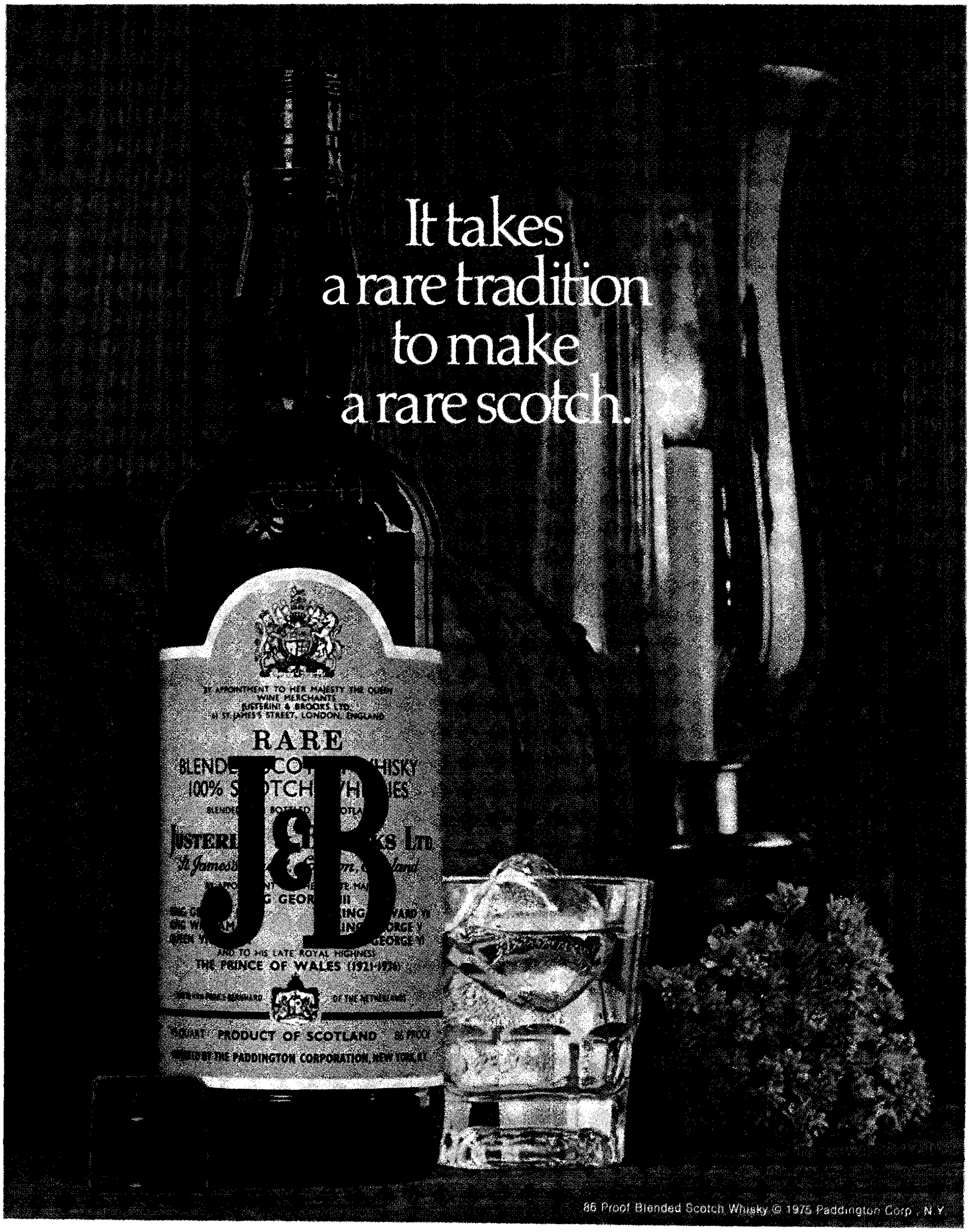
Terrier, Working, Toy, and Non-Sporting); and, finally, the group winners compete, and one dog is chosen Best in Show.

"And this is Joey," Mrs. Fox said, scooping a handsome, sturdy-looking silver-and-tan dog up to her lap and stroking him affectionately. "My star." The star looked raptly at her, wagged his tail, and panted expectantly. "Joey's official name is Tinee Town Talkbac. I bought him from a distinguished Australian breeder. I won't say what he cost, but I will say that it was in the four-figure area." Joey, she went on to tell me, had already won three Best in Shows, and he had been picked as the top Australian terrier for the previous year. "Joey has only one fault—he doesn't eat enough. But then"—approving pat—"top stud dogs hardly ever do." Pat pat. "Food is rarely uppermost in their minds." Mrs. Fox excused herself to make some tea. All the dogs noisily followed her into the kitchen. The living room—walls, tabletops, breakfront, chests—was completely covered with rosettes, banners, silver trophies, pewter cups, commemorative plaques, silver trays, and blue, red, and purple-and-gold ribbons; paintings, sketches, and photographs of Australian terriers; ceramic ashtrays decorated with Australian terriers; Australian-terrier brooches, paperweights, and geegaws of all sorts. Prominently displayed near a dining table was a Fido—a stylized polished-copper figure of the ancient Egyptian dog god, Anubis, which is the dog world's equivalent of an Oscar. The plate at the base of the statue said that the award was given to Mrs. Fox and her husband in 1961 by the Gaines Dog Research Center for their work on behalf of the breed. A nearby plaque from the same period declared Mrs. Fox Breeder of the Year. There was a lot of heavy, elegant, nineteenth-century furniture—all of it, except for the dining table, pushed against the walls in long lines to make more open space for the dogs. "The house wasn't like this when Mr. Fox was alive," Mrs. Fox said as she came back carrying a tray of tea and cookies. She was followed by the dogs, who began to yip and chase each other around the room. "But I find it more convenient to have the furniture out of the way. It's much better for the dogs."

That evening, Beth, Paul, and I went with Mrs. Fox to the handling class in Lakewood. Back home, after saying goodnight to Beth and an exhausted-looking Paul, Mrs. Fox went downstairs to give the puppies their evening meal. (The older dogs are fed once a day, the puppies two or three times.) By the time she returned, to give Joey a *souper* of boiled-liver chunks, macaroni, pig's maw, beef kidney, and rice, it was almost midnight. The lights were all off in her neighbors' houses. A minuscule dog named Peanuts shared the snack with Joey on the porch. The rest of the dogs, all quivering noses and erect tails, watched them from the other side of a glass door. Mrs. Fox watched them, too. "Joey seems to eat more when Peanuts is around," Mrs. Fox said. "She was the only one of her litter to survive, and she really *fought* to live. I fed her with an eyedropper. I've never known a human being as brave. Most breeders would have had her killed. She's certainly no use as a show dog. But I respect life too much for that."

TUESDAY

IN the morning, Mrs. Fox comes downstairs to an ecstatic chorus of barks. She makes the descent slowly: a queen greeting her cheering courtiers. Wearing a red corduroy bathrobe, her long braid trailing down her back, she lets the dogs out for their morning romp. She watches Joey carefully. "I have to make sure that he doesn't try to climb the fence to get to a female in heat," she explains. "He did get over it once, even though it's six feet high, but I can't afford to let that happen now. As show time approaches, I have to keep the bitches in season well away from him or he doesn't have a bit of enthusiasm for the ring." After she has let the dogs back in, she turns the radio on to the Bob Grant talk show, fixes some tea and toast for us,


It takes
a rare tradition
to make
a rare scotch.
RARE
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It takes time to build a tradition.
For more than 225 years, The House of Justerini & Brooks has been one of London's leading wine and spirit merchants. And for the past nine successive reigns, their dedication to excellence has earned the Royal Warrant. This consistent superiority over more than two centuries is a rare tradition. So you can be certain that you'll always enjoy the same rare taste in every bottle of J&B Rare Scotch.

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Trade your hog

You loved that car of yours when it was new, didn't you?

All bright and shiny and everything?

How could you know the world would change? How could you know it would use too much gas, too much space, too much everything?

How could you know that there would be a VW Rabbit?

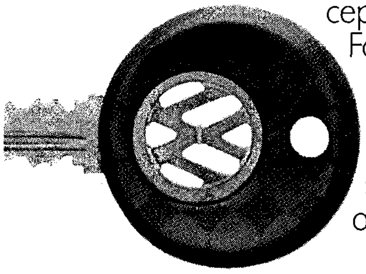
We knew 5 years ago. That's when we started—from absolute scratch—to design the one and only car that honestly makes any sense today.

It's almost as if we re-invented the wheel. We re-thought every detail, every old concept of car design to get to the new concept of the Rabbit.

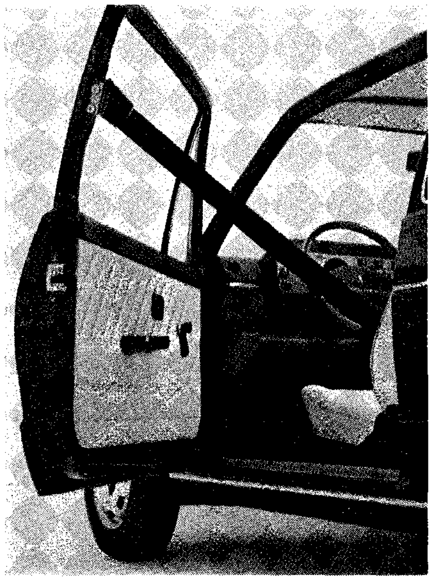
For example, size:

The Rabbit is a big car. Not to look at. Outside, it parks in almost no space.

But inside, there is more glass area than in a Lincoln Continental Mark IV; as much legroom and headroom as some mid-sized cars; and (with the rear seat down) more luggage space than a Cadillac Fleetwood.



Even the key is padded for safety.



Seat belts put themselves on.

Quite an achievement.

Another example: safety.

The Rabbit helps make you a safer driver.

Front-wheel drive gives you better tracking.

Rack-and-pinion steering gives you better handling.

If one front tire blows, negative steering roll radius helps you to a straight stop.

If one brake circuit fails, a second circuit is still there.

A totally new rear axle makes the car more stable (and safer) on rough roads.

The deluxe Rabbit also has an utterly unique safety belt that puts itself on as you sit down.

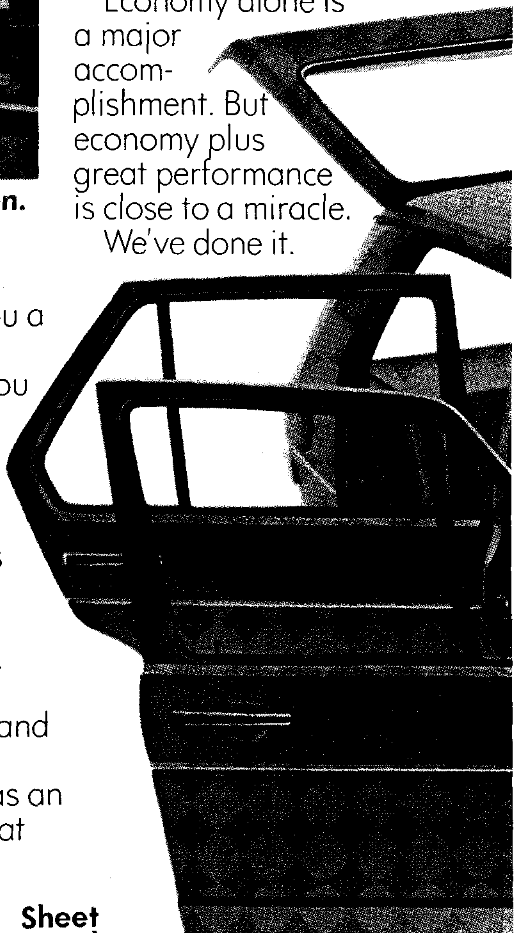
Still another example: economy and performance.

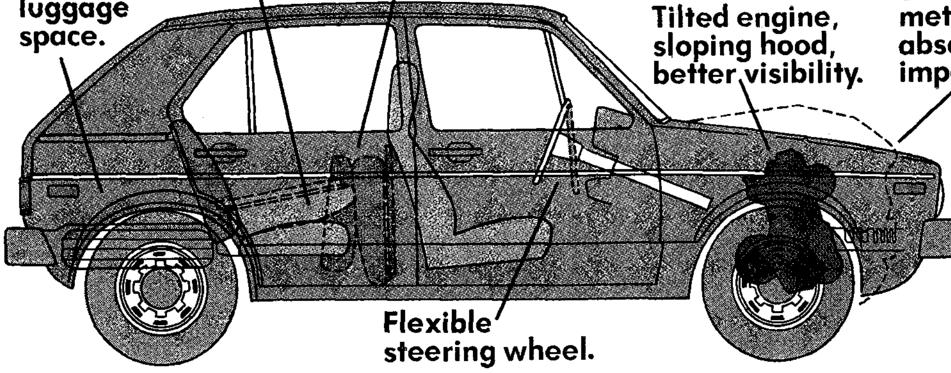
The EPA estimates that the Rabbit with stick shift got 39 mpg on the highway, 25 mpg in the city.

(Actual mileage may vary, depending on type of driving, driving habits, car's condition and optional equipment.)

Economy alone is a major accomplishment. But economy plus great performance is close to a miracle.

We've done it.





Shelf up. Hidden luggage space.

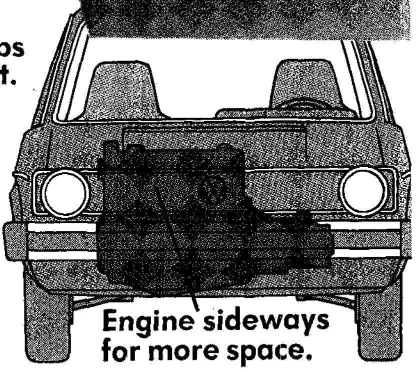
Shelf and seat fold down.

Seats fold again. Now it's a station wagon.

Tilted engine, sloping hood, better visibility.

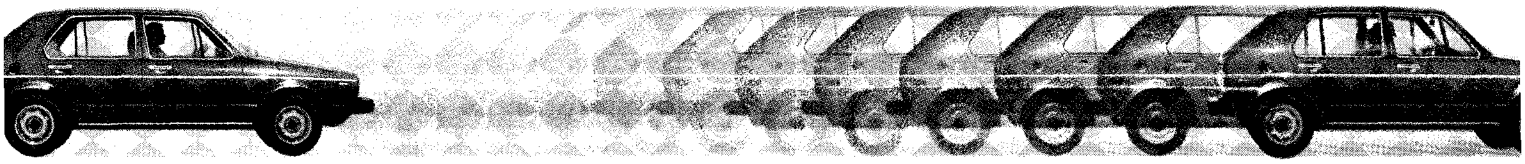
Sheet metal absorbs impact.

Flexible steering wheel.



Engine sideways for more space.

for a Rabbit.



0-50 mph in 8.2 seconds. No other car gives you this kind of power with so much economy.

The Rabbit zips from 0 to 50 mph in a mere 8.2 seconds. A $21,000 Maserati doesn't do much better.

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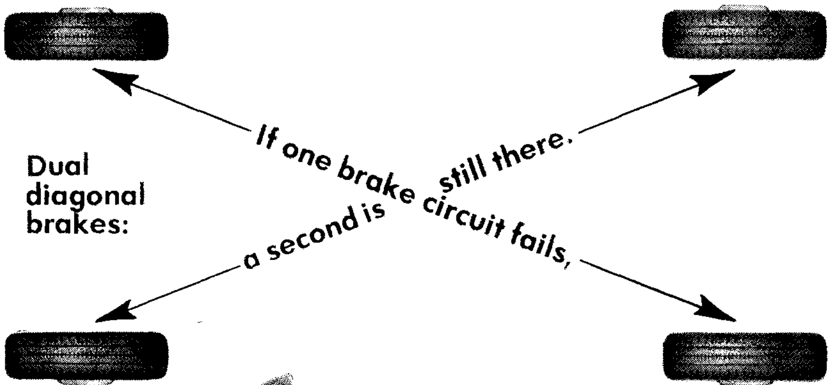

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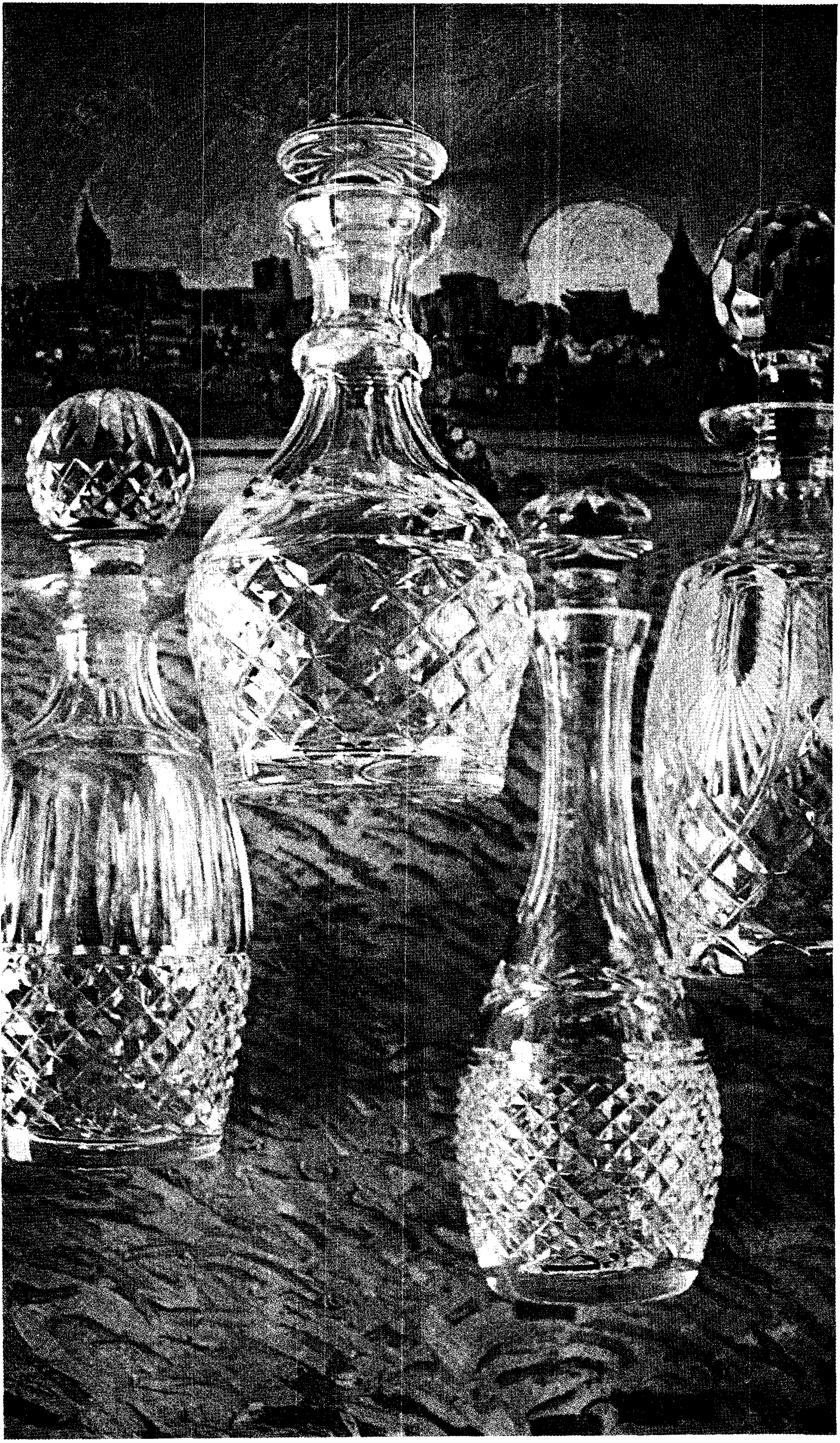


Photo Pesin

"All right, now! If we will all return to our seats, the meeting will resume."

• •

and starts to prepare breakfast for Joey and the puppies. She likes Grant, she says, because he "insults everybody." The puppies' breakfast is a high-protein mixture of vitamin cereal, wheat germ, nonfat dry milk, evaporated milk, and egg. After she has prepared it, she hoists Joey to the kitchen counter, ties around his neck a bib decorated with an artist and palette, pulls out his lower lip with one hand, and spoons the vanilla-colored mixture into his mouth with the other. Joey licks his whiskers between spoonfuls, looking very much like a contented baby. When he's had enough (which he indicates by gazing vacantly away from his bowl), she wipes his muzzle with a washcloth, unties his bib, and puts him down on the floor, throwing some vitamin tablets to the rest of the dogs with her free hand. During Joey's feeding, the fifteen other dogs (who get fed in the early evening) watch from below, mournfully. Peanuts gets Joey's leftovers.

While Mrs. Fox dresses upstairs, I head for the living room with the newspaper. As soon as I am seated on the couch, two exuberant dogs begin racing back and forth over my lap; a reflective-looking dog whose ears look like little hockey sticks, because bandages are wrapped around them (a technique used to straighten bent ears, which works only about a fourth of the time), dives into the paper; another seems to be trying to dig for a bone in my hair; and still another dog wets my shoe. Several other dogs are relieving themselves, I notice, in various newspaper-strewn recesses of the room.

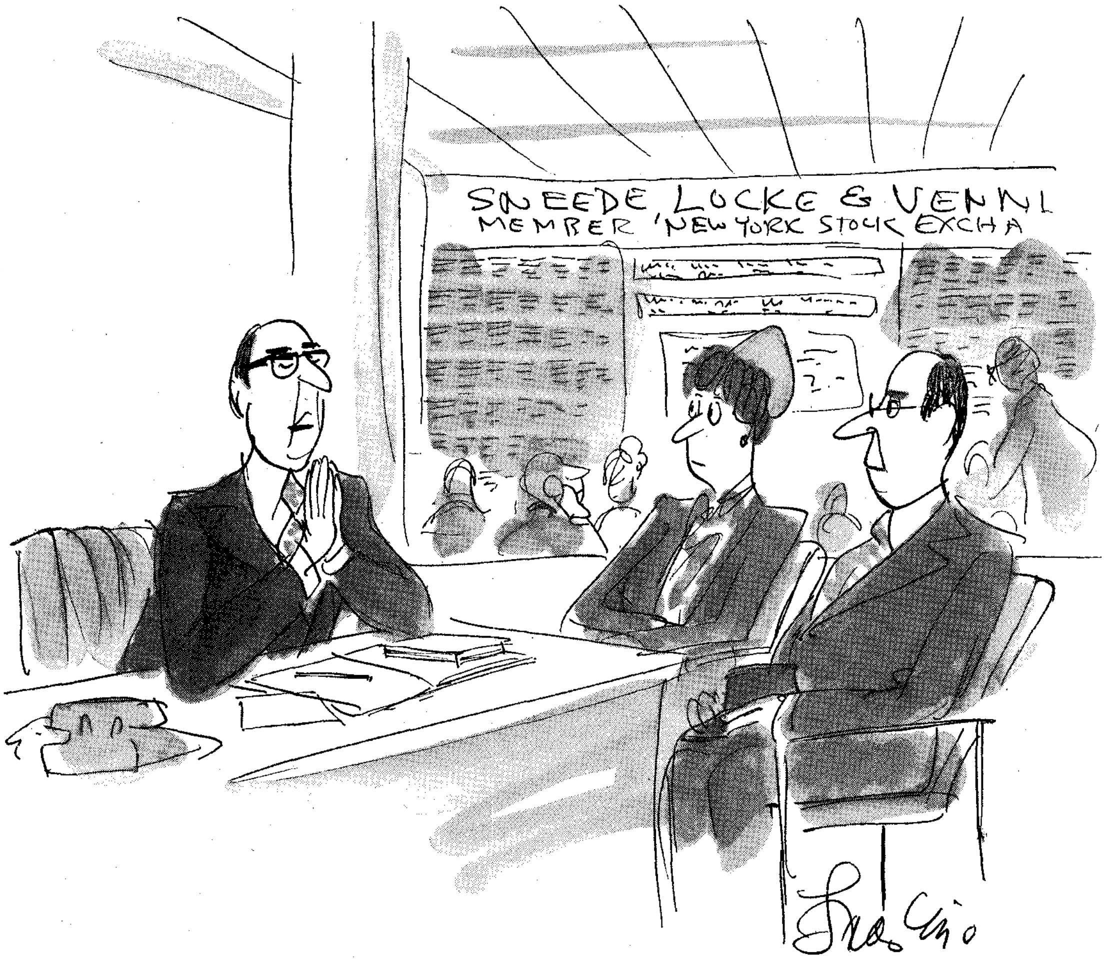
Driving to the supermarket in the station wagon, Mrs. Fox explains that she doesn't like the food provided free for the dogs at dog shows and can't afford to pay for restaurant food for the five or six people who usually accompany her, so she will take all her own food along on the five-day trip to the two shows. She adds, "Meta Tompkins, who is arriving this afternoon from Woodbury—that's a little town near Atlanta—usually brings something for us to eat, and she's a very good cook." When we get to the market, around ten, the meat counters are all but bare, because of a truckers' strike. Mrs. Fox points out to the girl behind the meat counter that it is much easier for people to do without meat than it is for dogs, and tries to persuade her to look around for scraps, but the girl is not sympathetic. In a flash of inspiration, however, Mrs. Fox remembers that Joey has recently developed a taste for braunschweiger liverwurst, with which the delicatessen case is amply stocked.

Back at the kennel, Mrs. Fox devotes the rest of the day to paperwork, in a tiny office adjoining the living room. She keeps scrupulous records of her dogs' pedigrees and their performance records at shows, and she is also corresponding secretary of the Australian Terrier Club of America, Inc., a job that entails almost daily letter writing, file keeping, planning, and coördinating. The club is at present attempting to write a set of bylaws that will be acceptable to the A.K.C., for though the dogs have been granted official status, the club hasn't. Around four-thirty, Meta Tompkins arrives from Atlanta. Mrs. Tompkins, who introduces herself as "the oldest Skye breeder in existence," is in her early sixties, and has a round face, a gray bun, brown-rimmed glasses, and a nervous smile.

"Meta went as far as she could go with Skyes—she really helped popularize them," Mrs. Fox explains. "But she's an old trouper, so she comes to help me out at the big shows. I don't know what I'd do without her."

"Oh, I get a little bored on the farm, and I'm always happy to help you," Mrs. Tompkins says. "All I've got for company in Woodbury besides my husband, Tommy, are a lot of horses, cows, deerhounds, Skyes, Aussies, and cats. And I know there's always plenty to do before a show, don't I, Nell?"

For the rest of the afternoon, Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Tompkins, joined by Paul and Beth, drink cocktails and talk dogs: dog coats, dog teeth, dog bones, dog shows. Around six-thirty, Beth and Paul, who have prepared dinner and expect to eat early, begin to fidget in their chairs, polite smiles glued on their faces. Some of the dogs are napping, some are running around the room, and a small cluster remain steadfastly at their mistress's feet, exuding adoration, like a little harem. "Now, this dog is going to go far, I think," says Mrs. Fox, lifting a small black-and-tan dog over her head with two hands. "If only that left testicle would descend. Isn't he charming? Come on


SNEEDE, LOCKE & VENNI
MEMBER NEW YORK STOCK EXCHA

“But first, let us pray.”

down, darling, or you won’t qualify, and you’d better do it soon.” By eight-thirty, Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Tompkins, both looking flushed and excited, are discussing the antagonism that certain Australian-terrier breeders have shown Mrs. Fox, and it is clear that dinner is still on the distant horizon. “They’re just jealous, honey,” Mrs. Tompkins says soothingly. “You’re the best and they know it and they just envy you.” Mrs. Fox seems to inspire strong feelings in almost everyone. Some people, like Mrs. Tompkins, Beth, and Paul, are happy to do anything for her, and act as if they were in the presence of greatness when they are around her. Others are infuriated by her single-mindedness and ambition. Apparently, she has violent enemies in dogdom. At nine-fifteen, Beth excuses herself, pleading a headache, and Paul, blushing and looking apologetic about leaving before dinner, leaves with her. “Be a dear and put the station wagon in the garage, will you, Paul?” says Mrs. Fox as they leave. “And, uh, you might as well take that big carton out to the porch.” We finally get around to dinner at eleven o’clock. After dinner, while we are still sitting around the dining table, Mrs. Fox hands Mrs. Tompkins and me a thick family photograph album to look at while she cleans Joey’s teeth with a dental tool, swabs, and a liquid called Happy Breath.

As we thumb through the album, she tells us, with some prodding from me, that she was born in 1907, in Wellington, New Zealand; that her grandfather and her father fought in the Maori Wars; and that she is from a well-to-do family, which made its money from a powdered milk called Glaxo. She says that when she was fourteen years old she came to New York with her mother; that her father, who had stayed behind to take care of the family business, died a few months after she arrived in New York; that she hated school, because the girls teased her about her New Zealand accent; that at the age of sixteen she married a lawyer thirty years older than she was, who did not like dogs; that their marriage was not a happy one; that she divorced him in 1943 and, several years later, married Milton Fox, a postal worker, who did like dogs, and with whom she lived happily until he died, in 1964; and that she has a son from her first marriage, from whom she is estranged. But she refuses to dwell on any of these “details,” as she calls them, and is clearly annoyed to have to think about them at all.

“I was not a very happy child,” she says matter-of-factly as Joey squirms in her lap. The album is crammed with snapshots of dogs. “But I’ve always got along well with dogs. As a child, I had a sort of private A.S.P.C.A. of my own. Dogs have always seemed to me to be kinder than people.”

Mrs. Tompkins, squinting at Joey’s bared teeth and taking rapid puffs on her cigarette, agrees. “Dogs are never sneaky, the way people are,” she says. “You treat them nicely and they’ll treat you nicely. I wish I could say the same about some of the hands we’ve had on the farm in recent years.”

Mrs. Fox leads us to the basement, where we watch her feed the puppies their evening meal. The puppies, released from the confinement of their fenced-in runs, race wildly about the room, and after lapping up every scrap of their supper from a large stainless steel bowl hurl themselves in threes and fours (there are about a dozen altogether) at a smiling Mrs. Fox. As she sits on the basement steps enjoying the scene and talking to the puppies and feeding them vitamins, they nibble at her fingers, lick her face and hands, and race joyfully around her. “*They* understand gratitude, don’t they, Nell?” says Mrs. Tompkins, sighing.

WEDNESDAY

AT breakfast, Mrs. Fox has a strained expression on her face and fidgets with her toast. The dogs watch her carefully. She admits that she has begun to get “show nerves.” A neighbor, a white-haired, red-faced man with a strong North of England accent, sticks his head in at the door to tell her that the station-wagon battery is dead, because whoever used it last forgot to turn the ignition key off, and she looks furious. “Don’t worry,”

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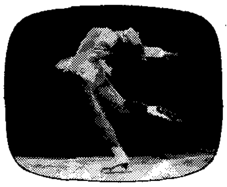
For proof, look in at some of these samples of what you can see during February and March.

Song of Myself: Walt Whitman's life


Winter Olympics Innsbruck, Austria

G.B. Shaw's Caesar and Cleopatra

F. Scott Fitzgerald in Hollywood

N.Y. Philharmonic Young People's Concert

Bound for Freedom: Bicentennial drama

Caesar and Cleopatra. Hallmark Hall of Fame—George Bernard Shaw's play; Genevieve Bujold, Alec Guinness. Sunday, Feb. 1 (5-6:30 pm).

Rich Man, Poor Man. ABC Novel for Television—Irwin Shaw's novel in nine parts. Peter Strauss, Nick Nolte, others. Feb. 1, 2; March 22 (9-11 pm); Mondays, Feb. 9 through March 15 (10-11 pm).

The Honeymooners-Second Honeymoon. Jackie Gleason, Art Carney, Audrey Meadows, Jane Kean. Monday, Feb. 2 (8-9 pm).

Winter Olympics. Broadcast from Innsbruck, Austria. Feb. 4 through 15 (over 40 hours on varied schedule).

Dark Victory. Terminally-ill woman's relationship with doctor gives her strength. With Elizabeth Montgomery, Anthony Hopkins, Michele Lee. Thursday, Feb. 5 (8-11 pm).

CBS Festival of Lively Arts for Young People. N.Y. Philharmonic Young People's Concert; Ailey Celebrates Ellington. Sunday, Feb. 8 (4-5 pm); Saturday, March 13 (1-2 pm).

Special Treat. Papa and Me; Stuntman. Tuesdays, Feb. 10, March 9 (4-5 pm).

Be My Valentine, Charlie Brown. Wednesday, Feb. 11 (8-8:30 pm).

Mowgli's Brothers. From Kipling's *The Jungle Book.* Wednesday, Feb. 11 (8:30-9 pm).

NBC Religious Specials. Mexican...and American; Strangers in the Homeland. Sundays, Feb. 15, March 21 (5-6 pm).

Highlights of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. Hosted by Johnny Cash. Wednesday, Feb. 18 (8-9 pm).

The Lindbergh Kidnapping Case. Dramatization of kidnapping of Charles Lindbergh's son. Thursday, Feb. 26 (8-11 pm).

18 Annual Grammy Awards. Recording industry honors. Saturday, Feb. 28 (10-11:30 pm).

20 Shades of Pink. GE Theater—Drama of successful middle-aged man who quits job. Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, Keenan Wynn. Friday, March 5 (9-11 pm).

Bound for Freedom. Teen-age English boys as indentured servants in Colonial America. Sunday, March 7 (7-8 pm).

F. Scott Fitzgerald in Hollywood. ABC Theatre—Contrasting experiences of novelist during two visits to West Coast. Sunday, March 7 (9-11 pm).

Balloon Safari. Survival Anglia—Balloon trip over Africa. Monday, March 8 (8-9 pm).

Gun Control. ABC News Closeup. Tuesday, March 9 (10-11 pm).

Song of Myself. The American Parade—Rip Torn as Walt Whitman. Tuesday, March 9 (10-11 pm).

ABC Afterschool Specials. The Secret Life of T.K. Dearing; Why Not Join the Giraffes? Wednesdays, March 10, 24 (4:30-5:30 pm).

The Entertainer. Searing drama by John Osborne with Jack Lemmon, Sada Thompson, Ray Bolger. Wednesday, March 10 (9-11 pm).

Pinocchio. New musical version with Danny Kaye, Sandy Duncan. Saturday, March 13 (8-9:30 pm).

The Wizard of Oz. Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Jack Haley, Bert Lahr. Sunday, March 14 (7-9 pm).

American Film Institute Salute to William Wyler. Sunday, March 14 (10-11 pm).

Jane Goodall and the World of Animal Behavior. Study of lions. Friday, March 19 (8-9 pm).

The Mystery of the Andrea Doria. Probes sinking of ill-fated ship. Wednesday, March 24 (8-9 pm).

Academy Awards. The Oscars. Monday, March 29 (10 pm-12 midnight).

Liberty. Second in series, "Life, Liberty and Pursuit of Happiness." Tuesday, March 30 (9:30-11 pm). Special children's version, Saturday, April 3 (12-12:30 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/Good Morning America/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers/Electric Company/Villa Alegre

Saturday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Emergency + 4/Land of the Lost/The Shazam!—Isis Hour/Westwind/The Lost Saucer/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/GO-USA/CBS Children's Film Festival/Weekend

Sunday: Vegetable Soup/In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/These Are the Days/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/Directions/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney/Nova/Masterpiece Theatre

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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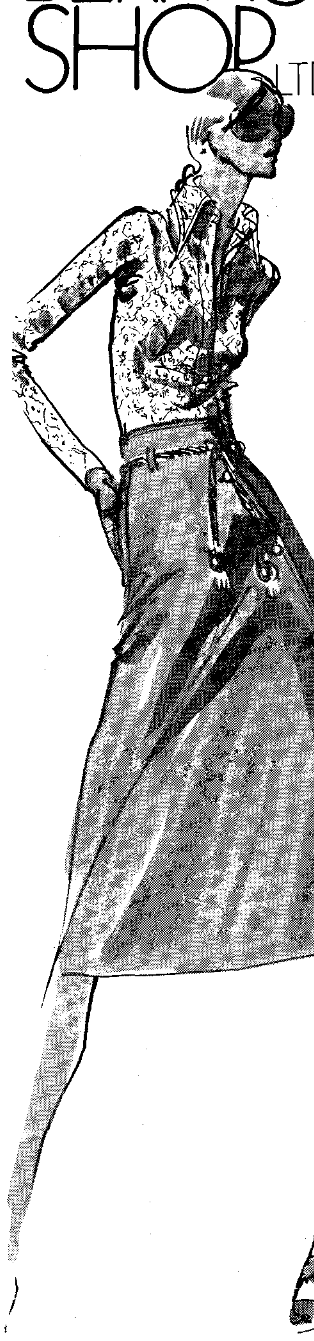

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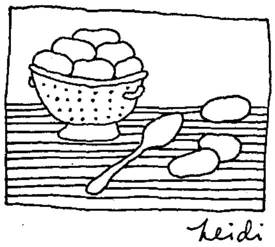
the neighbor says. "I'll have it fixed in no time." Mrs. Fox nods stiffly. The neighbor, she mumbles after he leaves, is a nice man who also "helps out" around the kennel.

Every week, a list of Australian-terrier champions which Mrs. Fox keeps has to be updated, and she spends the next few hours at that, extracting champions' names from the magazine *Pure-Bred Dogs*. (A champion, as defined by the International Encyclopedia of Dogs, is a dog that has won a minimum of fifteen points at dog shows. But, the encyclopedia adds, in one of its typically gnostic explanations, "a dog must win at a minimum of two shows that have a rating of three points or better, and under different judges. One or more of the remaining points must be won under at least one other judge.") "You should see the way breeders scramble to get those championship points before the big shows," says Mrs. Fox as she bends over her work. "Sometimes breeders get other breeders to help them out, since the number of points a show is worth is based on the number of competitors a dog has had."



Mrs. Fox has a sore in her mouth. It has been troubling her all day, but she's so preoccupied with her preparations for the dog shows that she refuses to consider driving to the dentist, despite the urging of Beth and Mrs. Tompkins. She snaps at Paul when he drops a huge carton filled with dog biscuits. When the dogs bark furiously at a squirrel on a bird feeder outside, as they have done all day, and fling themselves noisily at the glass door that separates them from the squirrel, she loses her temper completely and shouts at them in a high-pitched voice. Meta Tompkins whispers to me, between drags on her cigarette, that this is the first time in years that Mrs. Fox has had to prepare for a show without the aid of Charles Deer, who used to be her kennel manager. Mr. Deer still lives in a small house nearby, but he has retired to become a judge. Mr. Deer, Mrs. Tompkins says, watching Mrs. Fox nervously, is considered one of the best terrier men in the business and is without peer as a handler and groomer of Australian terriers. "Let's take a walk to the kennel, Nell," Mrs. Tompkins says in a falsely cheerful voice. "You're just getting yourself into a state, and you know it won't do the dogs any good."

When Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Tompkins, and I walk over to the kennel, we find Mr. Deer watching Joey being bathed by a young girl in bluejeans, who turns out to be Janie. Wet, Joey looks like a large mosquito. Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Tompkins continue on their tour of the kennel, and I stay behind to talk to Mr. Deer, a toothy, broad-faced man with unparted, brushed-back hair, who looks as if he had just stepped out of a nineteenth-century sporting print. I ask Mr. Deer how long he's been around dogs. "Forever," he says, surveying Joey in a critical but approving manner. "I'm a third-generation terrier man. My parents lived in Surrey, and we had dogs for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. I've shown dogs all over the world." Some years ago, he goes on, he thought he would start his own kennel, but before he had a chance to get started, his wife got cancer and died, and since he had a lot of medical debts, he stayed at Pleasant Pastures. I ask if he likes other terriers as well as Australian terriers. "Well," he says, still looking at Joey, "as a matter of fact, I prefer Scotties, wires, foxes, Lakelands, Airedales, and Kerry blues."

As Janie places Joey in a cage next to an enormous tubular fur dryer, an intercom phone rings. It's Mrs. Fox, calling excitedly from the house. The news is that she's just got a letter from the magazine *Popular Dogs* telling her that after the tabulation of Joey's championship points for the year he has been named the No. 1 Australian terrier. Janie removes Joey from his drying cage, gives him a congratulatory pat, and carries him back to the house, past the envious stares of dozens of caged, barking dogs. Unlike Mrs. Fox, Janie sometimes has a hard time telling the dogs apart, so she has made labels for their stalls. The labels say things like "Freddie: Fights, never listens," "Friskie: Must be awakened in the morning," "Gem: Hairy head," "Sidney: Ancient one," "Benny: Barks and growls," and "Idle: Very nice."

THURSDAY

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Tompkins stayed up until two-thirty this morning exchanging dog stories, Mrs. Fox rises early; by a quarter to nine she is working on her annual report to the Australian Terrier Club. As she is concluding the report by extending her greetings "to every Aussie pal," Janie, who has

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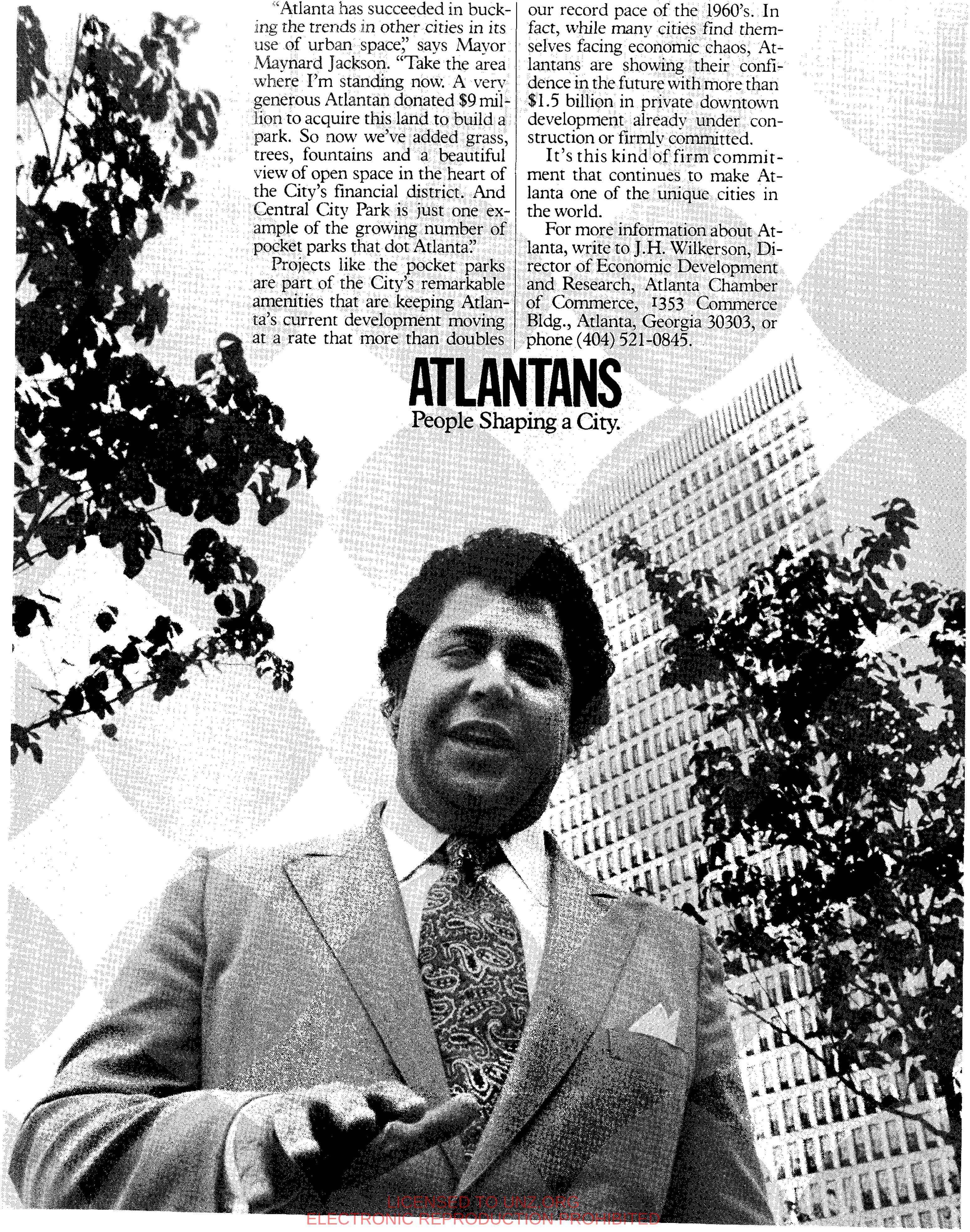

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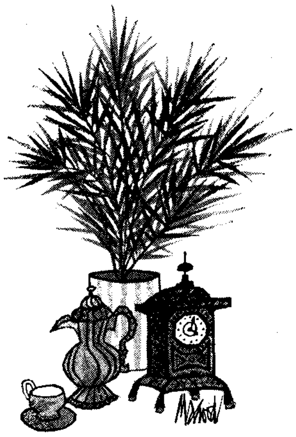
been cleaning the dogs' paws on the back porch, pops her head in the door and asks if the dog she is holding in her arms is one of those going to the city. “Get that dog out of here! Get out! My God, that's Joy-Joy! Of course she's not going! She's in heat. Must I do *everything*? Joey won't eat for a week if he gets near her. Get out at once!”

The incident puts Mrs. Fox in a black mood for the rest of the morning. It also unleashes a flood of dog-show-disaster memories, from the mild (how the wrong puppy was taken to the Philadelphia show last year) to the gothic (how a son of Joey's named Jacko was mysteriously poisoned in Australia the night after he'd won the Sydney Royal—Australia's Westminster). The first bright moment of her day occurs around ten-thirty. Glancing at the schedule for the Westminster, she notices that several of the best-known handlers will be busy showing other breeds when the Australian terriers are being shown. The discovery pleases her; she feels, as many dog breeders do, that there are a few expensive handlers whom judges tend to favor—either because they are used to seeing these handlers enter the ring with the best dogs or simply because they know them and are more favorably disposed toward them. This is an extremely sore point with Mrs. Fox, as she revealed publicly in a November, 1973, article in *Popular Dogs*. “Top wins at dog shows,” she wrote then, “are usually awarded to the same breeds [i.e., *not* Australian terriers] and frequently the same professional handlers time after time, and certainly these are the winners at the most important exhibitions. There are mighty few exceptions to this situation. This is evident by the passing over on such occasions of really excellent specimens. . . . At times it is most necessary and advisable for owners to employ a professional handler. Nevertheless, it is still the dog, and not the handler, that should be judged. . . . However, it would be a shame if we must conclude that it is not the best dog that wins, but the best handling and grooming.”



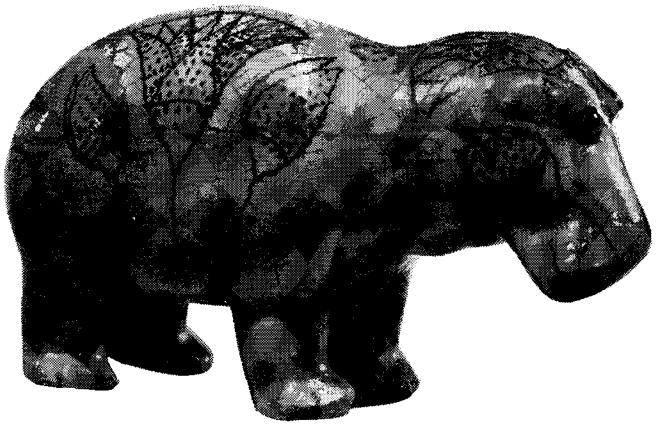
“Just wait and see,” Mrs. Fox says now. “There's a good chance that no matter what their dogs are like, George Ward, Peter Green, or Clifford Hallmark will be among the final winners. They always are.” Joey is to be handled by Richard Bauer, who is an excellent and well-known handler but, apparently, not among the sure bets.

By midafternoon, the house has taken on a decided eve-of-battle atmosphere. Watched closely by the dogs, Mrs. Fox dashes in and out of her office. Paul and Beth are fetching empty crates, water thermoses, bowls, and boxes of dog toys and carrying them to the porch. From time to time, Beth's exasperated voice drifts into the house. She seems to be irritated by Paul's slowness and the way he arranges things. Paul is perspiring. Mrs. Fox summons Janie to give her a complicated list of instructions for the care, feeding, and medication of the dogs that are not going to the shows. Gertrud Koch, a neighbor, drops by with a gift of two roasted chickens for the trip. Mrs. Koch is a white-haired woman with sharp features, a German accent, and a nervous giggle. Mrs. Fox is so preoccupied that she hardly sees her, although, as it turns out, Mrs. Koch will be among those helping at the shows. Mrs. Koch, atwitter with excitement, dashes out almost immediately, saying that she's got some cookies baking “for the troops.”

At lunch, Mrs. Fox, still in pajamas, slippers, and robe, nearly drops a tray on Mrs. Tompkins' head. Mrs. Tompkins smiles indulgently but has begun to get nervous herself, and occasionally talks baby talk—a habit she falls into when she is jittery. “I help, I help,” she says, jumping to her feet to clear the dishes away. Mrs. Fox tries several times to telephone the Australian Terrier Club's lawyer about a complicated change that has to be made in the club's constitution, but no one in his office seems to know where he is. In the middle of her efforts, the phone starts to growl and emit ear-shattering squealing noises. When she tries to make herself heard by the operator, the dogs start to bark. The phone noises soon stop, but she can't hear the operator over the barking, so she slams down the phone. The dogs pace back and forth or retreat to places of safety. Jovial, the dog with the ear bandages, perches on the edge of a sofa arm and whimpers. Joey is facing the door. Faint, irritated growls come from all over the room, as does an acrid, unpleasant smell. A short time later, Paul appears, gulping and pink, to announce that the oil heater seems to have broken down, and he is followed almost immediately by Janie, who reports that the dog-food man has missed his regular delivery. Charles Deer, all tweeds and good humor, comes by to discuss something a few minutes later, gets as far as "Your Ladyship," then thinks better of it after he sees Mrs. Fox's face, and says he'll come back.

At dinner—a leg of lamb, which we eat lukewarm, because Mrs. Fox doesn't remember until our food is on the table that the house dogs haven't been fed—Mrs. Tompkins tries to reassure her. "Now, honey, you've done— done all you can do. Just eat your supper like a good girl." As Mrs. Fox nods and picks up her fork, Mrs. Tompkins tells me that although she herself had a hard time popularizing Skye terriers, she considers her work insignificant compared with Mrs. Fox's. "Getting an unknown dog popularized is something like searching for the Holy Grail—only on a smaller scale," Mrs. Tompkins says. "But blood tells. If you've got good dogs, sooner or later people will recognize it." Mrs. Fox seems to sense that Mrs. Tompkins' speech is about to take a familiar turn, and tries to change the subject. But Mrs. Tompkins, fortified with a small tumbler of bourbon, cannot be deterred from launching into what is apparently one of her favorite subjects: bloodlines. "Anyone can see that they're inescapable," she says, with a nod in the direction of the dozing dogs. "Dogs have obvious inherited characteristics. A bulldog has a lot of dignity. Terriers are spunky. My deerhounds like me to treat them as equals. And some dogs, like poodles, are just smarter than others. The races are the same way; it's not anybody's *fault*. That's just the way things are. Of course, there are exceptions, like that young politician we've got in Atlanta—uh . . ." Squinting through her glasses, she turns to Mrs. Fox for help, but Mrs. Fox has begun furiously gathering together dog brushes, combs, Liv-A-Snaps, swabs, washcloths, and coat sprays for the trip and seems not to hear her. "Julian Bond. But he's a top dog."

Mrs. Fox cuts in firmly to say that she knows right after it's born when one of her animals is going to be a top dog. "Or I think I do. Of course, they may turn out differently when you start to show them. But once you've begun to take them into the ring, it's



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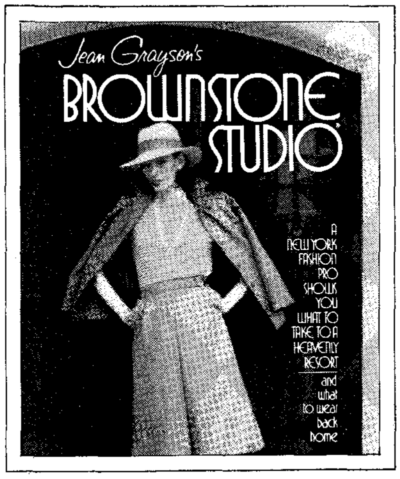
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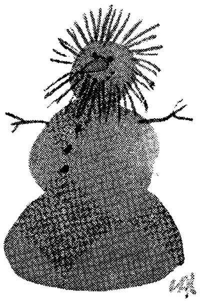
easy to tell. The best dogs practically beg you to show them off. Joey can't wait to get into the ring."

"That's true," Mrs. Tompkins says. "They're like Shirley Temple. When Shirley Temple's mother said 'Sparkle!' she sparkled. That's the way top dogs are. That's what divides the star from the chorus."

At night, what divides the star from the chorus in Mrs. Fox's white frame house is a small wooden gate at the foot of the stairs that lead to the second floor. As Mrs. Fox goes off to bed, Joey, Peanuts, and three other dogs favored by Joey hop up the stairs behind her. On the other side of the gate, twenty-two dark, glittering eyes watch every step of their departure. After a bit of halfhearted growling and whimpering, the dogs poke around the cartons of toys, thermoses, car mats, and various other supplies stacked up for the trip to the city, then settle down, sighing, for the night.



FRIDAY

THE traffic reports on the radio are not reassuring. Snow is expected. Two cars will be conveying all the people, dogs, and supplies to the McAlpin Hotel, at Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway. (Mrs. Fox stays there because it's near the Garden and cheaper than the Statler, which is where most dog exhibitors stay, because it's even closer to the Garden and is the scene of many shows and festivities.) Twelve dogs are to be shown. Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Koch, and I are making the trip with four of them; Beth, Paul, and Mrs. Tompkins are going in with the eight others. Mrs. Fox wears a strained expression. Her left ankle, twisted yesterday on the stairs, is giving her some trouble. So is her sore mouth. Joey senses something unusual in the air and begins to pace around the living room; soon all the dogs are either doing the same or getting into little skirmishes. The only person who appears to be in high spirits is Mrs. Koch, who is looking very much the efficient soldier in a heavy dark-blue military coat and a white wool beret. As we all sit down to lunch, she says that she feels just the way she used to when she modelled in art school in Wannsee, a suburb of West Berlin, as a young girl and had "offers to go into movies." Beth interrupts Mrs. Koch's reminiscence to point out that the cheese she is eating is one that Joey likes. Mrs. Koch gives Beth a resentful look, then falls silent. Mrs. Fox eyes Mrs. Koch's plate briefly, then stands up and announces that she's going upstairs to dress and that everybody had better get ready to leave, because snow has begun to fall heavily. It is about one-thirty. A few minutes later, Paul, looking worried, announces that one of the dogs seems to be missing. The dog's name is Magy, and for a half hour we are all—Mrs. Koch, Mrs. Tompkins, Beth, Paul, and I—down on our knees cooing and shouting her name. The dog turns out to be in her own crate—half hidden behind a pile of cartons. At three, Mrs. Fox appears, smiling girlishly and almost totally transfigured by an intricately waved, fluffy burnished-copper-colored wig. The rest of her costume—a well-worn blue tweed suit and lavender silk blouse—is *echt* Margaret Rutherford. It is like seeing a pair of oxfords suspended from an ornate chandelier.

Half an hour later, people, cartons, and crated dogs are settled in the cars, and we drive away. The station wagon is packed to the ceiling with dog combs and brushes, Liv-A-Snaps, rawhide bones, rubber toys, cooked meats, first-aid supplies, fresh water, and publicity about Pleasant Pastures which Mrs. Fox will hand out at the shows to anyone interested. As we start moving, the dogs, who are wedged in the back, immediately relieve themselves. Magy throws up. Mrs. Fox stares gloomily out the window at the snow. "I don't understand what people see in it," she says. "It hurts the branches of the trees, it's hard on the birds, and it is certainly disastrous for shows." The ride to the city, which I'd been told normally takes an hour, takes us more than four. Every once in a while, Mrs. Fox feeds little bits of chocolate to a lively puppy. After an hour, the smell in the car has become gangrenous, but Mrs. Fox, who seems oblivious of it, vetoes all suggestions to stop and change the paper in the dogs' cages. She's worried that we won't get through what has now become a blizzard by nightfall. Anyway, she points out, the dogs have fallen asleep and it would awaken them.

We arrive at the McAlpin at about seven-thirty. Apparently, lots of people are having trouble in the storm, and few dog exhibitors have shown up. No other dogs or doggy types are around. The dogs, suitcases, and supplies form a tall, wobbly pyramid on the bellhop's cart, attracting a lot of attention from the regulars in the hotel lobby. Soon virtually everyone in the lobby is gaping at them or smiling benignly in their direction. At the reception desk, Mrs. Fox has a fierce argument with a clerk, who has just told her that the two adjoining rooms she reserved are unavailable, and though it is all smoothed over in the end, the dogs, hearing her angry voice, begin to bark. Two bellhops try in vain to distract them with funny faces. A beefy man who looks like a house detective pads over from a corner, says something to the dogs in a gravelly voice, and, smiling encouragingly, tries to scratch Joey's head. "Please *don't*," says Mrs. Fox, descending on the startled man. "It will just upset him. He's not used to so many people."

Upstairs in her room, Mrs. Fox realizes that her suitcase is missing. The suitcase, pushed aside during the excitement over Magy, contains all her clothing and some crucial canine impedimenta. By unanimous consent, Paul, who has just arrived in the other car, is chosen to go back to Point Pleasant and get it. Ever the perfect aide-de-camp, Paul reassures Mrs. Fox that he will take the five-o'clock train the next morning, in order to get back early, although, as Mrs. Fox points out (after he leaves), Saturday is a day on which nothing much is happening.

SUNDAY

THE Fifty-seventh Annual Associated Terrier Clubs' Specialty Shows, at the State Armory (102nd Engineers Battalion), has something of the air of a small-town circus. Everybody looks terribly *excited*. Despite freezing weather and six inches of snow, most of the five hundred and forty dogs expected have shown up by around nine-thirty this morning. A steady procession of station wagons moves up the narrow ramp leading into the cavernous armory, which is filled with Airedales, Bedlingtons, fox terriers, Irish terriers, bullterriers, Skye terriers, Welsh terriers, Kerry blues, and miniature schnauzers. Many of the dogs are on leashes; others—seasoned performers—are asleep beside chairs or across their owners' laps. Some stare speculatively through the grate doors of their crates. Hundreds are perched on tables, where their owners or handlers, shoes buried in fur clippings, are busily grooming them. All over the room, you can see what look like empty crates shimmying back and forth, but when you get close enough you see a nose or a flailing leg suddenly appear

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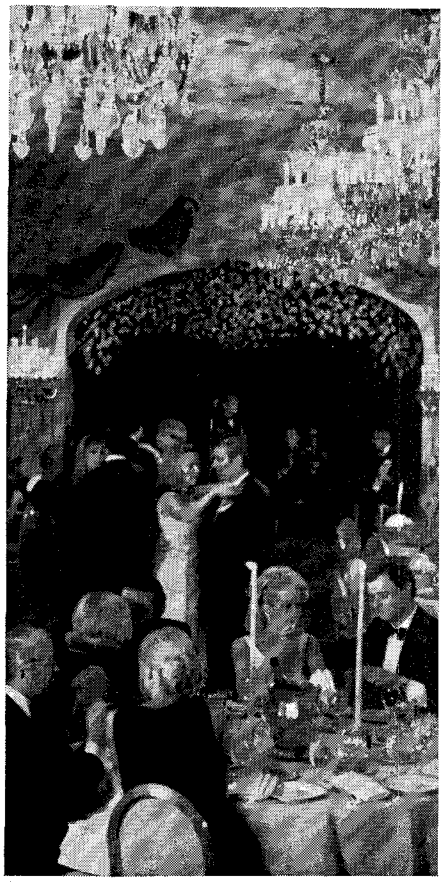

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through a door. Six rings have been marked off in the center of the room, each set up with a table piled with silver, crystal, and pewter trophies. A large sign at each ring announces the name of a terrier. From the bullterrier corner of the room comes a series of hoarse croaks; the lamblike Bedlingtons sound soft and throaty; the Kerry blues boom; and from the right side of the room, near the ramp, comes the small, sharp voice of the Australian terrier.

I find Mrs. Fox hard by the entrance to Ring No. 1. With her is Beth, who looks pinched and white. Mrs. Koch and Paul are a few yards away, combing dogs. Standing nearby is Mr. Deer, embedded in several layers of lamb's wool and tweed, who waves to me and tells me that he just got to town. Mrs. Fox, wearing her blue tweed suit and her wig, is pacing nervously back and forth, because Richard Bauer, the handler, hasn't shown up yet. Joey is being kept in seclusion. Several women who have seen his somewhat fuzzily reproduced picture in the show catalogue and want to get a firsthand look at him come by, but his cage is covered with a large towel. Mrs. Tompkins is guarding him. She is chain-smoking and looks tired. She seems not to hear when one of the women says in a loud voice, "No wonder so many people get angry at Nell Fox. She makes such a big melodrama out of everything. Like this ad." She points to a page in the program with a box that reads, "In Memoriam 1973. Pleasant Pastures Kennels remembers with sorrow, but with love and respect . . . 'Jacko'—son of 'Joey.'. . . Greatest Australian Terrier in his Native Land treacherously murdered."

When the two judges for the Australian terriers—a small elderly gentleman wearing a pink carnation in his lapel and a pretty, young blond woman—show up, at ten-thirty, and ask the steward to call the dogs to the ring, Mrs. Fox begins to worry in earnest. By eleven-thirty, Bauer still hasn't appeared, and though Mrs. Fox's dogs are taking prize after prize (still more rosettes and silver trays), she looks miserable. Receiving the silver tray from the judge for the Puppy Class, she smiles nervously, then sticks it under her arm and walks stiffly over to her friends, on the other side of the low wooden barrier. "Where *is* that man?" she whispers, looking frantic. "I'm sure he's not going to get here in time. We'd better have him paged."

At twelve-fifteen, Mrs. Fox does have Bauer paged. He still doesn't appear, but a woman comes over to tell her that she thinks Bauer may have just been showing a fox terrier elsewhere in the armory. (Handlers serve many breeders at one show, and may even have to exhibit dogs in completely different parts of the city, since there are many specialty shows held on the same day.) Finally, minutes before the Best of Breed competition is to begin, Bauer appears. He is dressed in a tweed jacket, and has the manner of a heart surgeon. A plump, stern-looking handler who is showing a dog named Sekelutu for another owner appears at the same time. Sekelutu won the Best of Breed competition at the Westminster last year and is privately considered by *le cercle Fox* to be Joey's only real competition. Sekelutu's handler looks like a man who would hate to lose. Sekelutu looks good. Joey, standing next to him, is sparkling. There are fourteen dogs in the ring, including Joey and Sekelutu, and Mrs. Fox's friends, huddled in a cluster at ringside, are scrutinizing them critically. Mrs. Fox has taken another of her dogs into the ring, but as the dogs begin to line up, she suddenly feels ill, and asks the steward to send Beth in her place. Mr. Deer has already marked Joey as the winner in his program. Sure enough, several minutes later Joey wins Best of Breed.

Mrs. Fox's face reddens with pleasure. After having her photograph taken with Joey, Bauer, the judge, and yet another silver tray and purple-and-gold ribbon, she rushes from the ring, arm linked with Bauer's, and introduces him to everyone within earshot as "the best handler in the United States." Joey trips along behind them like a page at a wedding. Bauer shakes a few hands, and then, apologizing, says he has to "dash off to the Pom show at the Statler." Mrs. Fox wishes him well and watches his departing back fondly.

When we return to the McAlpin, the lobby is jammed with breeders and crated dogs. Paul, tired by all the hauling involved in the trip back from the armory, leaves a cartload of Mrs. Fox's supplies and dogs standing unguarded in a corner. Noticing that the air supply of one of the dogs is closed off by a large food cooler, Mrs. Fox tries to move the cooler but succeeds only in toppling several other boxes. Out of nowhere, Mrs. Tompkins springs forward with a solicitous "I carry, I carry," moves the cooler with ease, and puts a protective arm around Mrs. Fox as the cart is pushed into the el-

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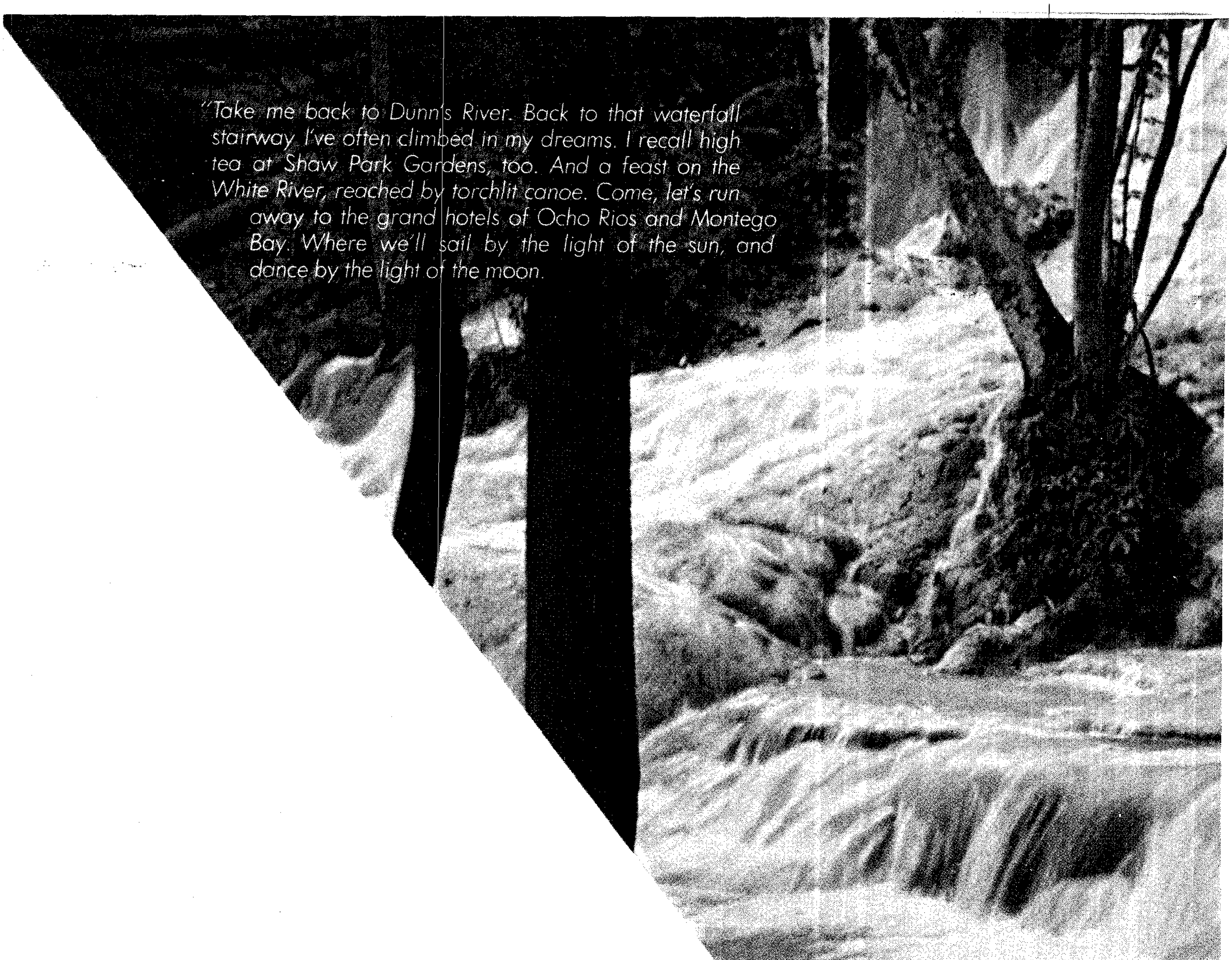

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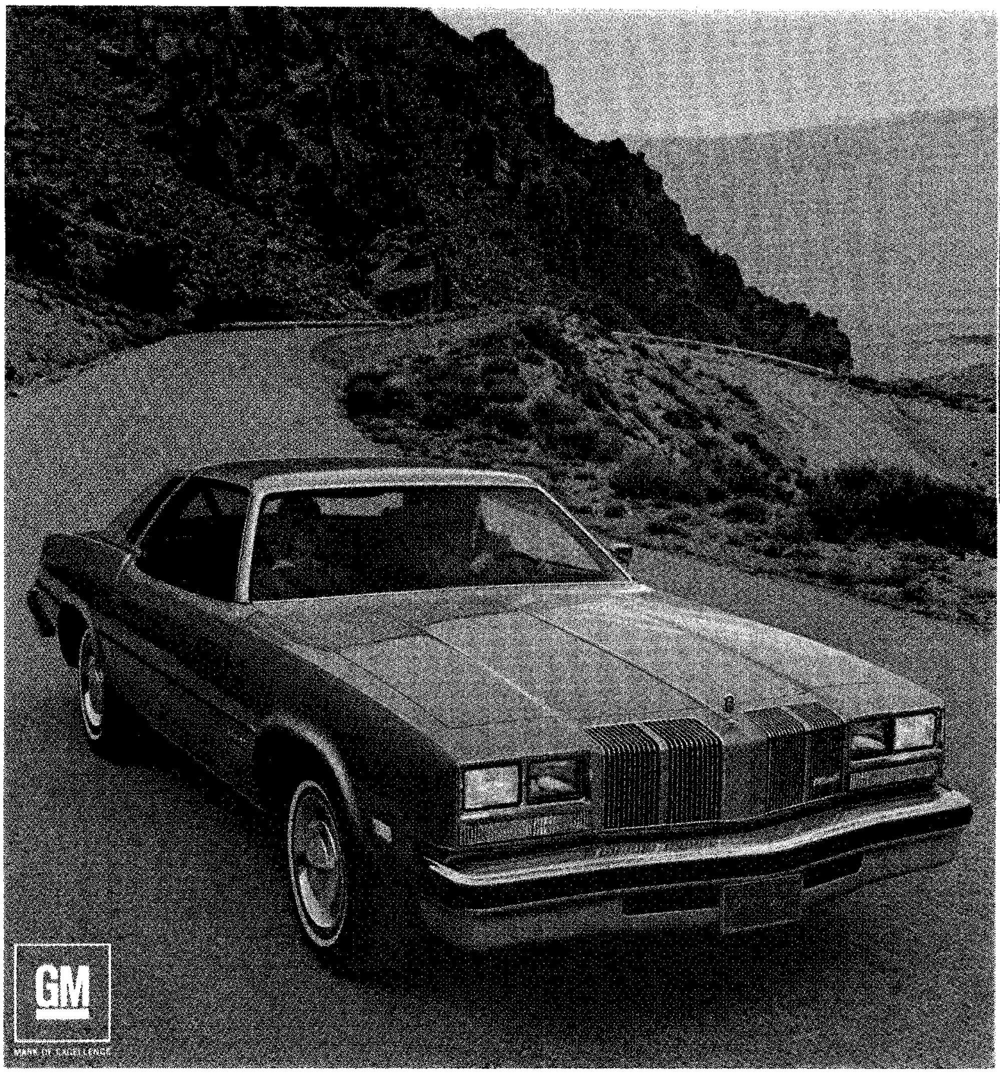

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evator. When the crates have been unloaded in the room, everyone settles down for a victory party except Mrs. Fox, who goes into the adjoining room to change. A few minutes later, she emerges, smiling, in a fuzzy fuchsia bathrobe and trailing a diaphanous fuchsia scarf. Her smile freezes almost instantly and changes to a look of horror. "Where—is—Joey?" she says, scanning with bulging eyes the crates lined up against the wall. We all turn toward the crates, then toward each other. He is nowhere in sight. "And Alfy, where is he?" she says, hurrying toward the phone. "My *God!* Paul—Paul, go downstairs and find that bellboy." Paul, looking at Beth in panic, races out. "*Hurry*, Paul!" Beth shouts. Halfway down the hall, he collides with Mr. Deer, who arrives at the door a few seconds later pushing two dog crates in front of him. Joey and Alfy are in the crates. "They were just *sitting* there in the lobby in their crates," he says. "I was on my way up to say hello, and I heard them barking at the top of their lungs. I couldn't believe my eyes. The bellhops must have put them down there and just forgotten to put them back on the cart. They were making a terrific racket, but nobody noticed them, because the lobby is jammed with dogs and they're all barking."

Safe now, Joey leaps happily from bed to bed. Alfy curls up and goes to sleep. Mrs. Tompkins, Mrs. Koch, Beth, Paul, and several visitors look exhausted. Mrs. Fox seems preoccupied and moody during the festivities that follow. She contributes little to the discussion, although it is virtually all about the dogs and about the day's wins. Her unhappy look disappears, however, after a magazine editor calls to tell her that Joey has been officially named one of the top five terrier sires of the year. She says that until she received the call she was anxious, because someone had written her an unpleasant letter challenging an ad she'd placed in the magazine saying that Joey was the top Australian stud dog of the year. "I thought I was right," she says. "But now I know it."

"I told you you just make people jealous, Nell," says Mrs. Tompkins, laughing. "It's the price you pay for being on top."

Monday

TODAY is the first day of the Westminster show, but the Australian terriers aren't being shown until tomorrow, so Mrs. Fox rests and steels herself for Tuesday. At five-thirty, she creates a small but colorful scene in the lobby of the Statler when an ill-informed desk clerk tells her that the *Popular Dogs* party we have come to attend is not taking place at the hotel. The party, when we finally find it, is heavily populated with spidery old ladies and men wearing enormous bow ties. The magazine's publisher and one of his editors, sporting matching striped shirts and bow ties, look like aging croupiers. The guests are mostly breeders, handlers, or judges, and one senses that a lot of politicking is being done, although everyone acts as if he were attending a class reunion. Mrs. Fox has a wonderful time.

Tuesday

IF the terrier show resembled a provincial circus, the Westminster has the air of a state fair. Booths at which every conceivable kind of dog need or luxury is sold line the rotunda floor of the Garden. The Westminster is what is known in the trade as a benched show—one at which the dogs remain at assigned places for the duration of the show. At most shows, the dogs simply leave with their owners after they have been exhibited. The aisles on the rotunda floor are crammed with spectators; with beautiful dogs of every breed, size, and description being led to and from their exhibition rings, on the Garden floor, adjoining the rotunda; and with the temporary, often elaborately decorated homes the breeders have set up for their dogs for their bivouac. One sees borzois reclining on Persian carpets; affenpinschers curled up in Italian baskets; Great Danes licking scruffy stuffed animals; Chihuahuas peering out of their owners' shirt pockets; and row after row of dolorous basset hounds, elegant greyhounds, blue-eyed Siberian huskies, and plump, ginger-colored chow chows. The Westminster show's publicity director, Thelma Boalbey, a brisk, efficient woman, has already told me that the three thousand one hundred and forty-seven entries for this year will be "*la crème de la crème*." And as you walk along the aisles you do see what seems to be the Platonic ideal for every breed and variety. You may not like Doberman pinschers, for example, but at the Westminster you can easily see why others do. Even the most unlikely dogs, such as the blunt-nosed, rat-eyed bull-terrier, seem appealing at their best. The owners, on the whole, appear to be a fairly ragtag group. (People tend to assume that the show-dog world, like the horse world, is populated chiefly by leisured heiresses and industrial

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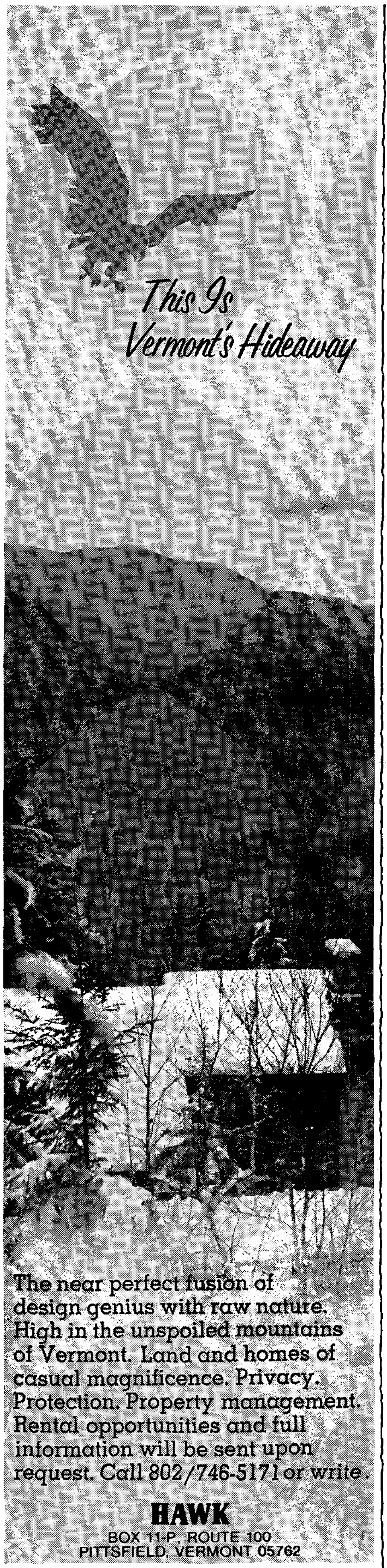

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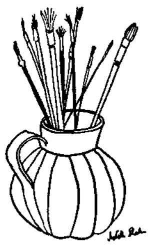
tycoons. The truth is that though the kennel world does have its Phippses and Whitneys, they are the exceptions; most people in it are middle-class and make their living from breeding and selling their dogs. Furthermore, cash prizes at dog shows are minuscule—often no more than a token five or ten dollars. Many breeders, like Mrs. Fox, say that they barely break even at the end of the year, because their expenses—such as veterinarians' fees, show costs, and food—are so high.)



It is around nine-thirty by the time I find my way to the Australian-terrier benching area. Mrs. Fox, who has arrived an hour earlier, is comfortably ensconced at the end of an aisle with the six dogs she will be showing. Her bench display looks like Christmas at Macy's. From experience, she has learned that though many dog-lovers may not want to commit themselves on the spot to buying a dog from her, many do want to take some little knickknack home, so she comes supplied with souvenirs and promotional material of all sorts. Australian cloth calendars and towels with kangaroos and koala bears on them are pinned up everywhere, as are blue ribbons from past shows, Australian Terrier Club calendars, advertisements cut out of magazines, and fetching photographs of the dogs. A large "Queensland Sugar" dish towel hangs over the side of Joey's stall, and all of Mrs. Fox's dogs have water bowls marked "FOX."

Around one-thirty, Charles Deer arrives at the stalls to wish Mrs. Fox luck and give Joey a somewhat formal pat. Mr. Deer offers to point out to me the strong favorites for Best in Show. "Not Joey, I'm afraid," he says. "Australian terriers haven't become that popular yet." We leave Mrs. Fox happily delivering her "breed with a future" speech to a young couple who have stopped to admire the dogs, and slowly walk around the benching area. The most talked-about dogs, Mr. Deer says, are a Doberman, a wirehaired fox terrier, and a Great Dane. The Doberman is a female, which is in itself unusual (female dogs are rarely favored at dog shows, and only a handful of the Westminster Best in Show winners have been bitches); the wirehair is being handled by Peter Green, one of the best-known handlers in the country; and the Great Dane, who has broken all records for the breed, is attracting a lot of attention because it is rumored that he may be retired after today's show. The Doberman turns out to be already in the ring, and the Great Dane is asleep. But in a nearby section of the rotunda which serves as the grooming area we spot the white-and-tan-and-black fox terrier standing on a table and being given the final touches of his toilette by Mr. Green. Green is a gray-haired but youngish-looking Welshman whose aviator glasses seem out of character on his rather severe face. He greets Mr. Deer tensely, then turns away to reach for a clipper. An elderly lady passes by at that moment and stops to admire the dog. "Don't touch, love," Green snaps as she attempts to chuck the dog under the chin. Mr. Deer coughs, and wishes Green luck, and we move on.

Mr. Deer stops to chat with a friend, and I spot Mrs. Fox, Paul, Beth, Mrs. Tompkins, and Mrs. Koch standing on the outskirts of the grooming area and peering around for a free corner. They are all carrying dogs. Paul has been transporting dogs and supplies from the hotel to the Garden since seven this morning and looks almost feverishly bright-eyed. Australian terriers are being judged at three-twenty; it is nearly two-thirty. Just as they sight and begin heading toward an uninhabited space, a CBS television crew appears to film the winner of the Great Pyrenees competition—Karolaska Feodor Chaliapin, a magisterial white dog with a long plumed tail. Mrs. Fox, holding Joey aloft, steps away quickly from her friends and plants herself in front of one of the crewmen. "This dog is the best Australian terrier of the year. Would you like to take *his* picture?"

"He's the what?"

"The *champion* Australian terrier, who won Sunday's specialty—"

"The what?"

"The—"

"Look, lady, I'm sorry, but we're trying to take a picture of that big white dog over there, and you're in the way."

"Yes, well, perhaps afterwards . . ."

"Uh, yeah, well, excuse me."

Mrs. Fox rejoins her friends, sighing. "Well, we'd better get the liver baits out," she says. "It's almost time to go to ringside." Exhibitors don't feed their dogs until after a show, but a reward of little bits of liver is offered to the dogs in the ring as an incentive to perform well.

Mrs. Koch fishes around for the liver in a large carryall, then starts pulling things out of a plastic bag. It isn't in either place. "Maybe it's in your purse," Beth suggests. It isn't there, either.

Looking stricken, Mrs. Koch suddenly remembers that she left it at the hotel. "It's—it's in the room still," she says, in a shaky voice. "I forgot it."

Everybody stares at Mrs. Koch in disbelief. Mrs. Fox explodes. "You *what!* My God, everybody remembers the silly sandwiches and the apples and the soda pop, but the most important thing—the dogs—is forgotten."

Mrs. Koch looks as if she were going to cry. "I'm sorry, I—"

"Never mind, you did it. Someone will just have to try to get over to the room and get back here in twenty minutes."

"I'll go," says Paul, already trotting toward an exit.

"Let's just hope he gets back in time. Gertrud, you'd better stay here in the grooming area after we've combed the dogs and guard Joey while the rest of us take the other dogs to the ring. If Paul comes back here, tell him we're at Ring No. 8."

The spectators' seats are almost empty, because most of the audience is milling around the rings on the Garden floor. There are perhaps twenty people with dogs and twice that number of spectators standing around the Australian-terrier ring—a modest representation compared with the ecstatically cheering and clapping hordes at Ring No. 4 (poodles) or at Ring No. 6 (Newfoundlands), or even at Ring No. 3 (Lhasa apsos). As Mrs. Fox and her friends approach Ring No. 8, most of the people there greet Mrs. Fox warmly; some of the exhibitors, however, glare at her or nod curtly and turn away. Mrs. Tompkins looks white and has both hands jammed in her pockets. Beth is hyperventilating.

The Australian-terrier show is late getting started, and many of the dogs are barking steadily. Paul appears, gasping, with a large plastic bag full of liver, and just minutes afterward the judge, a calm-looking man in his late sixties, asks the two stewards to summon the first exhibitors to the ring. The Bred by Exhibitor class is first, and Mrs. Fox steps forward with a dog named Music Box. Only one other dog is competing against her—a dog co-owned and shown by a woman Mrs. Fox knows. As the two women and their dogs trot around the ring, the back-bench comments—all critical of Mrs. Fox or her dog, or both—fly like arrows. ("Look at that dog! He has no neck!" "And that *walk*. I don't understand how she can even put a dog like that in the ring.") Mrs. Fox's dog

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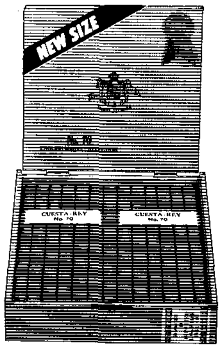

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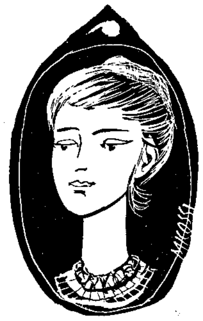
wins. ("Politics! They don't even look at her dogs. They're so sure she has the best ones that they pick them just to be safe.") The breeder who lost, a slim, dark-haired woman in her late twenties, leaves the ring saying, "I couldn't believe it. Her dog was a pig." Muttered agreement from a chorus of three or four.

As the show progresses through the American-bred and Open competitions, every dog of Mrs. Fox's is greeted with disapproval and each of her wins with bitterness by those standing around the ring with dogs. ("Didn't you think he was awfully light in the tail?" "God, he's smutty!") The word "influence" comes up more than once. ("She said she didn't know the judge, but I don't believe it." "It's a wonder Joey can still walk, the way she works at his stud record.") The judge appears to be oblivious of everything but the dogs. He watches them intently as they trot around the ring; he paces back and forth in front of them as they stand at attention and gaze up longingly at the liver baits in their handlers' fingers, or pokes and strokes them when their owners lift them (in one stiff and somehow comical motion) to an examining table.



Most of the judge's choices for winners seem defensible, if not indisputable. As the dogs begin to line up for the Best of Breed competition, however, anyone can see that picking this winner will be a lot more complex. The first to appear in the ring are Mr. Bauer, wearing a green corduroy suit, and Joey. They are followed by eight other dogs and their handlers, and, finally, to everyone's surprise, by Peter Green, who leaps into the ring like a chorine popping out of a birthday cake. Mr. Green's name is not listed in the catalogue. Apparently, he has been hired at the last minute by the owners of a dog named Henry. One of those waiting in the wings whispers to me that bringing in a big-name handler without announcing it in advance, though perfectly legitimate, is considered somewhat vengeful. "But Mrs. Fox deserves this," my informant adds. "She would *stand on her head* to win. It's time people started using some of her own methods." Mrs. Fox, standing well back from the crowd, looks ashen. Though Mr. Green handles lots of different kinds of dogs, including the Lakeland terriers of James A. Farrell, Jr., president of the Westminster Kennel Club, he has not shown an Australian terrier since the mid-sixties, when he handled one for Mrs. Fox. A friend of Henry's owners says of Joey, "His head's too short, his coat's too long, he's almost neckless, and he has a small jaw." An Australian-terrier buff standing quite near Mrs. Fox says loudly, to no one in particular, "Nell Fox's dog has no competition in that ring. Green's dog is short of coat, cowhocked when he walks, and far too upright in his shoulders."

But Mrs. Fox is hearing nothing. As the dogs go through their paces, she watches only Joey, who is wagging his tail happily. The judge gives the dogs one last, lingering look, walks over to the trophy table, and then, smiling, strides briskly toward Mr. Green and presents him with a purple-and-gold ribbon and a silver medal. Mr. Green, grinning, takes a little leap in the air, springs forward to accept the ribbon, and scoops Henry up to hug him. The losers all congratulate him—somewhat overheartily, like Miss America runners-up—and leave the ring rapidly, so that the show photographer can photograph the owners, Green, Henry, and their medal and ribbon. Pumping hands as he departs, Green is gone as quickly as the flash of the camera—off to other rings and other dogs. The Fox camp is incredulous. Paul looks completely washed out. Beth shakes her head slowly. "You really get discouraged when a turkey like that wins," she says.

Mrs. Tompkins puts her arm around Mrs. Fox. "Never mind, Nell. We all know why that dog won, and it certainly wasn't because he was the best dog."

Mrs. Koch, looking embarrassed as well as bewildered, says "Imagine!" several times.

Mrs. Fox leans against an exit post and closes her eyes. "I think I shall give it up," she says, hardly moving her lips. "It just isn't worth the heartbreak."

A few minutes later, having recovered enough to lift the still deliriously happy and panting Joey to her arms and move slowly toward the benching area, she adds, "I don't mind being beaten by a superior dog. But when the best dog doesn't win it's bad for the breed." In the Australian-terrier aisle, we pass Henry's owners, two sisters from Pennsylvania, who are happily receiving congratulations from friends; Henry is almost invisible beneath a throng of petters and scratchers. Mrs. Fox manages a weak "Lovely, isn't he," smiles wanly at the two sisters, and then scuttles by. When she gets to her own area, her face freezes. Someone has pinned a hate note to the back of Joey's stall. The note accuses her, quite unjustifiably, of falsifying Joey's championship record. Mrs. Fox rips the note off the stall and stuffs it into her purse. All along the aisle, owners of Australian terriers (many of whom have obviously read the note) watch her out of the corners of their eyes. Her friends gather around her protectively, expressing anger and shock at the writer's vindictiveness. Several people come up to talk with her about the contents of the note, but she refuses to discuss it.

For the rest of the day, Mrs. Fox keeps close to the dogs, hugging them, and answering visitors' questions politely but without much relish. When nobody comes by to speak to her, she falls into a kind of daze. She does not bother to watch the winning terriers compete against each other that evening, although it might have interested her to note that Peter Green has abandoned Henry to an associate and competed against him with the favored wire fox terrier. Nor is she around to overhear the elderly, birdlike lady who is president of the standards committee of the Fédération Cynologique Internationale say, when the wirehair is picked as the best terrier: "I didn't think anything of that dog. He was awful." And, at a quarter to twelve, when a beautiful speckled German short-haired pointer is picked by the judge for Best in Show, neither Mrs. Fox nor her friends are anywhere in the Garden. They have gone back to their hotel. None of them could get over that note, she says later, in a letter to an acquaintance in which she mentioned the incident. "It hurts me so much to realize there is antagonism among those who profess to care deeply for our breed," her letter adds. "I have tried desperately to promote good will. Our Aussies are so full of loving good spirits—why can't their owners measure up to them?"

—LIS HARRIS

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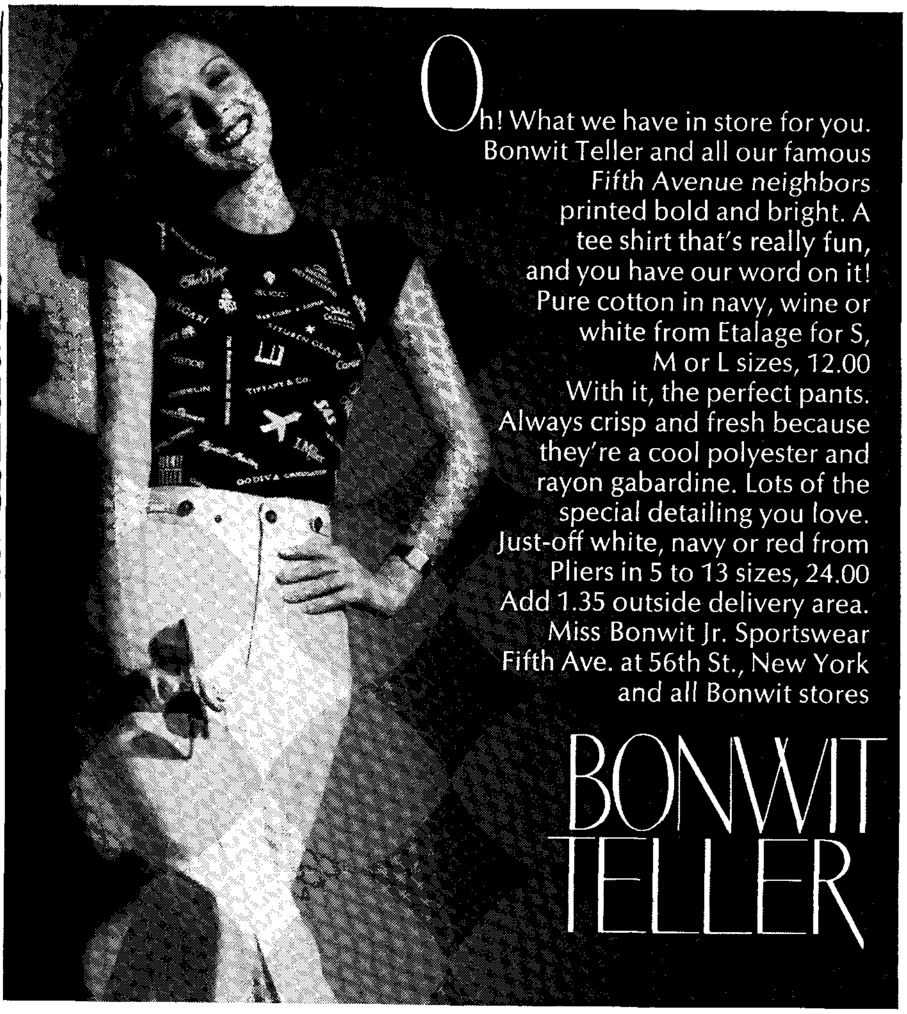

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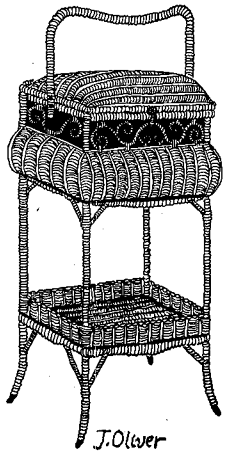
LETTER FROM SOUTH KOREA

SINCE the fall of South Vietnam, the importance of South Korea—in fact, of the whole of northeastern Asia, as one of the world's chief points of big-power confrontation, along with the Middle East—has faced Americans and Koreans with the vision of another rendition, in a different setting, of the painful Vietnamese drama, or of an even more intense conflict, with graver repercussions and consequences. The American concern for and engagement in Korea, which actively began almost a century ago and led in 1950 to involvement in a bloody three-year war, have been underscored by a November, 1974, visit to Seoul by President Ford and by the visit last August of his since removed Secretary of Defense, James Schlesinger, who had already reminded all concerned—with gestures of distaste, to be sure—that an occasion could arise when we would have to consider using some of the several hundred tactical nuclear weapons in our arsenals there. South Korea's major importance is its strategic proximity to Japan, our major Asian ally, and to both Communist China and the Soviet Union, whose unpredictable and often bellicose joint protégé North Korea is capable of starting another war to unify the Korean peninsula and has obviously noted how North Vietnam persevered for thirty years in its aim of conquering the South and finally succeeded. Such a new war, initiated with or without the support of China or the Soviet Union, and notwithstanding our policy of détente with both Communist powers, could escalate far too easily.

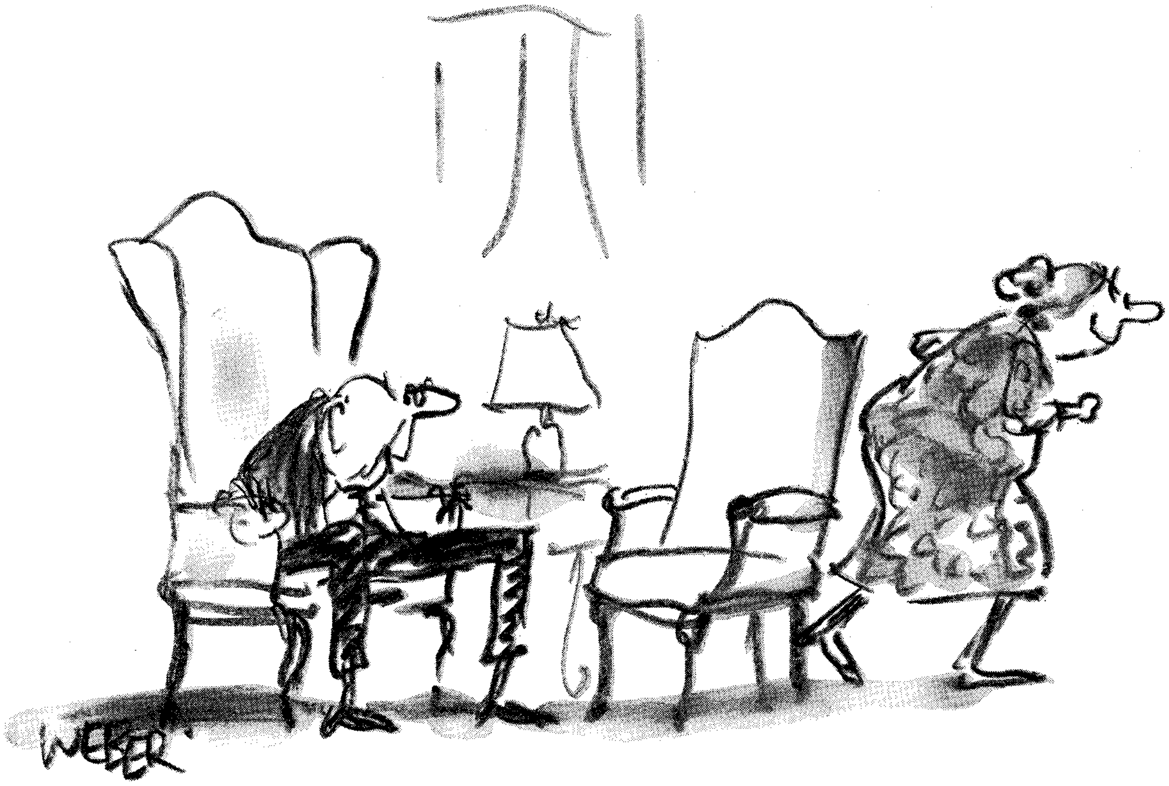


Ostensibly to avoid this, the Administration in Washington, with the reluctant backing of congressional Democrats, who, though they were eager to get out of Vietnam, still feel that a strong stand in Korea is unavoidable, has reaffirmed its alliance with the authoritarian government of South Korea's President Park Chung Hee and let it be known that all or most of the forty thousand American troops that have been stationed in Korea since 1953 will remain indefinitely—or, at least, for four or five years longer. At the same time, speculations about a new outbreak of hostilities, accompanied by military buildups in both parts of Korea, have of course heightened American concern over the wisdom of risking another military involvement on the Asian mainland. This concern has been complicated by questions regarding the legitimacy and stability of the Park government and the issue of human and civil rights in South Korea, which Park, citing the threat from the North, has severely repressed. Last month, our Congress, in passing a foreign-economic-aid package, stipulated that no such aid should be extended to "the government of any country which engages in a consistent pattern of gross violations of internationally recognized human rights, including torture or cruel, inhuman, or degrading treatment or punishment, prolonged detention without charges, or other flagrant denials of the right to life, liberty, and the security of a person." Certainly this laudable promulgation of what amounted to a Bill of Rights for the conduct of foreign policy could have had a direct effect on South Korea, but then Congress admitted its quandary about Korea and some other nations, such as the Philippines, by noting that the ban could be lifted if the President reported, and Congress agreed, that any assistance given would be for helping needy persons. Whatever decision is ultimately reached on the criteria for extending assistance to nations that patently do not meet our standards of national rectitude (fuzzy though these have been of late), our increasing awareness of the importance of the human-rights issue in the making of foreign policy seems to be impinging at last on the smoldering debate over both the morality and the long-term value of backing dictators whose struggles for political survival may take precedence over their expressed dedication to "democracy" or to the cause of anti-Communism. The debate is not made easier to resolve by our continuing determination not only to improve our relations with the two major Communist nations but to reach varying degrees of accommodation with many lesser ones as well, eventually including those in Indo-China.

North Korea has been making overtures to us about concluding a peace treaty that would formally end the 1950-53 Korean war, and Japanese Diet members who met with President Kim Il Sung, the North Korean dictator, last summer in Pyongyang say that he would welcome visits by American senators and high-ranking members of the State Department. Washington has not responded officially to such soundings, but there have been rumors of possible visits to North Korea by a congressional delegation, and since Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has demonstrated his penchant for popping up unexpectedly in places like Peking, he could conceivably pop up one of these days in Pyongyang.

Thus, our role in South Korea has become the touchstone of our dilemma over moral versus strategic considerations. In the aftermath of our failures in Vietnam, and in the light of our present domestic problems, needs, and demands, we have to face up to the question of just how far we should go, if détente seems to be faltering, in aiding and defending any nation of dubious democratic credentials that happens, for one reason or another, to be of strategic concern to us. Beyond this is the issue of neo-isolationism—or, at least, of partial withdrawal from our recent broad participation in world affairs, which would amount to a diminution of our role as policeman. Also involved is the delicate question of just what we have a right to expect of allies who are as yet unready for or unsuited to democratic government as we envision it, and who resent moralistic interference accompanied by alternating threats and promises in regard to our aid.

DURING a number of weeks in South Korea, I have spoken with several score South Koreans, and with Americans and other Westerners as well, all of whom expressed frank opinions on the question of human rights and the actions of the Park government, and on what degree of pressure or leverage the United States could and should apply to alter the present situation. The Koreans are extremely forthright people, and even those who had been imprisoned and tortured for opposing the government did not hesitate to tell me how they felt, although one of Park's new laws prohibits criticizing the government in conversation with foreigners. My informants, many of whom have to remain nameless for their protection, included academic and student leaders, missionaries and churchmen, and members of the opposition political party, all of whom in the past two years have strongly and sometimes violently assailed the government. Since the fall of South Vietnam, which frightened virtually all South Koreans



"Hurry, hurry! When you get back, we'll finish rehashing 1924 and get right on to 1925!"

• •

and so helped solidify popular support for the government, the opposition has become more subdued, and the reaffirmation of American backing has served to help President Park in his campaign for national unity. The staunchest critics of the Park regime expressed a strong desire to have American troops remain in South Korea. However, it was clear to me that the political opposition was by no means permanently silenced, and that sooner or later—on the campuses, in the pulpits, and through secret meetings and, eventually, less secret ones—it will again express itself. Also, if the worldwide economic situation deteriorates further, pressure is bound to be generated within the usually passive, badly organized, and underpaid Korean laboring class and among the poor and the unemployed, especially in Seoul. Such pressure, combined with that from the existing opposition elements, could trigger an explosion at least as large as the one in 1960, which overthrew a weak stopgap regime that had supplanted the dictatorship of the late Syngman Rhee. The next step, in 1961, was the seizure of the government by Park and a small group of Army friends. An Army coup could take place again as a response to widespread popular discontent, but if that should happen it would undoubtedly only lead to the emergence of another military dictator.

Even Park's most outspoken opponents praise him for the economic steps he has taken to create one of the world's most substantial "middle powers," but they emphasize his messiah complex, and accuse him of having gone far beyond what is necessary in imposing martial law and then a stringent series of decrees in support of his so-called Yushin (Revitalizing) Constitution, which, behind a democratic façade, permits him, in effect, to stay in power for life. The opposition further charges him with exaggerating the threat from North Korea in order to consolidate his power, and of using scare tactics to continue his oppressive rule. Since August, 1974, when Park narrowly missed assassination by a confessed Communist agent, who shot and killed Park's wife during the attempt, he has seldom appeared in public, but, one way or another, he makes his presence constantly felt. Park and other government officials say they will lift the restrictions on public activity, including edicts prohibiting or severely limiting free assembly and a free press, as soon as North Korea ceases its threats and Kim Il Sung seriously agrees to resume a dialogue with South Korea that began in earnest under the aegis of the North and South Korean Red Cross organizations in 1972 but was cut off by Kim a year later. The talks were initiated to make possible humanitarian exchanges between the two parts of the country, including reunions of families that had been separated by the Korean war, and were to proceed to political discussions pointing toward eventual peaceful reunification and free elections among the sixteen million people in the North and more than twice as many in the South. Until there is a resumption not only of the Red Cross conversations but also of separate meetings of a higher-level South-North Coordinating Committee, the government says, the severe measures cannot be relaxed. Even though Kim has become somewhat less bellicose in recent months, the South Koreans maintain that he has not given up his intention of conquering the South by force, and they cite as evidence, among other things, the discovery in the past year of two ingeniously built tunnels dug under the Military Demarcation Line at the Thirty-eighth Parallel, which divides the two countries. The North Koreans have claimed, variously, that the tunnels are a fabrication, that they are only for irrigation, and that they are for the evacuation of Southerners sympathetic to North Korea, but I visited the larger of the two, which reached about five hundred yards south of the Demilitarized Zone, and it was definitely suitable for some transport and heavy equipment. Moreover, both South Korean and American military experts say that their intelligence reports, including descriptions of surface earth lines and dirt movements, indicate the existence of at least a dozen other tunnels.

An examination of the dangerous Korean stalemate—for that is what it is—must include all its complicated and interwoven aspects: military, political, social, economic, and humanitarian. Strong cases have been made both for and against unification, for example, and there have been recommendations of big-power consultation to promote a united Korea or to further legitimize a

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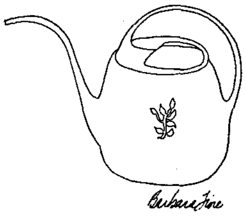
divided one by such means as the entry of both Koreas into the United Nations—a step to which the South has no objection but which the North refuses to consider, because, it maintains, it would perpetuate the division of the two countries. (Twice in the past, however, North Korea has applied for U.N. membership on its own.)

Actually, for many reasons, unification seems neither desirable nor achievable under the present circumstances, and while it may remain an ultimate objective, it is one that can be achieved only at some ideal time in the future, in the manner that the North-South dialogue envisaged. There are some signs—North Korea's recent concentration on domestic economic matters, its efforts to meet its heavy foreign debts instead of concentrating solely on the buildup of its military strength, and its international approaches, especially through the nonaligned nations—that Kim's government may be in the process of realizing that it cannot destroy the South militarily and will have to continue working on a broader diplomatic front.



LAST November, during the recently adjourned thirtieth meeting of the United Nations General Assembly, where both South and North Korea have observer status, two resolutions concerning Korea were passed. One, introduced by thirty-five Communist and nonaligned nations on behalf of North Korea, asked for the dissolution of the 1953 armistice agreement and its replacement by a peace accord between Washington and Pyongyang, and called for "accelerating the independent and peaceful reunification of Korea"—something that Kim Il Sung has previously suggested could be achieved through the creation of an interim confederation. This resolution also called for the abandonment of the United Nations Command in Korea and for the removal of all foreign forces from Korean soil. The U.N.C.—which during the war was manned by the United States and fifteen other nations—has continued in existence for the twenty-two years since the end of the war, but it amounts now only to about a hundred people, most of them Americans, who deal with armistice problems. The only large number of troops to remain in Korea have been American, and the Americans and South Koreans say that these are there under a bilateral treaty between Washington and Seoul that is beyond the scope of either the U.N.C. or the United Nations itself.

The American-backed United Nations resolution also called for the abolition of the U.N.C., but only if the present armistice agreement continued in force. Because South Korea did not sign the armistice—the United States signed it in behalf of the whole U.N.C., while both North Korea and China signed for the Communists—the American position, as it was expressed by Secretary of State Kissinger in the General Assembly on September 22nd, is that once the U.N.C. is abandoned South Korea will have to become an official party to the preservation of the armistice. In his address, Kissinger also suggested that the United States, China, and both Koreas could reduce tensions on the Korean peninsula by sponsoring a larger conference to "negotiate a more fundamental arrangement." North Korea's initial response to this suggestion has been decidedly cool. The Security Council has to decide the question of the dissolution of the U.N.C., because it was the Council that established it when the Korean war began, but the issue has not been taken up by the Council, and as things now stand the Assembly resolutions simply have the same effect that earlier votes on the Middle East had; that is, they are solely expressions of opinion. The government of South Korea has declared its disgust at the adoption of the two conflicting resolutions and has announced that in the future it will concentrate its diplomatic efforts not in the United Nations but in the proliferating conferences of nonaligned and underdeveloped nations.

If Kim Il Sung figures he has made enough headway, even propagandistically, at the United Nations for the moment, he may well sit back and wait a year or two before taking any further action, and both the Soviet Union and Communist China, which have separately sought to restrain him, may urge him to be patient and consolidate his newly gained international support, especially among the Third and Fourth World nations that now dominate the U.N. The Chinese entertained Kim lavishly last April in Peking, and on that occasion he announced that he would support a revolution in South Korea; but a muted joint communiqué was subsequently issued. It is believed that Kim asked the Chinese for more military aid but could get no definite commitment in response. Kim has wanted for some time to visit Moscow, too, but the Russians, though they may let him come there shortly, have scarcely been enthusiastic about receiving him. On the other hand, Kim's patience may be diminished by the fact that he is sixty-three years old and is said to be in ill-health; he has a large growth on the back of his neck which some suspect is cancer. In recent months, there have been increasing signs that he is hoping to pass the mantle of power to his son Kim Chong Il, who is now thirty-six. If he makes the attempt, many analysts believe that it would set off a power struggle between extremists, represented by the son, and more moderate politicians and bureaucrats, and that if Kim becomes too apprehensive about the outcome of such a struggle he may decide to distract his countrymen with a final military gamble. He would do so in the belief that if he undertook a new war, neither the Soviet Union nor Communist China could deny him fresh support, because neither Communist power could afford to see North Korea defeated. If the Chinese and Russians did not become involved in such a war, the highest-ranking American military officers in South Korea believe they could help the South Koreans bring an offensive to a halt in nine days or less without using nuclear weapons—relying solely on combined American-South Korean air forces and artillery, plus South Korean troops. Such glib military analysis inevitably puts more cautious observers in mind of assorted pronouncements once made in Vietnam (where, incidentally, the two top American generals now in Korea, General Richard Stillwell and Lieutenant General James Hollingsworth, served), and, in any event, a new outbreak of war on the peninsula could so easily become a larger war that the prospects are even more alarming.

Almost as frightening is the formidable military power that both North and South Korea now possess. According to the assessments made by American intelligence here, North Korea's strength has grown tremendously in the past five years. The North Korean Army consists of twenty-three infantry divisions of about nine thousand men each and two tank divisions with a total of seventeen hundred tanks. The North Koreans also have an ample arsenal of modern artillery and rocket launchers, and they have recently built fifty concrete emplacements just north of the D.M.Z. for guns that can almost reach

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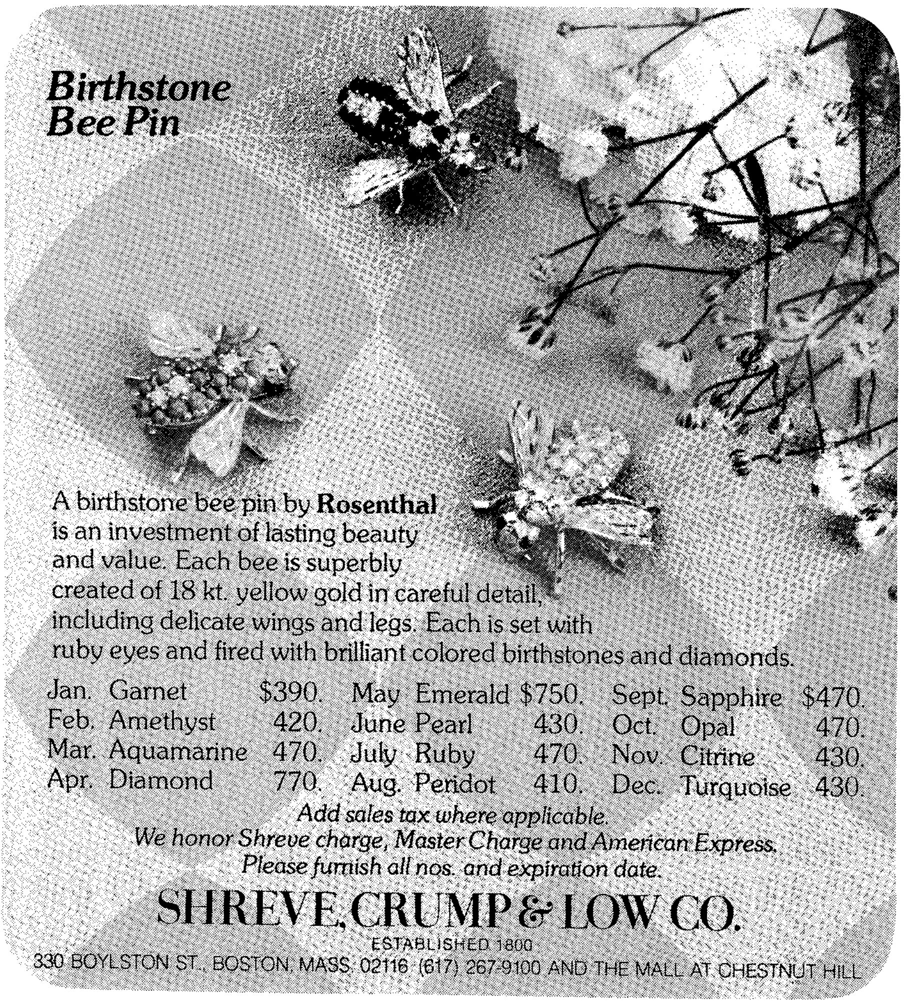

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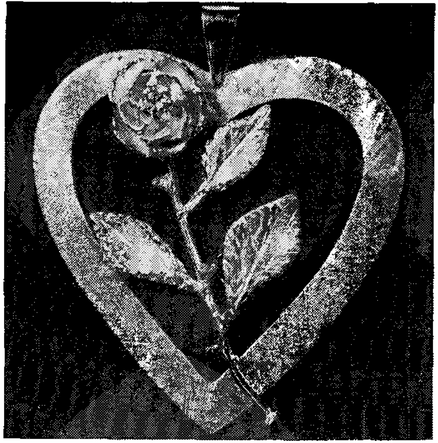

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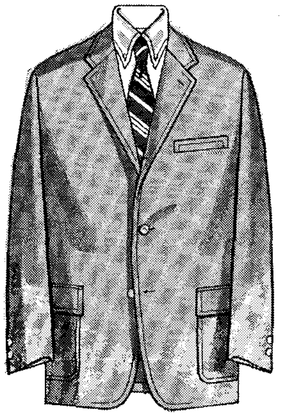

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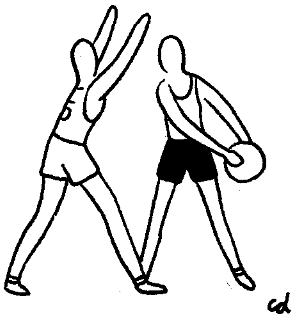
The South Koreans themselves have a well-equipped Army of eighteen divisions, with a total strength of more than half a million men—roughly the same as North Korea's. But South Korea's Air Force, though it is being supplied by the Americans with the newest fighter-bombers, is still weaker than the North's. South Korea's Navy, unlike the North's, is primarily defensive, but American Air Force and aircraft-carrier strength compensates for this. The sole American division in Korea, the 2nd, is considered to serve primarily a "trip wire" function, but most American military men maintain that if a war started we would find ourselves engaged on the ground as well as in the air and on the sea; this is their justification for discussing the use of tactical nuclear weapons. Both the North and the South have ample missile and bomb defenses, especially around their capital cities, but the real dangers, as the military see them, lie in the escalation of incidents around the Demilitarized Zone, which take place all the time; in stepped-up subversion and guerrilla attacks in the South; and in an escalation of incidents at sea, especially in the vicinity of five islands owned by the South Koreans off the west coast of North Korea.



IN the face of this high probability that some sort of incident or accident will lead to a larger conflict, some observers believe that the best hope of maintaining peace (besides trying to get the two Koreas negotiating again as soon as possible) is to support the continuing economic growth of South Korea to the point where Kim Il Sung or his heirs—even if they, too, continue to stress economic growth while playing down any further military buildup—accept the fact that the wealthier and more populous South cannot readily be swallowed up. But it is generally agreed that if even this somewhat limited and uncertain approach is to be adopted, it must be pursued without any risk of an internal blowup in South Korea, which would please Kim Il Sung more than anything else, and it is here that the human-rights issue becomes so important. The hard-line South Korean conservatives maintain that since there are no human rights in North Korea, there is no reason for Park to worry particularly about this issue rather than about maintaining a strong, tough government constantly on guard against subversion; what matters, they say, is to beware of opposition and criticism, because these give aid and comfort to the Communists. However, the majority of Americans here believe, and even some Korean government officials privately admit, that Park could easily restore most of the freedoms he has proscribed and still maintain sufficient vigilance and the national unity he so ardently espouses. By ameliorating the human-rights situation, they feel, he could not only improve his own political position but, in the long run, strengthen his country against Communist infiltration and possible invasion.

When he was in Seoul last October, Philip Habib, the former American Ambassador to South Korea, who is now Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs, discussed the subject of repression of rights thoroughly with Park, but re-

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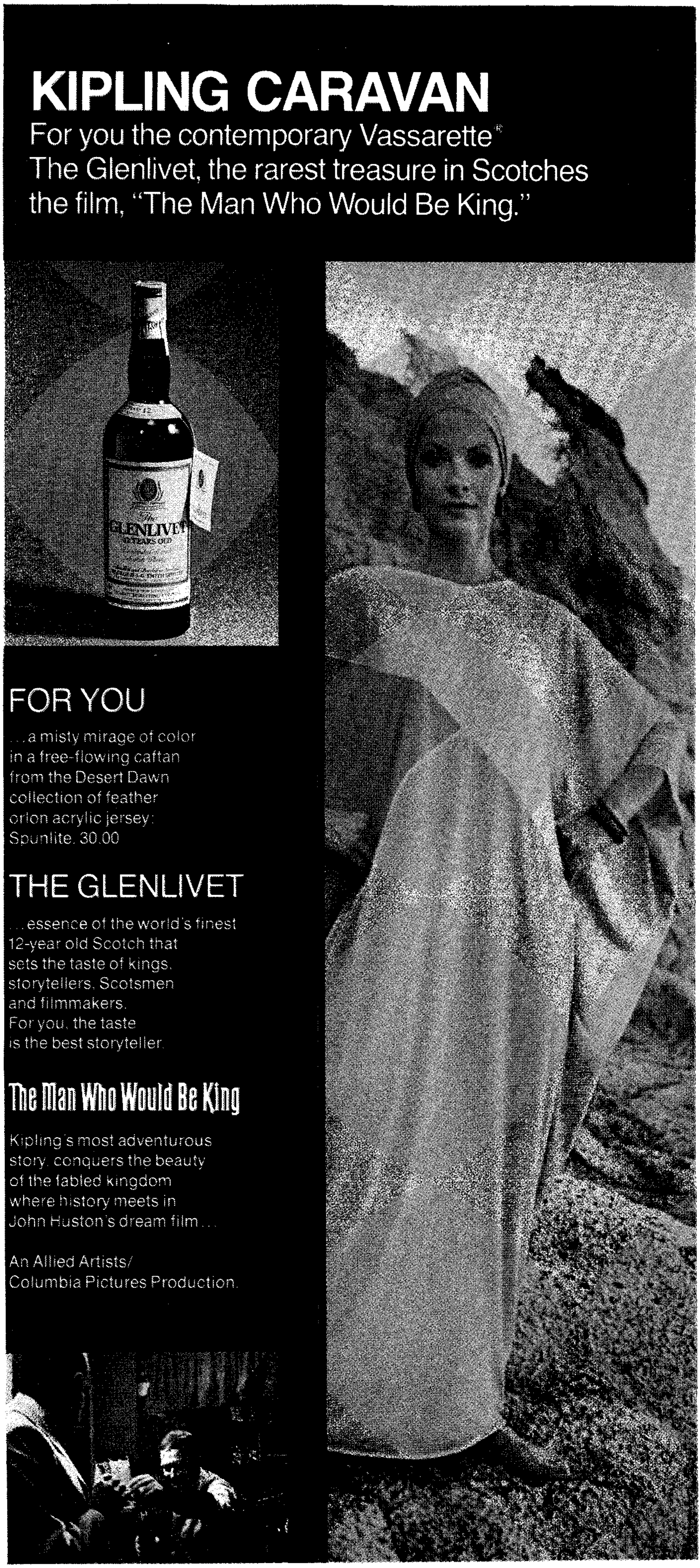
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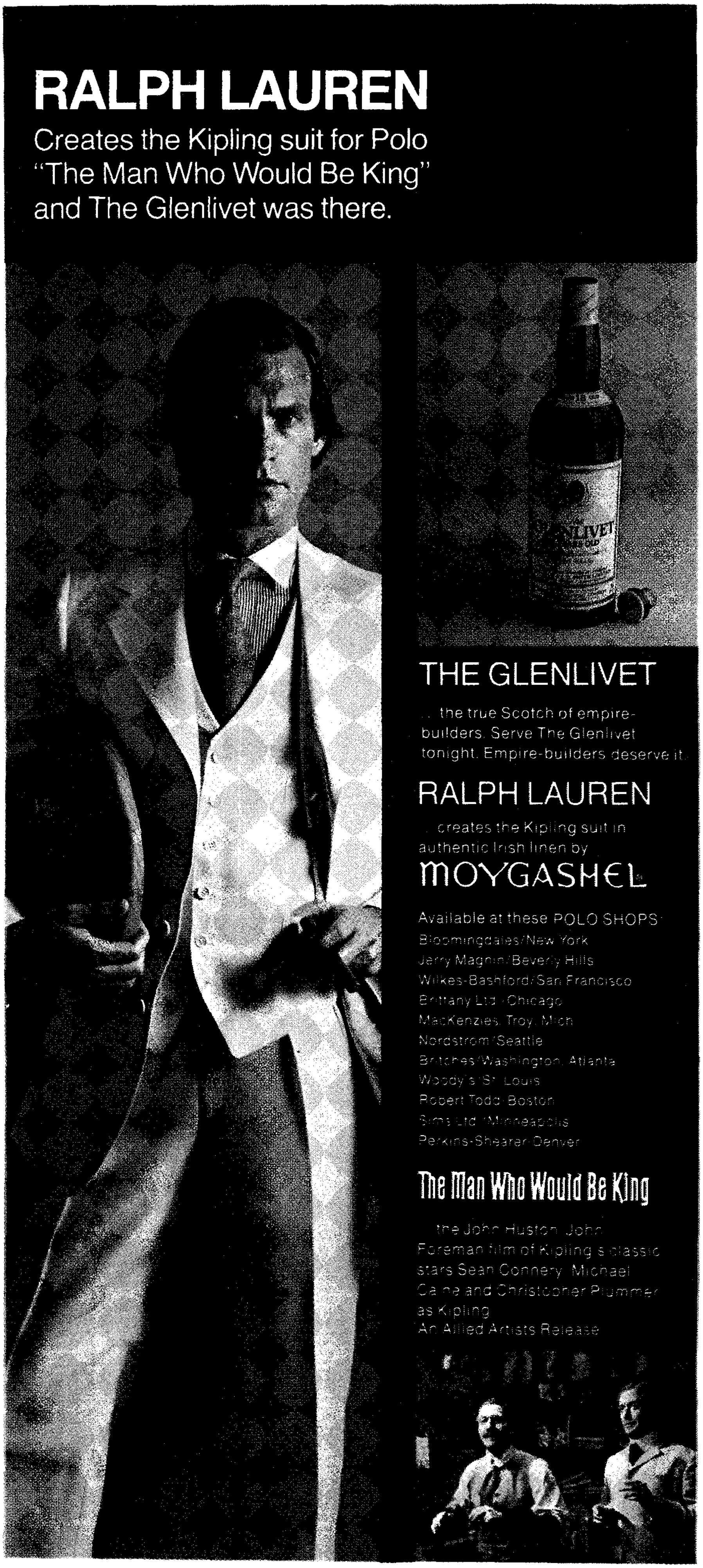
ceived no assurance that governmental restrictions would be relaxed. During President Ford's 1974 visit, some members of the Embassy staff and the State Department hoped that he would bring up the human-rights question, but, as far as anyone knows, he did not do so. Except for Habib, none of the American officials who have visited Korea since then have raised the question, and former Secretary Schlesinger, during his visit last August, placed his emphasis on solidifying the military alliance between the two countries; he assured the Koreans that approximately four hundred million dollars would be forthcoming from Congress for the completion of a five-year one-and-a-half-billion-dollar modernization program for the Korean armed forces, which is only two-thirds of the way along, and is behind schedule. When the American-supported modernization program has been carried out and South Korea has spent five billion dollars of its own on the program over the next five years, Park says, there will no longer be any need for American support if an attack is launched "by the North Koreans alone without any help from their military allies."

Last June, in testimony before the Subcommittee on International Organizations of the House International Relations Committee, Habib said that while the government has let both the Koreans and the Filipinos know of our disapproval of their violations of human rights, "we are dealing with sovereign countries with different political systems" and "can only express our concern, as we have, and hope that governments will realize that free people inevitably come down on the side of that which is good for the country as a whole." He went on, "We will continue our security policies which serve the interests of Korea, the region as a whole, and the United States." That same month, Secretary Kissinger, in a speech before the Japan Society in New York, declared, "There is no question that popular will and social justice are, in the last analysis, the essential underpinning of resistance to subversion and external challenge, but our support and assistance will be available where it has been promised." In his speech on September 22nd before the United Nations General Assembly, Kissinger did place special emphasis on the issue of human rights.

A NUMBER of people I have spoken with here, both Americans and Koreans, used the word "overkill" in describing Park's tactics, and also referred to his "siege mentality." They believed that the reasons for those tactics lay primarily in Park's peculiarly messianic vision of his role and in the fact that, as an American priest who has lived in Korea for many years put it, "in the past fifteen years we have watched a feudal country become an industrial one, but it hasn't lost its feudal outlook." He felt that there had been important changes in the people's attitude during this period which neither intellectuals nor government officials were sufficiently cognizant of. "For example, they won't talk to the workers, and the workers want to participate more in the political process," the priest said. "This failure could have a tremendous impact in the period ahead. We could have turmoil like that in Portugal here." Another man, a Korean clergyman who had been imprisoned for several months, agreed that social discontent was growing, as was corruption, and he drew a parallel with South Vietnam. "It will eventually be the same here," he said. "People will think there is nothing to live for." He made the point that Park, who had been a teacher and the principal of a normal school before becoming a soldier, was bound to be essentially autocratic and pedagogic, the victim of "his own narrow, simplistic approach to social problems." A Korean social scientist observed that while there was a great deal of injustice and corruption and the government had failed to respond with adequate corrective measures, he felt that the society had become so competitive and there was so much concentration on simply earning a living that the majority of the people, including poorly paid workers, were too busy to take much interest in politics or to react in political ways to the social unrest. "Most Koreans don't like the sledgehammer tactics that the government employs, yet they want stability," he said. "We have come so far since 1960, and we don't want another explosive situation that North Korea could take advantage of. The fact that the poor were so much poorer ten years ago puts a damper on social activism. People wish that Park would relax his unnecessary repressive actions, and they wonder why he has to go so far, but they accept the fact that he's done a great deal for the country and don't comprehend that he is so intoxicated by the sweet smell of power that he can't stop acting the way he does."

These views are representative of the dismay and bewilderment that many intellectual leaders in Korea feel today,



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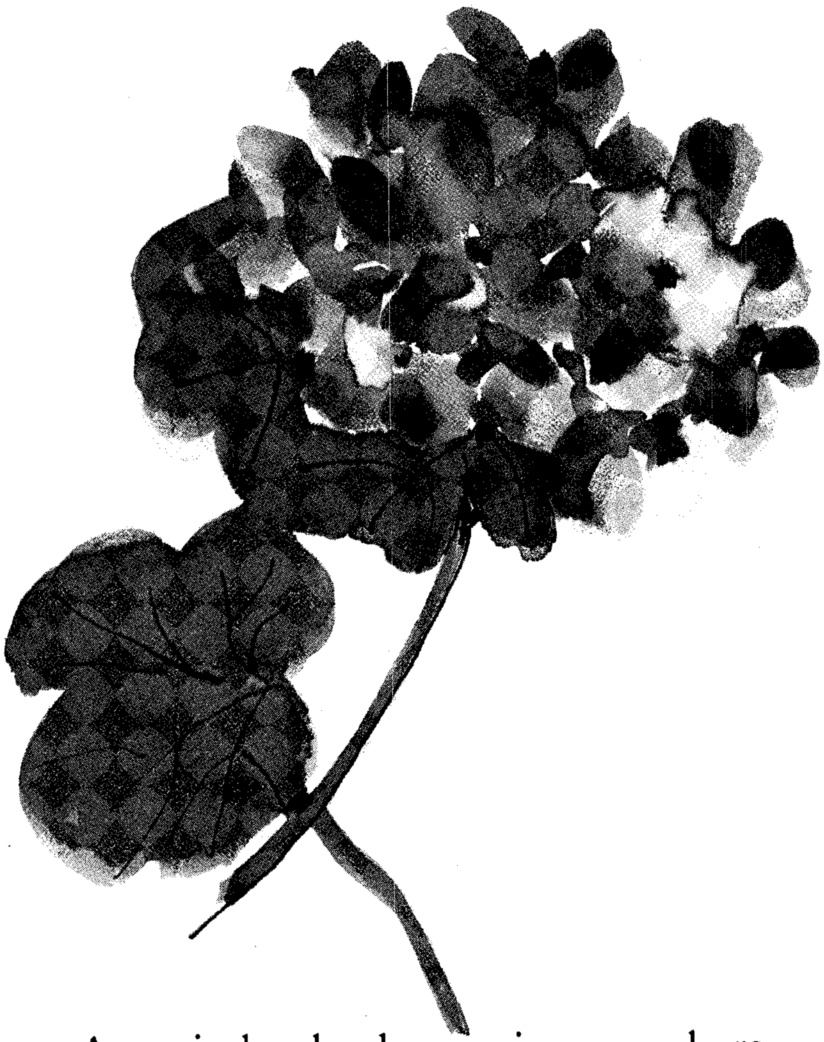

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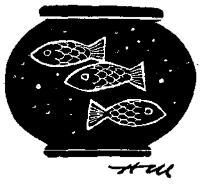
but the main reason they react as they do lies in the methods and tactics employed by Park. As an extremely astute politician—far more able than Nguyen Van Thieu, of South Vietnam, for example—he has adroitly followed a zigzag course, clamping down hard on human rights and then suddenly relaxing the restrictions, only to apply them again later, usually at moments when there is no visible disorder. This strategy of moving when he is strong and his enemies are weak has kept the opposition off balance, and so has enabled Park to confuse and divide it, though not destroy it. While the manner in which he has maneuvered over the past few years has proved self-serving, it can prove self-defeating in the long run, particularly if the threat from the North diminishes. Thus far, however, Park has been able to benefit from the actions of Kim Il Sung, who has kept providing him with fresh evidence of bellicosity and danger just when Park has required it in order to tighten the reins—notable instances being the 1974 assassination effort (the most recent of eight such attempts on Park's life) and the discovery of the two tunnels under the D.M.Z. An American who has watched the process for a number of years remarked to me, "It almost looks as if Kim operated with Park on an annual-contract basis."

Tracing the course of alternating repression and relaxation that Park has pursued provides a case history of political pathology. A starting point might be the passage in 1969 of a constitutional amendment that permitted him to run for a third term; he did so in the spring of 1971, winning by a narrow margin over opposition leader Kim Dae Jung, whose New Democratic Party for the first time won more than a third of the seats for the National Assembly. Kim Dae Jung subsequently exiled himself to Japan, and there he increased his criticism of Park until, in August, 1973, he was kidnapped from a Tokyo hotel by the South Korean Central Intelligence Agency, whose agents put him aboard a boat bound for Korea, apparently intending to throw him overboard. But the kidnapping was widely publicized in Japan and other nations, and this seems to have deterred them. Kim was instead placed under house arrest in Seoul, but, after a lengthy trial for violating the election laws, last month he was given a small fine and the mild sentence of an additional year's house arrest. In the fall of 1971, Park called out troops to quell anti-government demonstrations on seven university campuses in Seoul and one in Kwangju, a provincial capital to the south, and in December of that year he declared a state of emergency, which gave him complete control over, among other things, the nation's economic life, the press and labor, and the movement and mobilization of the population in any part of the country. At the same time, he rammed through the National Assembly a law granting him special Presidential powers, which clearly marked his intention of moving toward a new style of authoritarian government.

Martial law was declared in October, 1972, but it was lifted two months later, after the Yushin Constitution had been approved by more than ninety-one per cent of the voters in a national referendum and had come into effect. Since any expression of opposition to the new constitution had been forbidden, the vote was nothing but a gimmick, of the sort that President Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines has used to obtain support for his authoritarian measures. The Yushin Constitution is a strange document, which promises all sorts of freedoms with one hand and takes them away with the other by regularly invoking the phrase "except as provided by law." As it happens, one of the few unhedged provisions in the document is "No person shall be tortured nor be compelled to testify against himself in criminal cases"—a provision that has been regularly violated. The main objective of the new constitution was to assure Park's reëlection for as many six-year terms as he desired. At that point, the Presidential term was four years. The new constitution also established a new political body, the National Conference for Unification, whose members were to be elected locally throughout the country after a careful preselection of candidates. The Conference elects the President by secret ballot and also "approves" the President's appointment of a third of the members of the National Assembly, who are automatically designated a separate party and thus, in alliance with Park's Democratic Republican Party, help to form a majority that successfully emasculates the opposition New Democrats. It was in December of 1972 that Park, having successfully forestalled attempts to amend the constitution, was elected to his first six-year term by his stooges of the National Conference for Unification.



Criticism of the new constitution continued in 1973, however, and it has gone on ever since, though it has been held in check by a series of emergency decrees under which Park has ruled the country for the past two years. The first two decrees were issued on January 8, 1974. They declared that it was prohibited "to deny, oppose, misrepresent, or defame the constitution," or "to assert, introduce, propose, or petition for its revision or repeal" by "broadcasting, reporting, or publishing." Maximum sentences of fifteen years in prison were set for violations of these regulations, and a system of trying violators in military courts was established. Decree No. 3, issued a week after the first two, dealt with the worsening economic situation by lowering some taxes and raising others, making wage and price adjustments, and stimulating the production of grains and of substitute sources of energy to meet the oil crisis. In April, 1974, following a number of small demonstrations by university students, Park issued Decree No. 4, which was the harshest he has put out so far. (There have been nine all told, but he likes to cancel them and replace them with new ones as he goes along.) Decree No. 4 prescribed punishment that could include death for anti-government agitation on the campuses and for any activity in support of a group called the National Democratic Youth and Students League—which opposition leaders claim is not a conspiracy to overthrow the government, as Decree No. 4 charged. In any event, accusations against it subsequently paved the way for a criminal trial, in the summer of 1974, of twenty-one members of an alleged People's Revolutionary Party, which Park maintains is a conspiratorial Communist organization that takes its orders from North Korea and seeks to overthrow the government. The South Korean opposition, supported by a number of American missionaries, has claimed, with persuasive documentation, that the P.R.P. is simply a fabrication. Last April, after all twenty-one alleged P.R.P. members were convicted and their appeals rejected, eight of them were hanged, and the rest received long jail sentences, including some for life. There was an emotional demonstration, led by the condemned men's wives and some churchmen, in the streets of Seoul when it became known that the hangings had been carried out. But the event did not arouse much attention abroad, possibly because South Vietnam was about to fall. The State Department formally expressed its "regrets," but that

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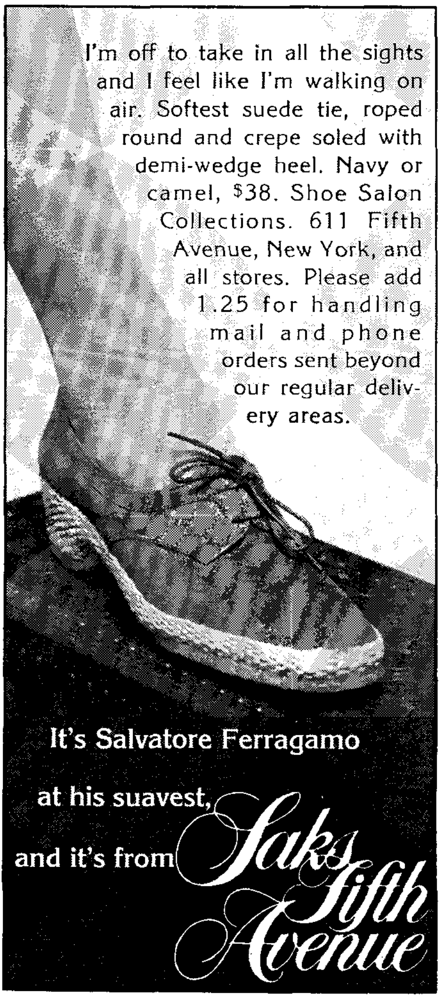

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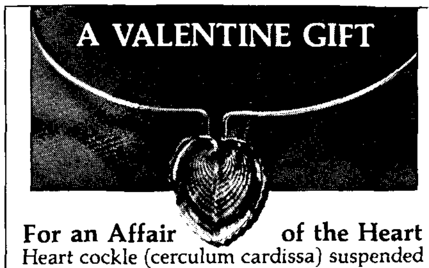

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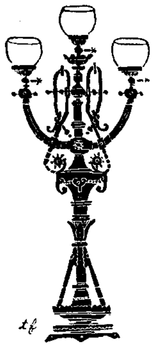
was the extent of Washington's protest.

Meanwhile, in late August of 1974, a week after his wife was killed, Park surprised his critics by temporarily adopting a more moderate course and issuing Decrees No. 5 and 6, which, respectively, lifted No. 1 and No. 4 but left in force the military-court system that had been set up by No. 2 and the economic regulations of No. 3. Taking advantage of this unexpected relaxation, university students and church leaders began a period of active opposition to the government, which lasted several months and built up to a new level of violence as the government struck back with a fresh campaign of repression. Demonstrations were broken up, a number of protesters were arrested, and about twenty universities in Seoul and fifteen in the provinces were closed down, some for several weeks. Religious groups, including the Catholics and the various Protestant denominations, mounted protests and staged rallies—some of them attended by as many as five thousand people. Masses and prayer meetings were held in the churches and cathedrals on behalf of those arrested, who included such prominent men as Daniel Chi Hak Sun, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Wonju, and Kim Chi Ha, a militant poet, whose verses, impassioned and marked by a bitter, astringent wit, castigated the government for its cruelty and corruption and praised its victims as heroes and martyrs. As demonstrations and sit-ins on the campuses increased, and sometimes extended into the surrounding streets—despite high university walls, a tradition in Korea—the students threw rocks, and the police dispersed the demonstrators with tear gas and pepper gas. (There were some isolated labor demonstrations as well, and at least one protest, in Pusan, by disgruntled housewives against the poor quality of the briquettes available for heating and cooking.) Though virtually all the major universities were active centers of opposition at one time or another, the three biggest ones in the capital—Korea, Yonsei, and Seoul National University—were the chief sources of the spreading student campaign. On December 14th, following a number of official warnings, the Reverend Dr. George Ogle, a prominent American missionary, who had strongly denounced the People's Revolutionary Party case as a fraud, was expelled from the country. That same day, one of the most respected leaders of the New Democratic Party, Chong Il Hyong, was pulled off the rostrum of the National Assembly by a pro-government legislator for suggesting that the time had come for President Park to step down, and a free-for-all ensued involving at least forty members of the Assembly. By this time, some high-school students had joined the university demonstrators, and newspaper reporters, led by those on Seoul's highly respected *Dong-A Ilbo*, were meeting to protest restrictions imposed on them. A National Council for the Restoration of Democracy, with seventy-one of the country's most prominent churchmen, intellectuals, and opposition politicians—including Kim Dae Jung, Kim Yung Sam (the current head of the New Democratic Party), and former President Yun Po Sun—on its roster, had been formed in late November. It was apparent that the government was under attack on a broad front.



Park responded, typically, with another gimmick. This was a new national referendum, held in mid-February, on one question: whether or not the people approved of the President's policies. The stratagem very nearly boomeranged; Park won a seventy-three-per-cent affirmative vote nationwide but lost in Seoul and Pusan, the two largest cities. He cited the results as proof that the ordinary people of the countryside were completely behind him, even if the urban intellectuals, whom he had regularly denigrated, were not. Also, running his usual tricky course, a couple of days after the referendum he announced that he would free approximately a hundred and fifty imprisoned members of the opposition, including Bishop Chi and Kim Chi Ha—though he continued to detain thirty-five prisoners, including the alleged P.R.P. members who had been convicted the previous summer and whose cases were being appealed to the Supreme Court. Within a matter of days, a score or more of those released issued statements about tortures they had been subjected to in jail, and the newspapers daringly printed some of these stories, including graphic descriptions of how the victims—mostly students, intellectuals, and some former members of the National Assembly—had been severely beaten, had had water poured into their mouths and nostrils, and had been subjected to electric shocks and injections of drugs to make them sign confessions. The newspapers even ran editorials and feature articles defending the victims. The government unconvincingly denied the torture stories and passed a tougher revision of the criminal code. It also announced that the released professors and students would not be allowed to return to their classes until they were granted official amnesty—something that in most cases has not occurred yet.

The opposition now began a fresh campaign, in which the issue of freedom of the press took the limelight. Earlier, the government had attempted to put pressure on *Dong-A Ilbo* by forcing big commercial advertisers to withdraw their advertising. Now government pressure led to the firing of activist reporters and some editors from leading newspapers, and sympathetic reporters went out on strike or conducted sit-ins, on occasion delaying publication. In retaliation for these protests, the boycott of *Dong-A Ilbo* by commercial advertisers continued. Big firms knuckled under to the government's orders, but numbers of small ads placed by individuals and groups of people began to appear. "To Korea with love—Sunny and Steve," read one, and other typical ones were "We would rather die standing than live kneeling—Nine Women Textile Workers," "We feel itchy behind the arms. Are we going to have wings?—Night-Class Students at Toksong Women's College," and "I am thirteen years old and have lived under only one President—A Magpie."

While these things were going on, the new confrontation between the universities and the government over the amnesty issue reached its climax at Yonsei University, where four thousand students rallied to demand the reinstatement of seventeen released students and two professors. Though the university's deans and trustees at first supported this move, they eventually buckled, and the popular president of the university was forced to resign. In mid-March, the poet Kim Chi Ha was rearrested and charged with, among other things, having aided the cause of the supposed People's Revolutionary Party. His trial is still pending. He has vehemently denied being a Communist, and has declared that a "confession" published in pamphlet form by the South Korean C.I.A. was obtained under duress. If he is found guilty, he could be executed. All this time, the press crisis was growing more serious, and the government used strong-arm methods to break up the sit-ins at the major papers. More prayer meetings were held, and more people—

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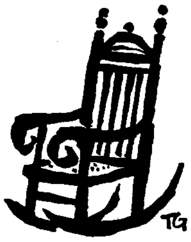
Kim Chi Ha's lawyer among them—were arrested. Kim Chi Ha, in a long, passionate defense of his own beliefs and protest against Park's tactics, wrote:

> The government constantly asserts that the threat from North Korea is so serious that civil rights are an impermissible luxury. But a corrupt, immoral dictatorship is the greatest spur to Communism. What greater argument do the Communists have than the Park regime? Dictatorial rule will never make South Korea secure.

By the beginning of April, the country—and especially Seoul, where many of the universities were again closed—was seething, but, as had been the case the year before, the fuse that might have led to the sort of student explosion that took place in 1960 was not lit. The police and the South Korean C.I.A. (which is reported to consist of thirty-five thousand men) went about their work coldly and systematically. Moreover, as the collapse of South Vietnam approached, and as, at the same time, the threat of an armed attack from North Korea seemed increasingly possible, Park's case for maintaining law and order claimed more adherents. On April 8th, he issued Decree No. 7, which shut down Korea University and banned all campus assemblies. Four hundred Army troops occupied the university's campus, and more students, all over the city, were taken into custody, as were additional clergymen and other members of the opposition. On April 29th, the day before Saigon fell, Park issued a declaration saying, "It becomes evident to us all that there can be no such thing as opposition forces among our ranks in the face of constant Communist threats." At that point, the temper of the nation changed decisively, and the discontent subsided. Huge rallies were held, and there were meetings in the churches and at the universities—all of which, except Korea University, the Education Minister, acting on behalf of national unity and in support of the Park regime, had ordered reopened. The National Assembly met in special session and put on a rare display of unity. In mid-May, Park issued Decree No. 8, lifting No. 7, but simultaneously he issued Decree No. 9, which is still in effect, and which prescribes imprisonment of not less than a year for virtually every phase of public or private activity that the government deems dangerous and makes the head of any organization, school, or company responsible for the behavior and activities of subordinates.



THE opposition is still very much afraid of taking any action that the South Korean C.I.A., whose agents are now present on the university campuses and elsewhere, could construe as a sign of rebellion. The newspapers have been thoroughly tamed; though they run occasional small items about the activities of the opposition, they are, in effect, only government mouthpieces. The students are forbidden any longer to have organizations of their own, and instead have been forced to join a new paramilitary Student Defense Corps, which requires them to undergo training in the use of weapons to maintain law and order—two hours a week for high-school students, four hours for university students—and which, under a new system of accountability, keeps them under the tight control of their professors and deans; all this was designed, the Education Minister told me, "to make them study harder," but in reality its purpose is to prevent their taking part in any political activity. Though there was no announcement by the government, between a hundred and two hundred student leaders disappeared from their classes. As of now, according to the best information, about eighty dissidents, mostly students, are still in prison. All teachers in the universities, from instructors up through full professors, are subject to rigorous new tenure regulations and hearings, which can result in their overnight dismissal. The National Council for the Restoration of Democracy and similar organizations, lay and clerical, either have been disbanded or have gone underground. Church leaders such as Bishop Chi, whose fifteen-year sentence was upheld by the Supreme Court in August—but who was allowed to remain free under the terms of a previous suspension of the sentence—have been effectively silenced. A number of activists, including lawyers, editors and reporters, and clerical or lay heads of social, labor, and charitable organizations, have been jailed, have been paroled under strict surveillance, have had their trials indefinitely delayed, or have been cowed by threats of arrest if they speak out. A blanket of control has thus been thrown over the whole intellectual community. As an American diplomat friend of mine put it, "One way or another, all heads are on the block."

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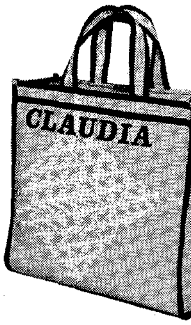

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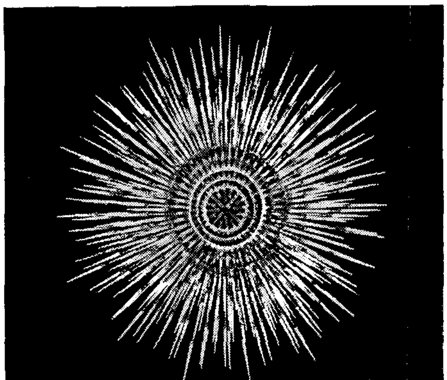
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In this atmosphere, most of the resistance being put up at the moment is either passive or secret, but it is at least enough to keep the flame of opposition alive. An important element of it comes from the Christian churches, which themselves are not yet subject to government control, and whose memberships number more than ten per cent of South Korea's population. Several weeks ago, a Presbyterian minister was arrested in one of the southern provinces under Decree No. 9 for comparing the situation in Korea with that in South Vietnam before the Communists took over. Four other Presbyterian ministers supported his cause and, upon their own demand, were put under house arrest. After a series of prayer meetings had been held on their behalf, the government became nervous, and, afraid of what the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church might do, freed all five men. An American who has lived here all his life and comes from a long line of teachers and missionaries devoted to Korea told me he believes the Christian churches' opposition to dictatorship will increasingly make itself felt in Korea, as it has lately in the Philippines. This, he added, will coincide with, and strengthen, a growing public awareness that Park's mandate may be running out. The process will also be hastened, he suggested, by Park's persistence in creating public tension by repeatedly relaxing and tightening the reins of power—behavior that is bound to lead to an explosion of some sort sooner or later. Another factor that can lead to a confrontation between the churches and the government, this man said, is the building up around Park of a nationalist cult, primarily by means of an almost Shinto-like movement known as Saemaul. Saemaul—the word means "new village" in Korean—has been responsible for widespread rural improvements, including the rotation of crops, the increased use of irrigation, a reforestation program, and the replacement of thatched farmhouse roofs with colorful, durable tile roofs. Such improvements are admirable, my informant acknowledged, but most people, notably church leaders, object to the cultism of Saemaul, which involves a required period of "meditation" each morning, sedulous attention to broadcasts of Park's speeches, and periods of training that all adult Koreans, including clergymen, have to undergo.

The opposition remains handicapped because its three main components—churchmen, politicians, and students—have failed to form a sustained co-

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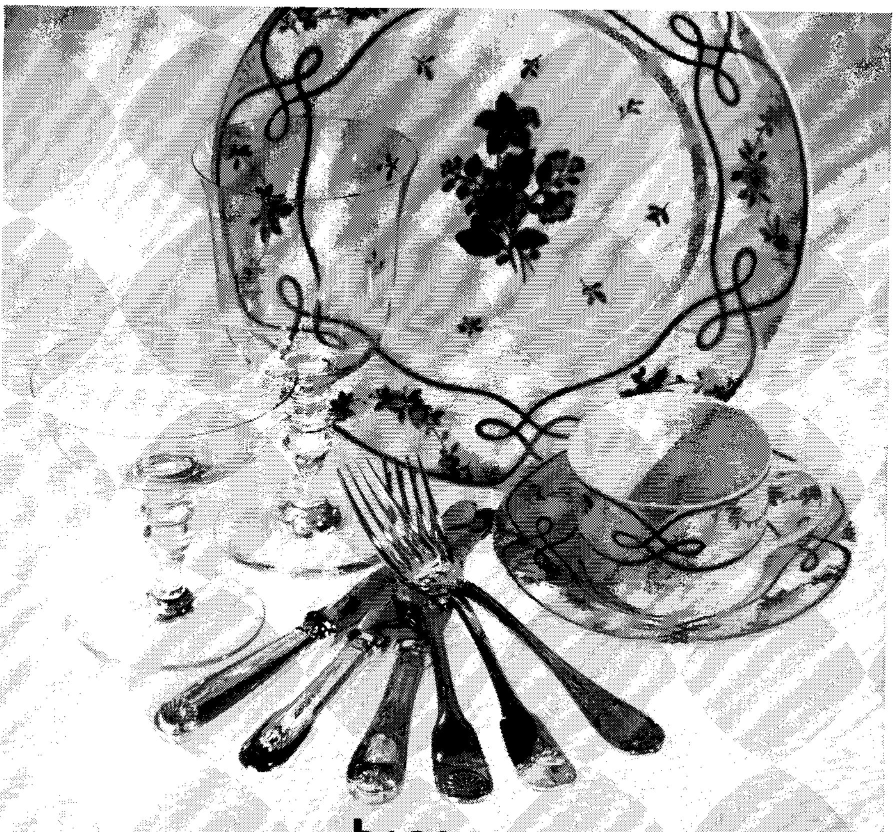

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ordinated front. Since the students are completely hemmed in on their campuses, they can meet only privately in homes or, occasionally, in coffeehouses. Professor Kim Dong Gil, a historian who has lately spent ten months in prison, five of them in solitary confinement, and who cannot return to teaching, because he has not received an amnesty, told me he advises young people to lie low and be patient. "Freedom and civil rights are powerful weapons, and the students must be encouraged to fight for them, but it will be a long journey," he said. "The government can't close the economy and become completely totalitarian. For the time being, we shouldn't overstimulate or overprovoke it. But we must at the same time develop a better strategy and leadership among ourselves."

Efforts to appraise the strength of the opposition and the ability of the Park regime to sustain itself must take careful account of Korean traditions and the national psychology. Conservatism, based partly on Confucianism, with its stress on filial piety and dependence, runs deep here. Democratic virtues and values do not have deep historical roots. A young American friend of mine who has studied in Korea for a number of years, and whose sympathies are clearly with the opposition, remarked the other day, "The thought processes of Koreans haven't really changed very much over the years, and the impact of Westernization is still largely superficial. The economic improvements that have taken place both in the countryside and in the cities have created a stronger sense of Korean identity—of *uri nara saram*, or 'we Koreans'—and the government is making the most of this in its campaign to stir nationalistic fervor. I'm convinced that the fear of another North-South war is genuine. You only had to watch the tremendous crescendo of national feeling on June 25th, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the start of the Korean war, to see this. It's not surprising, therefore, that there is a lot of moral confusion on the human-rights issue. The repressions may eventually build to a breaking point, but, whether or not the government exaggerates the danger of war, most people seem willing to go along with what they're told to do or not to do. In the past few months, many of my Korean friends who were very liberal have done an about-face. The media have played their part. Television has an especially strong impact. There are sets in most homes now, and everyone watches the evening government-propaganda programs that depict the oppressive life in the North, hark back to the hardships of the war, play new martial songs, such as 'Thirty Years of Renewal,' repeat Park's speeches, and tell the people what to do in the event of an air raid. It may be utter paranoia, but everybody takes it in."

Another American friend of mine, a scholar and sometime United States government official, said, "In order to get a social revolution started, you need a group of turned-off intellectuals, which you have now, and a seething mass, which existed in 1960 but doesn't yet exist today. There's no denying that, except during the last year or so of inflation, the man in the street has never had it so good. As long as the country can maintain a rapid pace of economic development, and as long as the distribution of income is reasonably good, authoritarianism won't worry a great many people. But if there are real economic and social problems, things will change. At the moment, I see no signs of that. The church leaders, the students, and the intellectuals can spark some discontent, but their collective influence is limited, and at the moment the economic sphere and the security issue provide Park with the solidarity he needs."

Kim Dae Jung, the former Presidential candidate, with whom I had a long talk, maintains, "If we want strong security, we have to give our people something of value to secure, a proper reason to oppose Communism." Kim says that "more than ninety per cent of our people want democracy," and this may be an exaggeration, but he is undoubtedly correct when he adds, "If the present dictatorial and corrupt system lasts for several more years, we can't avoid Communist infiltration and subversion." He retains the hope that the Americans will see the danger of simply supporting Park militarily without using their influence to help obtain democratic rights. Lee Tae Jung, who is Korea's first woman lawyer and an indefatigable leader in the campaign for women's rights—a movement that is a good century behind in Korea—maintains that rising social discontent will boil over within five years. Kim Yung Sam, of the New Democratic Party, believes that Park's repressive tactics will inevitably provoke a social explosion. He feels that the most important thing to do is to amend the Yushin Constitution, and he was recently interrogated for several hours by government prosecutors because he had demanded this publicly, in violation of Decree No. 9 (which he also violated by demanding it be lifted). Before he gave himself up for questioning, he had failed to respond to three summonses, and he may, like Kim Dae Jung, soon find himself embroiled in a long court case.

I SPENT one day in the industrial area of southern Seoul known as Yong Dung Po, which contains a few large factories but is predominantly made up of small textile, machine, and other plants, employing from ten to fifty workers apiece, who live in houses and huts only slightly above the quality of those in the city's slums. In conversations with a number of labor leaders and labor priests, the latter both American and Korean, I was impressed by their determination to improve working conditions, in the face of constant pressure from the government to stop their activity, and despite rigorous scrutiny by the South Korean C.I.A. "The union chiefs are told not to rock the boat or they won't remain chiefs, so a lot of them have to go underground," one American priest told me. "The pressure is never relaxed for a moment. The police accuse me of fomenting trouble, and tell the workers I'm a foreigner who doesn't know anything about Korea. But we keep trying." A Korean professor of administration, who is among those banned from teaching these days, has been training labor leaders instead, and he believes that they are becoming more aware of their potential strength, even though the right to strike has been severely circumscribed under the 1971 emergency regulations. "There was only numbness before, but I see the beginnings of activism now," he said.

The government, in turn, is becoming more aware that it has to do something to contain the pressure-cooker effect of social discontent, and one of the anomalies of the regime is that despite its dictatorial ways, it includes an excellent group of foreign-educated economic planners. The fourth five-year plan, which starts in 1977, is the first such blueprint here to stress welfare and social development equally with sustained economic growth. The plan envisages a per-capita income of twelve hundred dollars by 1981, as opposed to five hundred and thirteen dollars today, and it includes programs to aid the urban poor through low-cost housing projects or by moving many people out of the slums and congested areas into the suburbs or the countryside; to build up new industrial regions

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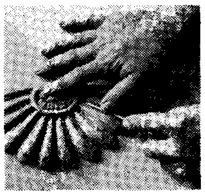

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as a means of increasing employment opportunities; and to improve the quality of education, health, and social-insurance schemes. Given the Koreans' capacity for organization and hard work, the plan is a plausible one, but even its most ardent supporters admit that it won't be easy to put into effect while as much as thirty-five per cent of the national budget is allocated for defense, while oil prices keep rising, and while there is a prospect of continuing or renewed recession. Balancing the goals of more industrial growth (Korea's national growth rate was 7.4 per cent in 1975) against these welfare objectives may, in fact, heighten social and class conflicts, and one wonders whether any welfare plan can succeed in an atmosphere of repression of human rights.

The Speaker of the National Assembly, Chung Il Kwon, who, with Kim Jong Pil, until recently the Premier, is generally regarded as a likely successor to Park someday, told me, in a long interview, that North Korea's peace moves are nothing but a camouflage to buy time—that Kim Il Sung is still determined to conquer the South by force, and that therefore, despite criticism from the United States and other countries, the South Koreans have to be firm and tough in maintaining internal security and order. "The Americans are safely situated seven thousand miles away, and your democracy is not threatened," Chung Il Kwon said. "But if South America were taken over by the Castroites and Canada went Communist, I think Congress would be passing a lot more laws. You danced until the planes came over Pearl Harbor in 1941. We wouldn't have done that. We would have been on the alert. If Thieu, in South Vietnam, had declared martial law after the Paris ceasefire, his country wouldn't have fallen so soon." Such statements clearly demonstrate that the Park government—which recently acquired a new Premier, Choi Kyu Hah—is determined to go its own way, without much regard for ideology or morality except in the negative sense of fighting Communism as it sees fit. I spoke with Choi, who, like Kim Jong Pil, with whom I had talked earlier, took just as tough a line as the Speaker had. Choi's new government has recently begun a campaign against "cultural decadence"—primarily a crackdown on marijuana smoking, long hair, and rock music.

The main questions still are how the United States should react to the human-rights issue and what it should do about reëvaluating our whole relationship with South Korea. It is apparent that at this point we have no clear policy and are obviously not on the same wavelength as the Koreans. Two years ago, we were in the process of disengagement in Korea; now, after Vietnam, we have suddenly become more concerned. There are a number of Americans in the Embassy in Seoul and in the Administration in Washington who believe that Schlesinger made a grave mistake by brandishing the nuclear sword—which, obviously, he did with Ford's approval. One of them has said, "He made nuclear war thinkable again, and that's dangerous." Moreover, by strongly reaffirming our support of Park we have undoubtedly encouraged him to continue his repressive policies. Since he is now convinced that he can risk our disapprobation on the human-rights issue without losing our economic and military support, we have actually enhanced the risk that North Korea will wait for an internal blowup in the South and then try to mount a combined political uprising and military attack.

In many ways, the South Koreans don't trust us, and historically they have a right not to: Theodore Roosevelt tossed them into the laps of the Japanese with the Taft-Katsura agreement, which William Howard Taft, his Secretary of War, negotiated at the turn of the century after the Russo-Japanese War; then, after the First World War, Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points, which gave them great hopes for independence, proved illusory, and no one listened to their pleas at Versailles; early in 1950, six months before the Korean war began, Secretary of State Dean Acheson made a historic speech placing Korea outside the American defense perimeter, and this, following as it did the withdrawal of American occupation troops from Korea the year before, certainly encouraged the invasion from the North; and after the Korean war we allowed the Thirty-eighth Parallel to become a permanent political barrier. The fact is that we have locked ourselves into a far too narrow defensive strategic position, and now we are too hastily trying to establish a new triangular relationship with Japan and South Korea, who, despite recent attempts to patch up their multiple differences, still neither like nor trust each other. We have done this partly in the belief that it will preserve the peace and keep Japan from going nuclear (as South Korea could, too), but we also want the Japanese to play a more active defense role in the Pacific, and we would need to use their bases in case a new Korean war started. Given the continuing dangerous military situation on the Korean peninsula, with both countries there regarding each other through prisms of prejudice, this is, at best, a risky policy.

It is, of course, hardly possible for us to remove all our troops from South Korea overnight, but a gradual, measured withdrawal would be feasible if it were announced and begun now and if both the Japanese and the South Koreans could adjust to it. The withdrawal could be accompanied—as Kissinger has suggested, though he has not discussed it in detail—by a far more comprehensive approach to a new Asian strategy, based on consultations not only with the Japanese and the South Koreans but also with the two Communist powers and with North Korea. It has been suggested, among other things, that there could conceivably be a tradeoff with Peking on the Korean and Taiwanese questions. The South Koreans themselves are more than willing to make such a broad approach to the Communist powers. Park, in 1973, offered North Korea a non-aggression pact and adopted an open-door policy toward both the Russians and the Chinese, and he has often repeated the offer. But there has been no response.

If the tensions between Washington and Seoul increase on the human-rights issue alone, they not only will encourage both more dissent and more repression but may in time provoke Park to jettison his alliance with us and try to move closer to Peking and Moscow on his own. This might give us an easy out, but a more productive course would surely be one in which we made a firm linkage of the human-rights issue, continued economic and military aid, and gradual troop withdrawals. Though the idea has been broached in Congress, we have not yet shown any signs of doing this. There is no reason we should not simultaneously make our own approaches to North Korea, as Japan has done, and at least discuss with Pyongyang the possibility of signing a peace treaty formally ending the Korean war.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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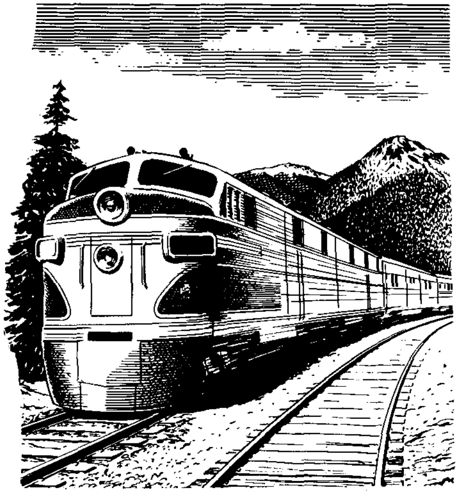

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Dirty Harry with Weltschmerz

"HUSTLE" opens with the discovery of the body of a young girl on the beach at Malibu, but about midway in the picture the two Los Angeles police-officer heroes (Burt Reynolds and Paul Winfield) who have been investigating her death are assigned to go to the airport to meet a plane carrying a suspected terrorist. And in terms of dramatic plotting a very odd thing happens. The plane is delayed, and the heroes go into an airport bar, where they have a philosophical chat and look at an Oriental B-girl's sexy rear end, which the director, Robert Aldrich, frames invitingly, in closeups. We never do see the arrival of the plane, and the episode has nothing to do with the case of the dead girl. "Hustle," which was written by Steve Shagan, is essentially set up like that scene—as an excuse for philosophy sweetened with sex. The mystery of the dead girl isn't solved; in fact, it turns out that there is no mystery. Her case is merely Shagan's pretext for a movie about his own sentimental pessimism. As Lieutenant Phil Gaines, Burt Reynolds despairs over the American loss of innocence, and over the corruption that he can neither adjust to nor escape. Like the earlier Shagan hero played by Jack Lemmon in "Save the Tiger," Phil Gaines reveres the baseball players and swing musicians of the thirties, and plays big-band cassettes in his car. Once again, the hero's failure to pull his life together is blamed on America's collective guilt—on a pervasive moral poison.

Burt Reynolds wanted to make this script; he brought it to Aldrich and they co-produced it, and one may assume that Phil, who knows that "everyone has a hustle" but is sorrowful, looking back to a time when there were rules and people listened to "Begin the Beguine" and were happier, strikes a nerve in Reynolds. But he has miscast himself. Reynolds attempts to drop his TV persona—the amoral realist, the man who believes in whatever he can get by with. Purging himself of his rakish complicity with the audience, Reynolds tries to do a solid job of non-cartoon acting, but his mouth doesn't look comfortable when he yearns for the past or tells his girl (Catherine Deneuve) about his dreams of escape to Rome. Steve Shagan's weltschmerz—the sorrow one feels and accepts as one's necessary portion in life—isn't becoming to Burt Reynolds. Liberal piousness isn't his style—it doesn't go with the way he moves. When Phil talks of his father's death in the Spanish Civil War, or, in a metaphor of corruption that is too reminiscent of the title metaphor of "Chinatown," refers to L.A. as "Guatemala with color TV," it's apparent that Shagan's jeremiads make Reynolds self-conscious. And they don't trigger much remorse in the director. Aldrich lets the creamy pain-of-it-all scenes meander—and there are a lot of them. He dutifully sends Reynolds and Deneuve to undergo the bittersweet pangs of Lelouch's "A Man and a Woman," or shows them aching to the sound of Aznavour's "Yesterday When I Was Young," but he snaps to attention only for the violent action, or when he gets a minute with a character like Herbie—Jack Carter as a grungy night-club m.c. who stopped dreaming a long time ago.

What Shagan has done that may—along with Burt Reynolds' popularity—help to explain the box-office success of this film, which opened at Christmas, is to create a romantic-liberal basis for taking the law into one's own hands. According to this movie, the whole system is rigged on the side of the rich—the somebodies, they're called here—and one can right the balance only by chivalrous outlaw acts. In order to protect society against the vermin, Clint Eastwood's cop hero, the tough saint Dirty Harry, had to ignore the laws, made by liberals, that sheltered the criminals. Reynolds' Phil Gaines also violates the laws, but it's because the economic corruption is total and the poor—the nobodies—don't stand a chance. The police protect the big guys, and the high-priced lawyers make a mockery of the courts; the chief villain (Eddie Albert) is an immaculately self-possessed counsellor for the mobsters in the unions and is also a vice lord. So when the dead girl's father (Ben Johnson), who hasn't been right in the head since Korea (Shagan must keep checklists), kills the smooth counsellor, Phil Gaines tries to "turn the wheel around" by making the murder look like self-defense. It doesn't matter that the counsellor had nothing directly

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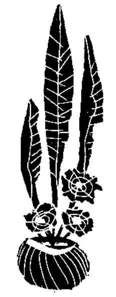
to do with the girl's death; Phil knows that he's had plenty to do with other deaths. At another point in the film, this liberal Dirty Harry behaves just like the fascistic Dirty Harry: Phil Gaines pumps lead into a wounded psychopathic murderer, doing the dirty work of executioner for a society that doesn't know how to protect itself.

Phil Gaines is a strong man who believes in the old-fashioned virtues, but, unlike the Clint Eastwood character, he knows pain. (Or, rather, he says he does; Reynolds' physical assurance tells a different story.) Everything in the movie is laid out to educate us in the economic basis of the general depravity. The film is ideological and moralistic in a hyped-up, pulp-profound style, like a Harlan Ellison rewrite of Dore Schary, and when Phil reprimands his colleagues in the police department for their brutal mistreatment of a suspect who's an albino, the audience is treated to a little lecture on the misery of those who are different which takes one right back to Schary's "The Boy with Green Hair." Expressing opposite political views, "Hustle" and "Dirty Harry" nevertheless have the same simplistic self-righteousness toward the hero's violent actions. "Dirty Harry," however, was able to endow Eastwood's actions with a charge that sent many people home feeling triumphantly satisfied. That's not the spirit of "Hustle." Phil Gaines is the good guy who loses because "you can't win." It's no accident that his girl is played by Catherine Deneuve. The film is soaked through with the defeatism of such pre-Second World War French films as "Port of Shadows" and, especially, "Pépé le Moko"—films that said that no one is free. Phil Gaines is an American Pépé le Moko, longing for the lovers' paradise of Rome, or even Sausalito, as Pépé, trapped in the Casbah, had dreamed of Paris; and Deneuve embodies that dream, as Mireille Balin's glorious tart did for Jean Gabin in the 1937 French film, and as Hedy Lamarr did for Charles Boyer in the 1938 American remake, "Algiers." "Hustle" is caught between Steve Shagan's Francophile soulfulness—that sloshy softheartedness he mistakes for poetry—and Robert Aldrich's tawdry indifference to it. Aldrich is a brutally harsh director. He has made insensitivity a style—sometimes a ruthless, slamming style, as in the hit film "The Dirty Dozen." He brought caricaturing energy to "The Longest Yard," which also pitted Reynolds against Eddie Albert. But when he tries for tenderness, it turns to sleaze. One comes out of "Hustle" feeling dirty, tainted.



If Catherine Deneuve had made only this film, one might consider her hopelessly pallid. Deneuve, with her icy yet mysterious perfection, is the French Grace Kelly, but something is hidden—a suggestion of humor and of depth. She was a marvellously witty choice for the closet hooker of "Belle de Jour;" she acted out the male fantasy of the secret life of frozen-faced beauties, and her perfection seemed the bourgeois hypocrite's mask concealing dirty impulses. But when she's cast as a full-time L.A. hooker, who consorts with gangsters yet never loses her blandly sweet sadness, she has no personality at all—far less than in her Chanel ads, which allow one to project a personality onto her dream-princess cool. (She doesn't look as good, either; her cheek muscles are slack, as if she were nervously unsure of herself.) The most embarrassingly unrealistic aspect of "Hustle" is its misty-eyed glorification of this hooker—Nicole, she's called—who is wistfully ladylike, without a trace of coarseness. When Nicole talks about being good at her profession, her tone suggests a vocation—curing cancer, at the very least. She's such a highfalutin whore that when she echoes the sentiments of her thirties prototypes and says that she will give up her profession as soon as Phil can support her, you think, Well, why should he have to take care of her? This woman hasn't been trapped by life; she could easily turn to something else. Shagan was thinking in terms of poetic tragedy, but a woman who'd rather be a whore than lower her luxurious standard of living isn't a victim, and the thirties French fatalism isn't at home in this L.A. setting. When Pépé le Moko, unable to break out of his exile, died as the siren sounded for the boat leaving for France with his girl on deck, the scene had a flamboyant, brilliantly kitschy inevitability. But when Nicole, waiting for Phil at the airport, learns that he is dead just as the flight for Rome is called, the movie is making a pass at an emotion that Steve Shagan once felt and wants to feel again.

"Hustle" is the right title for this attack on materialism, which is full of plugs for products (the hero, for example, drinks only Old Bushmills) and was financed on a tax-shelter basis. Shagan would probably say that that was just what he was writing about—that it was further evidence of the rot in the system. But it may be that his garish writing seems deep and truthful to people in the movie industry precisely because it justifies corruption by saying that it is total. If "everyone has a hustle," the big Hollywood hustlers can feel that they are merely doing what everyone else would do if he were smart enough. The film removes any individual guilt by locating honesty in the romantic past of one's impressionable youth—ah, those big bands. Steve Shagan is a grown man insisting that the five-and-dime he used to shop in was full of jewels, and mourning their disappearance. Burt Reynolds has selected a script that is a covert justification for his sure-I'm-a-bum-but-I-don't-hide-it clowning on the talk shows. He doesn't work well with Catherine Deneuve—there's no tension between them—but when has he ever had an emotional connection with the women in his pictures, or with the men, either? It could be that he's too complete a thing to need a co-star. And that may help to explain his immense popularity. No matter what he appears in, as far as the public is concerned, he seems unable to do wrong. The premise of this picture—everyone has a hustle—is actually the same as that of the talk shows that made him a star.

—PAULINE KAEL

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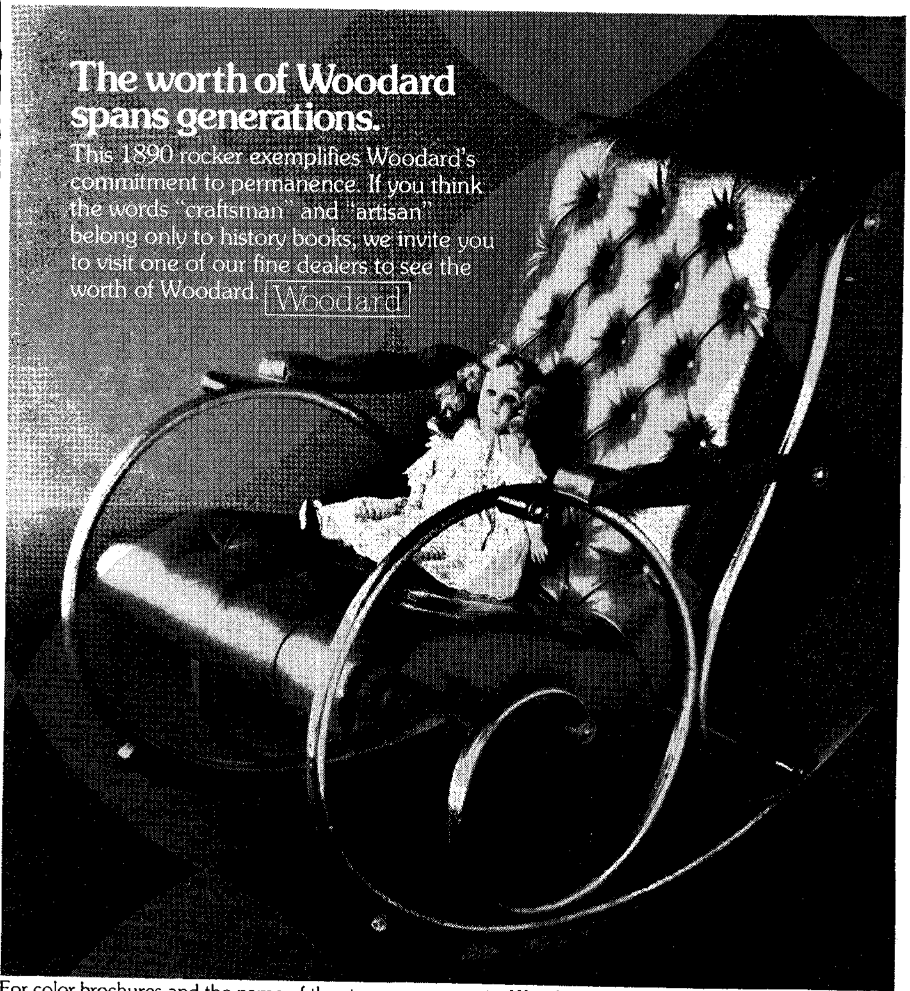

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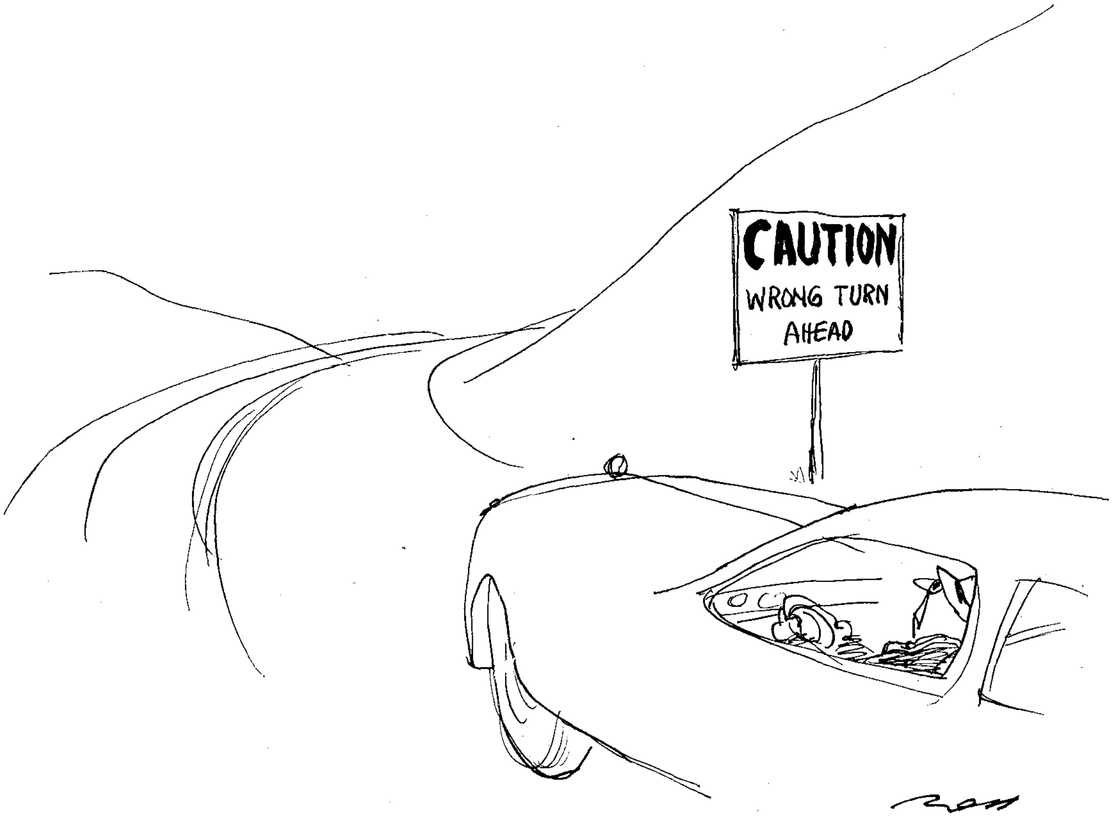
MUSICAL EVENTS

Verdi and Violettas

"SHE has a beautiful face, spirit, and theatrical presence—the best qualities for a Traviata." So Verdi described Rosina Penco, who he hoped might first sing the role. (Instead, it was taken by the plump, fluent Fanny Salvini-Donatelli.) Penco had been his first Leonora in "Il Trovatore," and Verdi wanted her again not only as Violetta but also as Amelia in the projected Naples première of "Un Ballo in Maschera." She was not a perfect vocalist but had qualities that he valued more highly than impeccable vocal technique. Again and again in his letters we find Verdi declaring that his operas require interpreters with spirit, musical understanding, theatrical flair, and a vivid command of words, rather than consummate singers with little or no feeling for drama. The letters must not be used to condone rough and incompetent singing, however impassioned it may be. There are limits; and once we reach the phonograph era there is proof that the singers Verdi most admired knew how to sing well, and were strong technicians. (Adelina Patti wins just about the most unqualified praise to be found in Verdi's writings.) But his remarks can be a corrective to the view that beautiful singing justifies everything. That view was given strong expression when Luisa Tetrazzini made her Covent Garden début, in 1907, as Violetta. She conquered most of her audience, but not one lady, who exclaimed to Henry Higgins, chairman of the Grand Opera Syndicate, about the diva's "impossible" hat. To which Higgins replied that, if Mme. Tetrazzini continued to sing so well, she might undertake the role wearing a top hat if she chose. There have been occasions when I've shared Higgins' sentiment. I only wish there had been more of them. Singing of such wondrous accomplishment that it can triumph over, let us say, any or all of an appearance hopelessly at odds with the character represented, shabby décor, absence of acting and stage direction, dummies in the supporting roles, and crass orchestral accompaniment—such singing has become all too rare. In her private theatre at Craig-y-Nos, the retired Patti would relive her triumphs by entertaining her guests and the tenantry to a "Traviata" in which she was still Violetta while her butler stood in as Alfredo, respectfully accepting the stage endearments lavished on him by the diva. In less remarkable circumstances, all opera lovers must have recognized and prized the vocal art that can turn a fat, plain woman into a radiant young heroine, transform a sedate, complacent tenor into an ardent, impetuous lover, and cast its glow over warehouse scenery. In a chapter of "Where Angels Fear to Tread," E. M. Forster described the enchantment, and, in fact, Tetrazzini was the real-life model for the Lucia di Lammermoor there immortalized.

But operatic enchantments can be of many kinds. One of the "Traviata"s I remember most keenly was sung and conducted without distinction. If it had been recorded, the records would hardly bear listening to. But in the theatre, as directed by Walter Felsenstein and designed by Rudolf Heinrich, it afforded a *Theatererlebnis* that could not be forgotten. By different means, other memorable "Traviata"s have been created for me by Maria Callas. I missed the famous Luchino Visconti production at La Scala, where, by all accounts, the frame was worthy of her central figure, but did see, hear, fall subject to Callas's transfiguring power in other, less eminent stagings of the opera.

In most listeners' minds, there is probably an ideal "Traviata" assembled from memories of what great performers have achieved in the work. An early ingredient can be the glowing, passionate phrasing of Gemma Bellincioni, a Violetta much admired by Verdi, in her 1903 recording of "Ah fors'è lui." From a year later there are Fernando De Lucia's artful, exhilarating discs of "Un dì felice" and "De' miei bollenti spiriti." Both artists reveal that strict adherence to written rhythms is a modern practice. They phrase freely, with much life-giving rubato. Bellincioni even graces the familiar vocal line. Then, there is Nellie Melba, perhaps the only perfect vocalist since records began. Verdi himself had reservations about her, but people would travel hundreds of miles just to hear her utterance of "Dite alla giovine," the central section of the Act II duet in "La Traviata." (She would begin it facing away from the audience, then slowly turn round.) Fortunately, Melba, with her compatriot John Brownlee, recorded the piece, in 1926, and we can still hear what her admirers of the day heard—the soft yet fully cantabile line, the poignant portamento through the falling seventh on the words "un unico raggio di bene." The discography is extensive. Everyone will have his irreplaceable favorites. From



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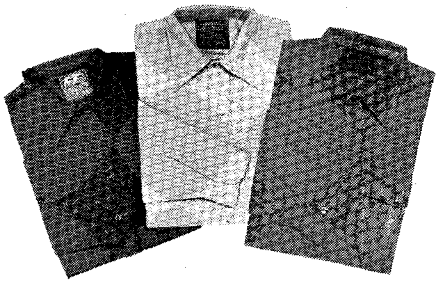

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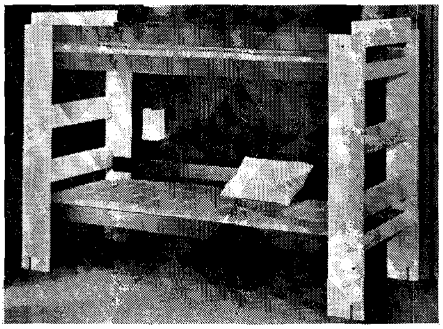

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even the shortest list, Tito Schipa's Alfredo, Giuseppe De Luca's Germont, and the passionate Violetta of Rosa Ponselle, preserved on pirate discs from a Metropolitan broadcast, can hardly be omitted. Or, even by someone who feels that the singers have been driven too hard, Toscanini's thrilling account of the score. To this immense "documentation," reaching back to singers whom Verdi himself knew and worked with, the operagoer then adds all his live experiences, and possibly also the features and forms of Ladies of the Camellias met in other mediums: perhaps Garbo, Edwige Feuillère, and Margot Fonteyn.

AND then, if the operagoer is fortunate, he encounters such a "Traviata" as was performed at the Metropolitan Opera last week: one in which all that matters is the present; one during which memories fade, comparisons are forgotten, and any critical faculties are largely suspended; one in which the heroine holds an audience rapt and intent on everything she says, does, thinks, feels.

The heroine of that Metropolitan performance was Beverly Sills. "She has a beautiful face, spirit, and theatrical presence—the best qualities for a Traviata." Like Rosina Penco, she is not a perfect vocalist. But she, and her conductor, Sarah Caldwell, know exactly what her voice cannot do—and all the eloquent things that it can do, and all the ways in which, even without full-throated, glorious sound for the climaxes, Verdi's music and his drama can be brought to life. In only one passage did I feel that Miss Sills failed us musically—in the long rise and fall that thrice punctuates the Act II *finale*. ("Ah perchè venni, incauta" are the words at its first appearance.) Each time, it is marked by a crescendo to its peak and then a diminuendo, and spanned by a single slur. But, each time, Miss Sills sang it not in a span. The notes were not joined. And only once did I feel that her acting was less than complete. When Germont announced his identity, she did not start forward in joyous surprise that her lover's father should have come in friendship to visit her—a moment's joy before the cruel rebuff of his next words.

When those two points are made, the rest can be a catalogue of excellences. Singing and acting can hardly be divided. The musical and the physical phrasing went hand in hand. Before "È strano," the recitative that launches the first-act finale, Miss Sills sustained an uncommonly long silence. On a record or in a broadcast it would seem surprising—as surprising as the long silences in Chaliapin's account of the Death of Boris Godunov, in Mussorgsky's opera. (Those silences were shortened when Chaliapin's record of the scene, made "live" in Covent Garden in 1928, was reëdited for a long-playing issue.) During that silence, Violetta mused; we knew what she was thinking; and her murmured "È strano" seemed to be a continuation of those thoughts, overheard. More than any Violetta I have heard before, she suggested that the voice of Alfredo, when it broke into the whirl of the cabaletta, was a voice sounding on in her mind—a memory of his ardent protestations earlier in the act, not the man himself singing outside in the street. She listened to it, dreamed for an instant of a different kind of life, and then dismissed the impossible dream with "Follie! follie!" When the memory returned, insistently, in the second verse, her brilliant coloratura became an attempt to drown its seductive call. In this passage, for the repeated-note scale down from the high C, Miss Sills, like many great sopranos before her, substituted a smoother variant; rightly, in my view, for even when it is impeccably sung it makes a slightly yapping effect. Verdi miscalculated for once.

In Act II, there was beautiful weighting of all the expressive melodies, careful avoidance of more pressure than the voice could bear, exquisite projection of lines that could always be heard. The famous outburst "Amami, Alfredo" is marked to be sung "*con passione e forza*." On the first note of each of its three phrases the orchestra is fortissimo, and then it drops down to piano. Miss Sills sang the passage *con passione;* she did not really sing it *con forza*, but she and Miss Caldwell certainly conveyed the necessary force of emotion. The orchestral swell was so controlled that, after each fortissimo emphasis, the voice could shine through, and the singer avoided any stridency or unsteadiness. The soft, supple, and again clearly projected lines of the last act were equally poignant. It is a moving experience to hear a large house hanging intent on very subtle, delicate, emotionally charged singing. The aria "Addio del passato" carries no dynamic indications above pianissimo (except for piano at the oboe solos), and Miss Sills did not commit the common faults of opening up too soon or exag-

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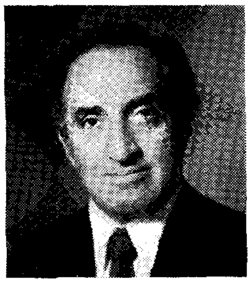

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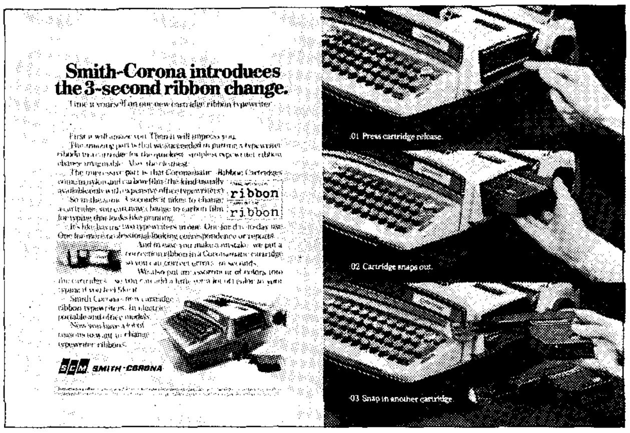

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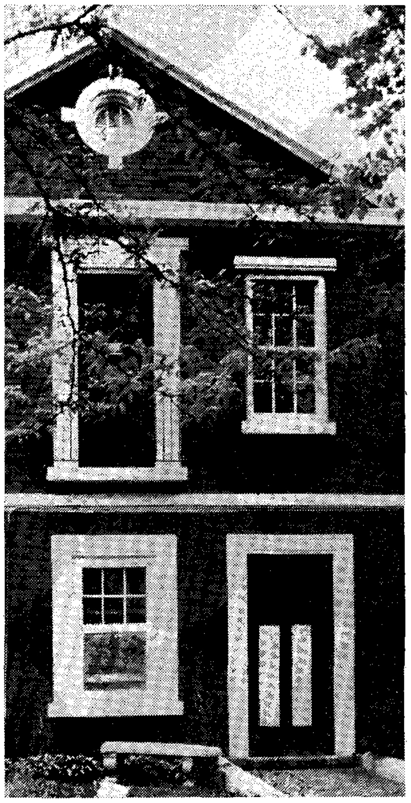

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gerating the crescendo at the move to the major.

The precisely judged degree of "leaning" on the first note of the oboe solos in this aria was one among many fine details of Miss Caldwell's performance. Until "La Traviata," the Met season lacked first-rate conductors. Miss Caldwell's arrival there—it was her début in the house—brought a triumph for her and confirmation of her great powers to animate a score and reveal its composer's intentions. By the stopwatch, and by tradition, many of her tempi must probably be counted fast—as fast, even, as the metronome markings in Verdi's score! But there was no sense of hustle—only Verdian vitality, tension, vigor, dramatic impetus. The singers were not straitjacketed. When a phrase needed to expand, or a syllable to be dwelt on, or an attack to be delayed for an instant, Miss Caldwell was there. She also showed an uncommon command of dramatically striking timbres and of instrumental balance in support of, not in competition with, the individual voices.

Miss Sills and Miss Caldwell were the making of this memorable "Traviata." The rest was not negligible but unremarkable. Stuart Burrows, if unromantic, was at any rate a lyrical and fluent Alfredo. William Walker, stepping in, as Germont, for an indisposed Ingvar Wixell, produced smooth tone of fine, firm quality. Annina (Constance Webber), Dr. Grenvil (Edmond Karlsrud), Baron Douphol (Robert Goodloe), and Giuseppe (Abram Morales) were all good; other small parts were less happily taken. Alfred Lunt's 1966 production, directed now by Fabrizio Melano, has its tiresome "touches"—Liszt fusses about, score under his arm, in the first scene; the Marquis d'Obigny behaves insufferably at Flora's party; the handling of the Spanish divertissement is risible—but in the main it proceeds on conventional lines that allow the principals scope to give impressive performances. I don't think Alfredo should sit down comfortably to sing an aria that begins "Of my boiling spirits," even if the sense of it is that Violetta has now brought those spirits off the boil. Certainly he should not sit down again to sing the cabaletta. (Are there *any* cabalettas that can properly be sung sitting down?) It is unveristic, I am told, for consumptives to sleep lying flat, as Violetta did, rather than propped up. I prefer the first scene of Act II to be set indoors, not outside, as it is here: the emotions need containing, the arias and the duet are all

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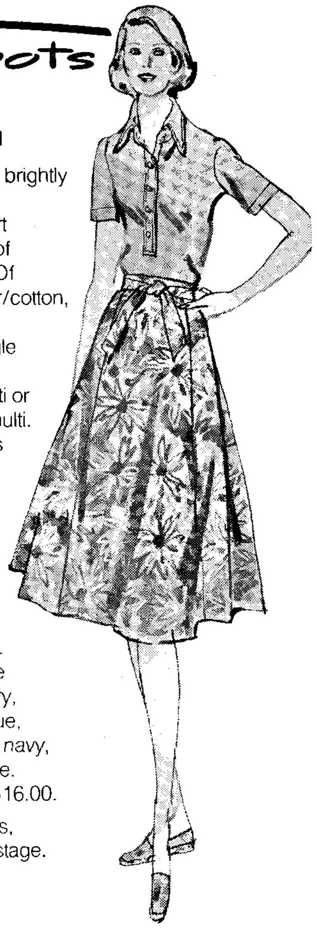

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pieces of "indoor" sentiment, and detailed stage directions show the kind of scene Verdi had in mind. But otherwise Cecil Beaton's décor remains serviceable, even handsome. An unfortunate interval was allowed, as so often, to break the two scenes of Act II. Three of the usual cuts were made—a verse of Violetta's "Ah fors'è lui," a verse of her "Addio del passato," and Germont's cabaletta—but Alfredo was allowed one verse of his cabaletta, and, most welcome, the stretta of the last-act duet, "Gran Dio! morir sì giovane," was done complete. The exclamations after Violetta's death, commonly omitted, were sung. In fact, the show was rehearsed without any cuts, and, once everyone is at full strength, Miss Caldwell intends to perform it that way. —ANDREW PORTER

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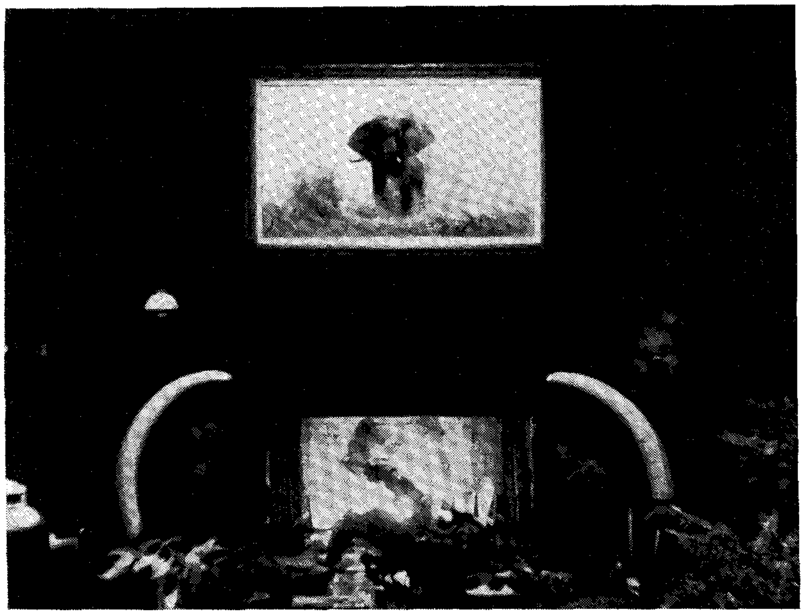
Let me start with Korngold's opera, which is, in my opinion, the better of the two. A great deal of Establishment snobbery has been levelled against the reputation of Korngold, simply because in 1935 he moved from Vienna to Hollywood and—crime of all crimes—set about writing music for the movies. His movie music was of high quality, but the critics have never forgiven him, and even now there are claims that all his music sounds like movie music. I suspect that Korngold left Vienna because his own ideas about music were strongly opposed to the Viennese musical fashions of his time, and that he went to Hollywood because he want-



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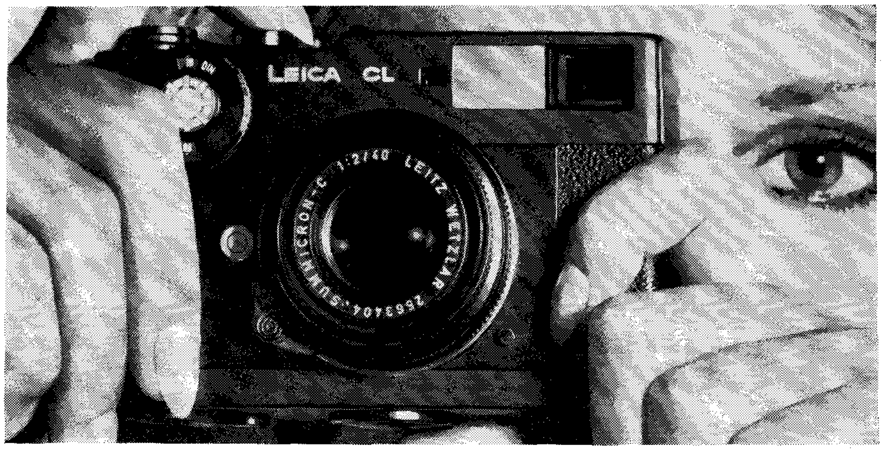

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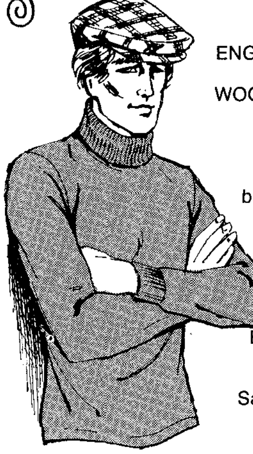

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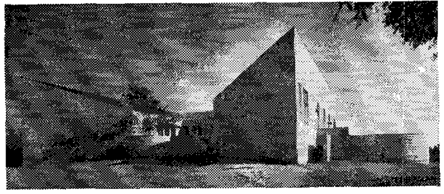

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ed to write rich, melodious music that communicated something to his listeners. At any rate, he was a musical giant in comparison with most of his contemporaries. "Die Tote Stadt," which he finished at the age of twenty-three, is a metaphysical opera in the sense that dream and reality are intermixed, sometimes to the point at which the listener is not quite sure where one leaves off and the other begins. Its principal character, Paul, who lives in the decaying city of Bruges, has lost his beloved wife, and exists in a decaying house with only a servant; devoted to her memory, he treasures the objects she has left behind and communes with her ghost. He meets a young woman who looks exactly like her, and falls in love. The young woman, a theatre dancer and a quasi-prostitute, responds to his advances, but responds to those of quite a number of others, too. In a dream sequence, he strangles her, yet the psychological struggle between her (representing reality) and his remembrance of his wife is resolved in favor of reality, and Paul decides to leave Bruges and take up life elsewhere—real life, not the hallucinatory existence he has been leading. The libretto reminds one of Edgar Allan Poe, and, indeed, it was influenced by Poe through the French Imagists. This plot has been clothed by Korngold in the most ravishing score—music of the effulgent and vocally knowing sort that Strauss wrote—but "Die Tote Stadt" is quite original and extremely beautiful, and the pre-Schoenberg Viennese idiom is employed in a manner all Korngold's own.

The recorded performance is generally fine. Erich Leinsdorf conducts the Munich Radio Orchestra, the Bavarian Radio Chorus, the Tölzer Boys Choir, and a group of excellent solo singers, including Carol Neblett, who sings the dual role of the dead wife and her young look-alike; René Kollo in the role of Paul; Benjamin Luxon in the role of a realistic-minded friend; and the veteran Hermann Prey, who has a big aria as one of the troupe to which the younger woman belongs. After a few wobbles at the beginning, Miss Neblett takes over her formidable dual role (once sung by Maria Jeritza) with great success. She is evidently at the peak of her career—a singer with both a sensuous voice and, as I recall from her appearances with the New York City Opera, good looks.

Weber's "Euryanthe" suffers from a libretto that is silly even by the permissive standards applied to opera,

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and it is seldom performed. However, it is historically important, a kind of forerunner of Wagner's "Lohengrin," and "gothic" in the manner of the gothic novel, with the haunted glen, the huntsman, and the woodland motifs so dear to its creator. Its instrumentation is remarkably advanced for its period. But there is a carpentered quality about the score (perhaps because of the carpentered quality of the libretto) which makes it a lesser product than Weber's "Der Freischütz." The conductor is Marek Janowski, who presides over the Dresden State Orchestra, the Leipzig Radio Chorus, and a cast of stars including Jessye Norman, Nicolai Gedda, Rita Hunter, Tom Krause, Renate Krahmer, and Harald Neukirch. Miss Norman, as the heroine; Mr. Gedda, as the hero; and Mr. Krause, as the villain, deserve special commendation for singing of the most expressive and stylish kind.

IT must take great courage for a twelve-tone or otherwise atonal composer to come out into the open by writing a completely tonal score. He leaves the virtual anonymity of atonal structure (nearly all atonal music sounds pretty much alike) and presents himself naked, as it were, saying, "Here are the emotions that spring from my heart, and I am offering them in a way that all can understand." I have seen this metamorphosis several times, and often the composer has merely exposed himself as a writer of banal tonal music. This is not the case with George Rochberg, a fifty-seven-year-old American, who, after nearly a lifetime in atonality, has adopted a purely tonal style, at least for some of his works. A single disc of his compositions has been issued by Composers Recordings (CRI SD 337). It contains his String Quartet No. 1 (atonal), his Duo Concertante for Violin and Cello (also atonal), and "Ricordanza" (completely tonal). Mark Sokol is the violinist, Norman Fischer is the cellist, and the composer himself plays the piano part of "Ricordanza." "Ricordanza" is a strong work that goes back to the grand tradition of Central Europe and owes nothing to Nadia Boulanger. It is written with deep sincerity.

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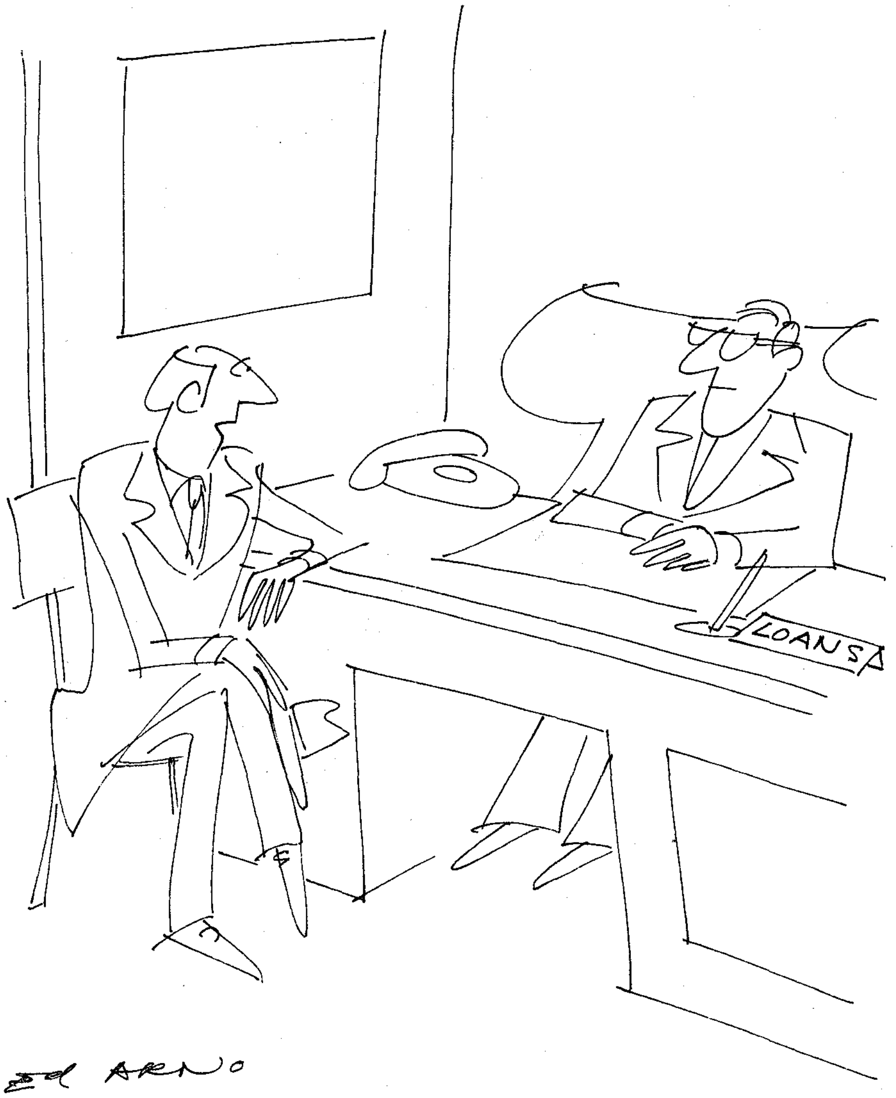
DANCING

More or Less Terrific

THE big question about Twyla Tharp's "Push Comes to Shove," for the American Ballet Theatre, is whether it is a very complex, very radically evolved piece of choreography enjoying itself as a send-up of conventional ballet or whether all its ingenuities of construction only go to service a few jokes about the style of "Giselle," "Swan Lake," and the institution of ballet in general. After two performances, I believe it is a real work of art and an entrancing good time in the theatre. But the play between the primary and secondary interests of the piece—the real invention versus the spoof material—is maintained in so careful a balance that, as in one of those optical illusions that can be looked at with equal conviction from two perspectives, I have difficulty deciding which end is up. "Push Comes to Shove" (the title is no help) is to Ballet Theatre as "Deuce Coupe" is to the Joffrey Ballet—it's a comment on the company as well as a gift to its dancers. But in "Deuce Coupe," in both the première version and the one that Tharp prepared for the Joffrey repertory, there is a subject that carries the piece home to audiences who know nothing of what it comments on. That subject is popular songs and dances, and what audiences are not expected to know or care about is how it pertains to the Joffrey's self-styled pop image. In the Ballet Theatre piece, the subject is more elusive. The ballet satire is double-edged. It works for a general audience but not, I daresay, in its freshest form. And in its freshest form—the embedded jokes of construction—it ceases to be satire and becomes pure wit.

Tharp's wit is literally devastating. She finds so many ways for the dancers to keep moving it's as if she had no time to keep order. This illusion—and it is a brilliant illusion—widens into the spectacle of a ballet company in the process of a breakdown, and Tharp several times reinforces the point with moments swiped from the classics: the Wilis' arabesques voyagées, Giselle leading Albrecht into the villagers' dance, the *danse des coupes* from "Swan Lake." The anthologizing of such moments is good fun; we know why they're there, and we know why in the middle of the last section of the piece we suddenly get the ritualistic curtain calls that are part of any evening at the ballet. But I don't think we experience the comedy of these things as a product of the highly original eruptive force that produced the ballet; they're really no different from the standard gags about ballet that people of far less talent than Twyla Tharp have been pulling for ages. When Martine van Hamel goes into her hard-to-partner act with Clark Tippet, it's funny all right, but the funniness is too far up front—too far from the nervous center of the piece. Tharp at her best—and she is here at her best about eighty-five per cent of the time—produces an audacious logic out of dancing which is its own form of comedy. In "Push Comes to Shove," some of the gag material goes beyond the discipline and self-sufficiency of her style, and despite the abundant flow of creative juice throughout the piece, the final impression it makes is a bit slender. When Twyla Tharp gives us more than she has to, she actually gives us less than we want.

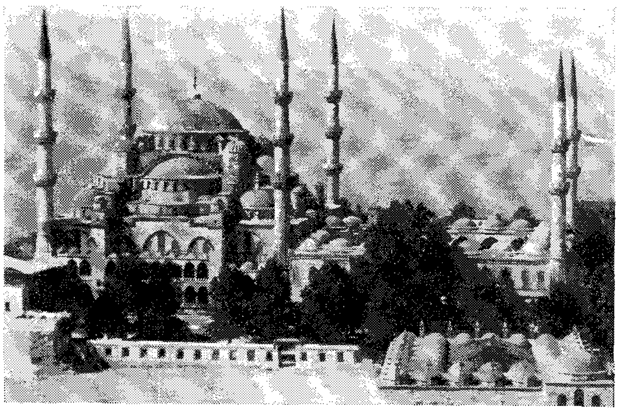
Still, she gives us a lot, and she spreads it around. Tharp has a logician's mind and a vaudevillian's heart. The tension between the two is her hallmark, and if it occasionally leaves traces of ambiguity in her work (as I think it does here), it gives her a tremendous advantage over every other young choreographer working today: she can be as abstruse as she wants and yet reach the big audience. "Push Comes to Shove" takes a very odd form, but it would be odder coming from anyone but Twyla Tharp. She has composed as if the form had been suggested to her by the title of the company that hired her. What's American about American Ballet Theatre? What's ballet to it, or it to ballet? What's left over that has to be theatrical? Isn't American Ballet enough? So the piece starts with an American rag—Joseph Lamb's "Bohemia," of 1919—and a shuffling turn in front of a forecurtain by three entertainers whom we recognize as the ballet dancers Mikhail Baryshnikov, Martine van Hamel, and Marianna Tcherkassky. There are Tharpian shrugs, slouches,



"I'm thinking of entering the Democratic primaries."

and pelvis bumps for Baryshnikov ("Tharpian" because no one else uses this defunct style of black American dancers in blues performance), and there's also a derby hat that the girls keep stealing from him. When you've seen van Hamel deliver a high développé kick from under the hat, you've seen the beginning of the synthesis that is Tharp's answer to the proposition "American Ballet Theatre." The synthesis involves an amalgamation of high and popular art which no other choreographer except Balanchine has achieved in this country. Tharp's creative bent in recent years has been toward rephrasing the whole process of amalgamation in her own terms. That may be why she follows the rag with Haydn's 82nd Symphony. They have nothing in common except formal lucidity and refinement. But Tharp likes rags and she likes Haydn; she has used both before. And in the 82nd, subtitled "The Bear," Haydn was becoming the master, as Charles Rosen notes, of a "deliberately popular style," incorporating the folk songs and dance rhythms which up until then had been marginal to his inspiration. What Haydn achieved, Rosen says (in his book "The Classical Style"), was "true civilized wit, the sudden fusion of heterogeneous ideas with an air paradoxically both ingenuous and amiably shrewd," and it's what Tharp achieves in passages of this new piece, with her omnivorous dance wit. Some of the heterogeneous ideas come right off the wall. In Baryshnikov's solo to the opening movement of the symphony, in between all the sensational power-packed spins and jumps and off-center balances, he stands with folded arms and contracts his middle, or else walks around in circles running his fingers through his hair. The dancing gives us more of Baryshnikov, the twentieth-century "American" Baryshnikov, than anything else he has done so far, and the "rests" give us more of him, too—more than we normally see in the walking and posing that come between the step sequences in a classical ballet. His personality does not go behind a cloud, as it often does when he isn't dancing; it continues to radiate.

Tharp takes offstage behavior and rehearsal behavior and choreographs them into the dance. She does it again in the Allegretto, when the corps of girls change place in mid-dance merely by walking across the stage (having previously proved how nicely they can *dance* into place). The contrast may be delicate, as it is here, or violent, as in



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Baryshnikov's stop-and-go solo; it is funny both times. And it makes the sane point that ballet can be as much as a personal style or as little as a habit of performance cultivated by real people. The lifelike, humane manners of the piece are one way Tharp shows her class as an artist. And she shows sound audience sense by providing something, besides dancing, for people to look at. We can follow that derby hat (which shortly becomes two hats) all around the stage. We can enjoy the farcical speed of the jokes, the unpredictable timing of entrances and exits, the differentiated roles of the stars, the happy zest with which the entire company performs. Although no one else could dance Baryshnikov's part, the piece is not a personal vehicle. His is the igniting spark that starts the ballet on its steep ascent, but then the others—van Hamel particularly—carry it up and away.

Once aloft, it never looks back—or, rather, it never stops to look back. What I have called the subject—the comedy of big-time ballet conventions—keeps advancing while the structural motifs organize themselves more and more tightly around the music's core. It feels like being caught in a whirlwind. Those of us who care about dance values have to look sharp. The big symphonic ballet in the Allegretto is a space-filling geometrical composition in the style of a drunken Petipa. Yet it's also a triumph of the daintiest musical craftsmanship. Like all of Tharp's group choreography, it is best seen, at the Uris, from upstairs (where the orchestral sound is stronger, too). In the finale, the stage is an arena of profuse activity—a ballet circus. There is a great deal to see as the piece rushes by—too much to take in at once. In between movements there are choreographed episodes danced in silence or to a nattering metronome which stretch the time the ballet happens in (not just its running time but also its temporal landscape); even so, it seems to be all gone in five minutes. Fortunately for us all, it is a great big hit, and it will be around for a while. On the first night, there were ovations for everyone—for the dancers, for Santo Loquasto, who designed a charming and curious array of costumes, and for Jennifer Tipton, whose lighting ranged from pastel brights to her warmest darks. The corps de ballet, which has its most exacting task since "La Bayadère," was cheered. But the loudest roars were for Twyla Tharp. She has given Ballet Theatre a flash act, and left us yelling for more.

—Arlene Croce

• •

MOVING AWAY

Remember that you are moving away   sister
From what was a summer
Of hunger
And of thorns deep in your feet
Prayers that unravelled
Like Mama's stockings
At the day's end
When she came back from candling eggs

Those small things you knew on the old street
Have vanished   a holly bush
And its bright jays
The rocks you scratched
From the yard
And were your dolls   blond dolls
Given heartbeats   names   legs
The sighs of those
About to cry

Remember that you have left
Grandpa nodding like a tall weed
Over his patch of chilies and tomatoes
Left a jar of secrets
Buried in the vacant lot
On a hot day
And our family some distance
From your life
Remember

—Gary Soto

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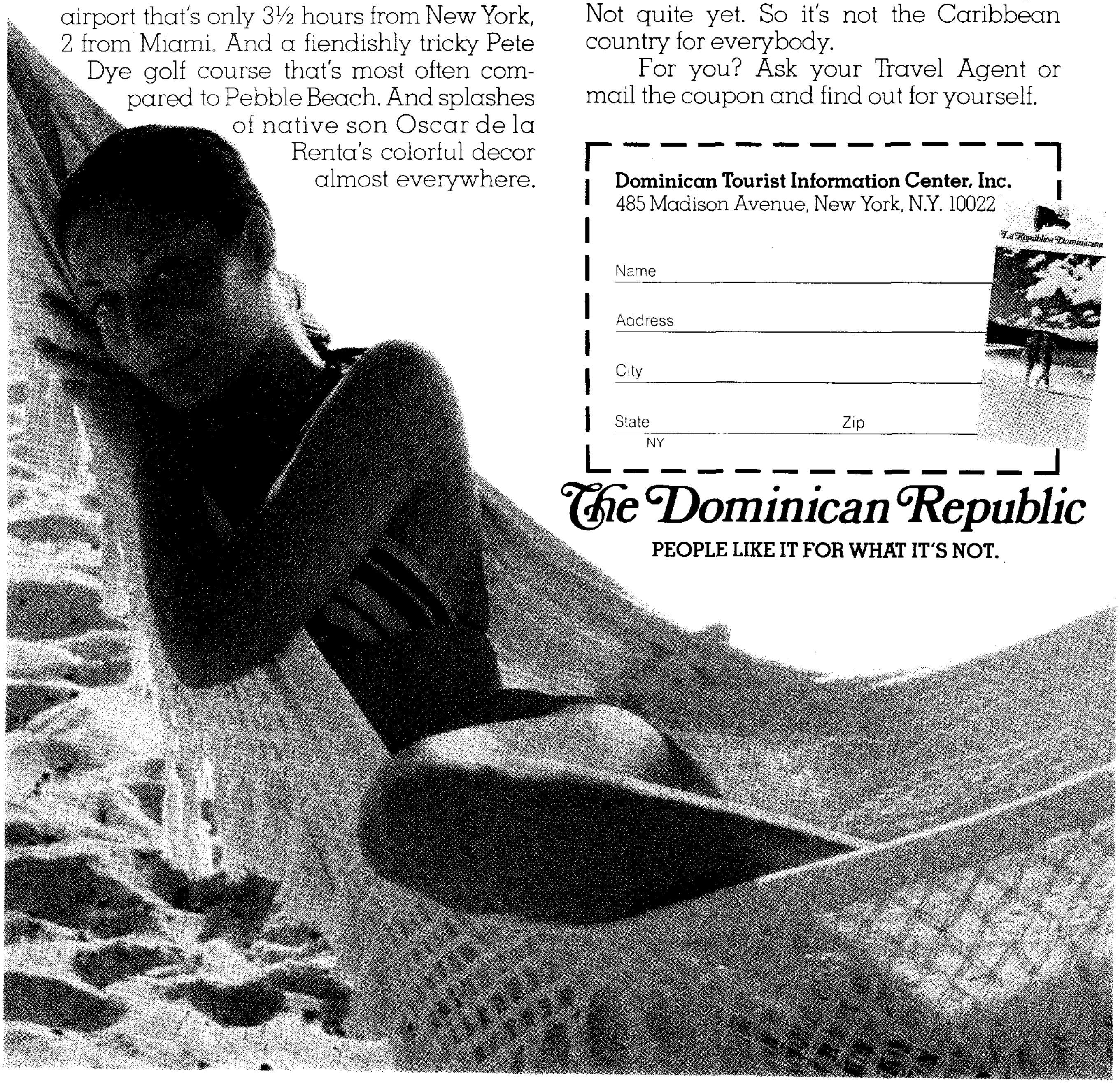
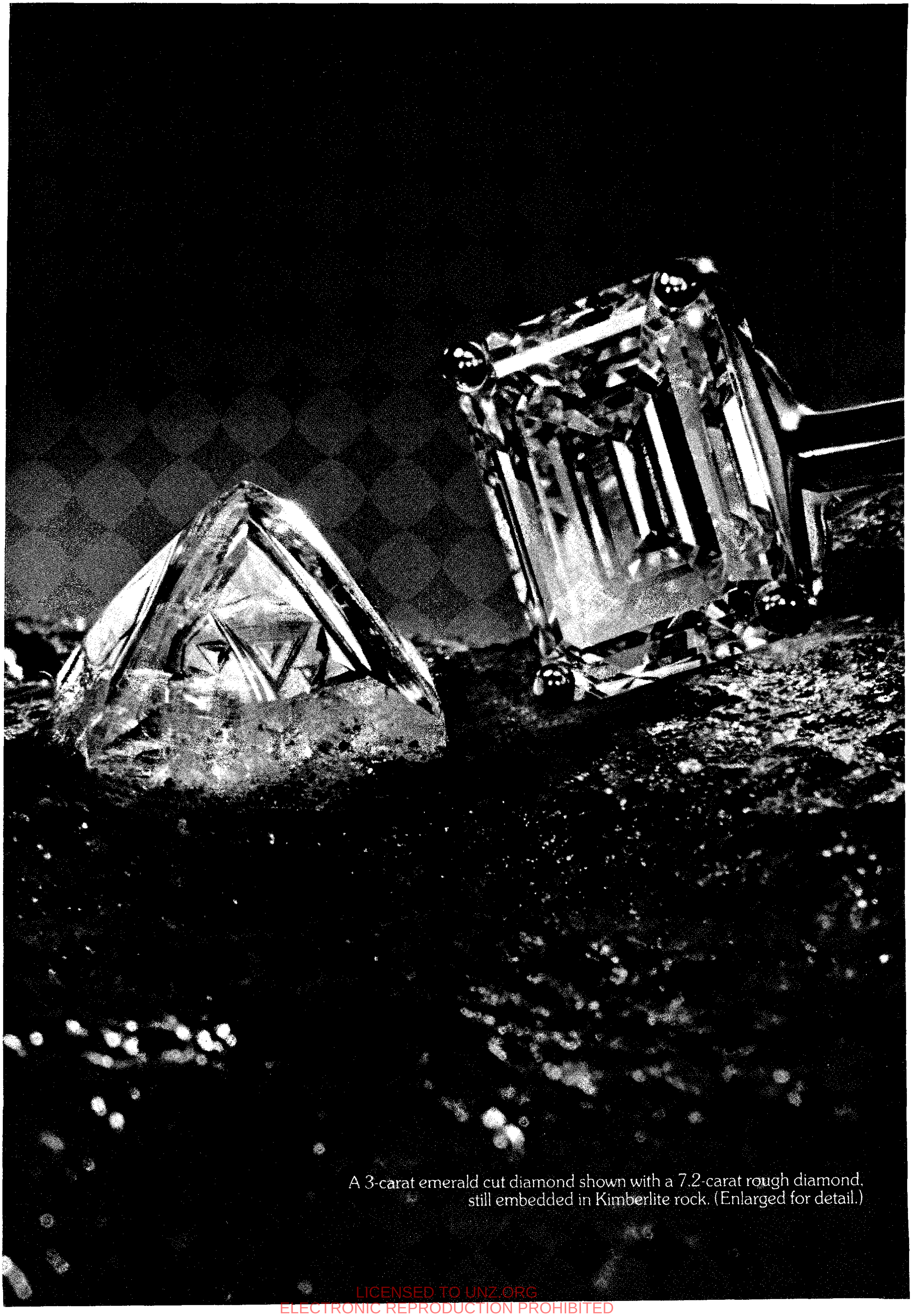


The Dominican Republic

PEOPLE LIKE IT FOR WHAT IT'S NOT.



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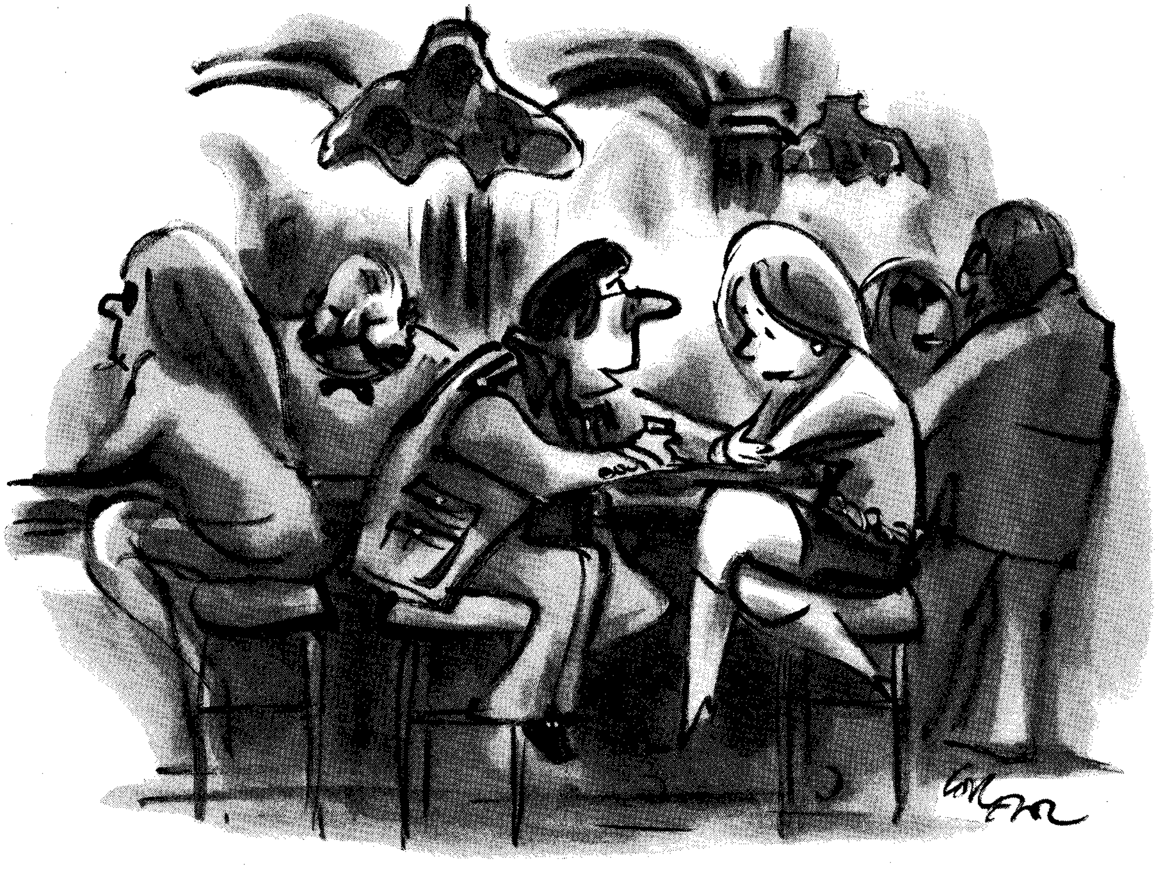
LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 15

THE New Year began with an extraordinary new sensation for many people here who have become conditioned to depressing national news—a cautious but unmistakable feeling in the air that things are looking up. This change in the psychological climate, signalled strongly by the barometer of the City of London, has come about in spite of the Prime Minister's warnings of bleak weather ahead and the fact that for multitudes of citizens the prospects are already grim. The black unemployment figures, the publicized closings of firms that are household names, and the unsung disappearances all over the place of small businesses that have simply shut up shop and silently stolen away—all this hardly amounts to a vote of confidence in the future. The deepening nightmare of Ulster is now so appalling that an increasing number of British clearly hope they will wake up one morning and find that the whole province has been lifted off their chests and has disappeared into Irish air. Even those who do not take this view of the easiest way out are wearily skeptical of any sudden light of reason dawning in the reconvening of the Northern Ireland Constitutional Convention next month. To add to the list of worries, Britain's unenthusiastic contribution to the European Community in its first six months of accredited membership has been a bitter disappointment, to say the least, to those who threw their hearts and their hats into Europe in June along with their votes. The solid good news responsible for the gradual improvement in people's spirits is, of course, that the Government's policy of wage restraint has held firm. The trade unions kept their side of the bargain. It has been a blessedly quiet winter so far, with none of the usual disruptive sounds of industrial strife, though the next round of bargaining, in the summer, will certainly be tougher. Nobody expects an election to shatter the calm this year, anyway. Few Conservatives think that they are ready to force the test, even though Mrs. Thatcher is now firmly and unquestionably in the saddle in case the Government should run into serious trouble later on. At the moment, it seems that Mr. Wilson has skillfully weathered the violent outburst of ill will that pelted him from all sides following the Chrysler affair. The other day, he spoke wistfully in a television interview of retiring to the peace of the back benches and the literary life, but most people would be prepared to bet, some with unwilling admiration, that he proposes to be still in place as the Queen's First Minister when Her Majesty's Silver Jubilee is celebrated next year.

THE Royal Shakespeare Company presented a short season of "The Return of A. J. Raffles," a new comedy by Graham Greene, as its Christmas-holiday production at the Aldwych—a promising combination for children and their elders, who had flocked along last winter to see the company's delightful "Sherlock Holmes." The two subjects have a family connection. E. W. Hornung, the creator of the gentleman burglar and cricketer whose dashing exploits in both fields made him the bane of Scotland Yard and the darling of Lord's, affectionately dedicated the first Raffles book, in 1899, to his brother-in-law, Arthur Conan Doyle. It was an admission that his elegant amateur thief, who usually set out to crack a safe attired in faultless evening dress (it was one of his punctilious rules of the sport, however, that he never robbed a host), was the reverse side of the coin of Holmes, pursuing crime in his deerstalker. Hornung finally killed off Raffles at Spion Kop, fighting against the Boers. Graham Greene claims that the reports of his death were greatly exaggerated. Raffles, having apparently spirited himself out of the carnage as deftly as though he were a duchess's diamonds, turns up in his old chambers in Albany, Piccadilly, where his devoted friend and assistant in crime, Bunny, is mournfully showing the lost hero's cricket bat and armory of ingenious burglary gadgets to, of all people, Lord Alfred Douglas. The goings on also involve Lord Alfred's father, the Marquess of Queensberry; the Prince of Wales; and the Prince's pretty mistress, archly billed as "a lady called Alice." In spite of all the allu-



"I'm not a mind reader, sweetheart. Why didn't you say you wanted me to romance you?"

sions to the Prince's mother, his tiresome German nephew Willy, and poor Oscar supporting himself on a pittance in Paris, the atmosphere of Albany remained more elusive than the plummy Victorian coziness of Baker Street. It was certainly a shock to playgoers old enough to remember Hornung's characters that Mr. Greene had attempted to update them modishly. Raffles and Bunny were united in homosexual ties as well as in partnership over the dark lantern. The now standard nude scene, as Alice prepared herself languorously, layer by crêpe-de-Chine layer, for the royal bed (the action having shifted to the Queensberry stately home, where Raffles and Bunny had gone on their first reunited job), was followed by a lesbian invitation offered to the mistress by her bright-eyed maid. By this time, many an aunt in the audience was probably wishing that she had taken the little nephews to "Jaws." Raffles was played by Denholm Elliott, an actor of amiable charm who unfortunately could not be imagined cracking a piggy bank. When the Prince of Wales, played with great presence by Paul Rogers, sat squarely in his dressing gown sharing a bottle of Mumm's with the fascinating burglar, the proceedings came mercifully, but temporarily, to life. The melancholy interest of this curious concoction, with its labored jokes and plot, was that a master of spare, sharp-edged dialogue and situation should have written it.

TWO unique art shows have just opened here. The drypoint of Piccadilly on a gray January day is being enlivened by the clashing paintbox colors of Union Jacks and Spanish flags along the façade of the Royal Academy in honor of its major winter exhibition, "The Golden Age of Spanish Painting," on view until mid-March. By a cruel coincidence, the Academy's much-loved president, Sir Thomas Monnington, died the day before the opening of a show that had long been his cherished ambition. He was an exceptionally catholic-minded, modernizing president, who blew vigorous blasts of new ideas into some stuffy corners of the venerable establishment. One of them—in 1967, the year after he was elected—was the admission of women guests for the first time to the previously sacred all-male annual Academy banquet. The present exhibition was made possible at last by the remarkable generosity of museums (headed by the Prado, the biggest lender, and its director, Professor Xavier de Salas Bosch), cathedrals,

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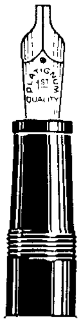

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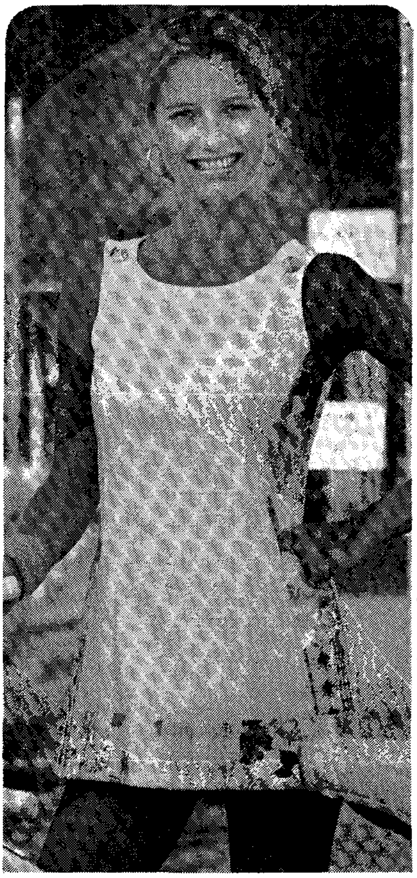

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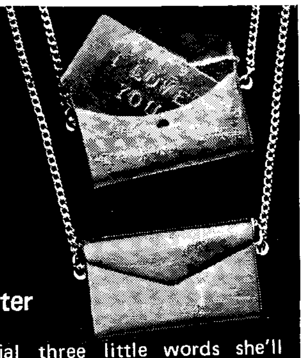

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parish churches, and private collectors all over Spain, who hardily allowed their masterpieces, some in frail health, to travel to London. Since the Golden Age covers the great sunburst of the mid-sixteenth century to the late seventeenth, when the Spanish genius was high in the heavens, the eighty-eight canvases on the Academy walls (handsomely redecorated for the occasion) can be only a small, concentrated glow, but it is a superb sampling for us in London of lesser-known painters as well as the Masters. Only one or two works have been seen here before, and those from private collections are virtually unknown, of course. Among the six marvellous Velázquez, an early portrait, from the Fernández de Araóz Collection, in Madrid (the Prado possesses another version), is of a forerunner of Mother Teresa in Calcutta—an elderly, leather-faced nun, Madre Jerónima de la Fuente, who went out to the Philippines at the age of sixty-six and founded the Convent of St. Clare in Manila. She is a tiny, brown-cloaked figure of haunting power, clutching a big crucifix as though prepared to lay out any obstacles in the way.

The main gallery is dominated by a vast Ribera, "Calvary," from Osuna, in Andalusia, which was badly damaged by French soldiers who impiously used it for target practice during the Peninsular War. Another superb Ribera, "The Bearded Woman," is certainly the weirdest picture in the exhibition, and perhaps in all Spanish painting. It is the portrait of an Italian woman, Magdalena Ventura, suckling her infant son, the unusual feature being that she is a brawny, formidable female with a mustache and a beard far blacker and more luxuriant than those of her husband, the understandably distraught-looking gentleman standing beside her. The last gallery is of small, exquisite still-lifes, which seem as peculiarly Spanish as any of the religious mystics and splendid, shrewd-eyed grandees—brilliant everyday statements of fruit and vegetables and household things set against inscrutable darkness.

THE show of Thracian treasures lent by the People's Republic of Bulgaria which opened last week at the British Museum seems sure to be the season's great magnetic art event, which will draw vast crowds, as did the earlier Tutankhamen exhibition there, and the Chinese exhibition at the Royal Academy. Bulgaria, part of the huge and mysterious kingdom of ancient Thrace, is apparently an archeologist's delirious paradise, dotted with countless grassy burial mounds still unbroken. The fabulous objects on view are the pick of the overwhelming finds uncovered so far—sometimes, it seems, by such random accidents as digging foundations for new houses or a farmer's plowshare literally striking gold. The earliest Thracian king was Orpheus, best known for his legendary musical conquest of the underworld, who gives his name today to an international competition of pop musicians which annually raises merry Hades, no doubt, in a Black Sea resort. Even in their misty beginnings, three thousand years before Christ, these vanished people seem to have had a complex system of aristocratic rulers with luxurious tastes. By the thirteenth century B.C., their goldsmiths' art had reached a pitch of perfection in refined simplicity, which later became rococo in its splendor. The crowds milling their way around the dimly lit gallery are frequently brought to a halt, mesmerized by the dazzling displays of gold and silver drinking horns, beakers, and bowls, and the wonderful jewelry. The most touching exhibit is a light and airy laurel wreath found on a female skeleton—the real leaves dipped in gold, their veining still showing up indomitably through the precious embalming substance after two thousand-odd years. The Thracians believed in a happy afterlife to compensate for this world's brutal shocks, so the favorite wife of a dead man, arrayed in her richest finery, was done to death in his tomb. There are cases full of superb bronze trappings for the Thracian warriors' famous horses, probably loved better than any wife, and of their gleaming armor, which was said to be "worthy of gods, not men." It is one of the great shows of our time, emotional as well as visual, and to Londoners it is a marvellous, glittering surprise to brighten the new year.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

●

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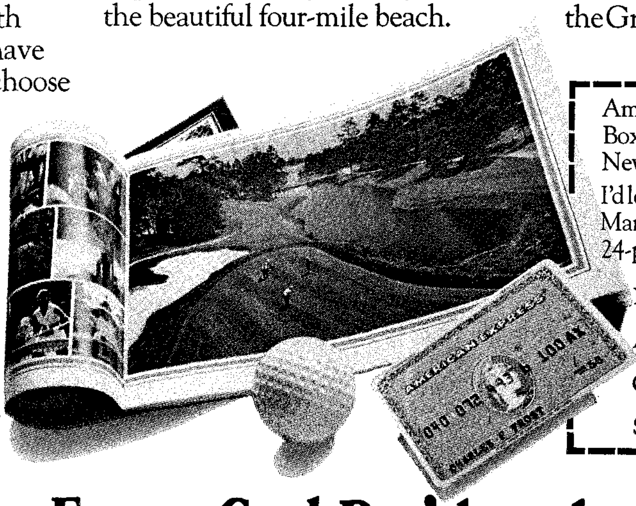

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THE RACE TRACK

Hope for Hialeah

WITH the opening of Hialeah last week, winter racing swung into its full stride. Although Hialeah once again has the choice dates of the Florida season, there is still concern about whether the racecourse—for fifty years a showplace for the best horses—can continue if it stays in the red. Last fall, there was another attempt to sell the track, but the deal fell through. Happily, the Hialeah shareholders are sportsmen, and they're going to continue operations as long as they can. Good luck to them.

The weather was hardly Florida's best for an opening day, but a crowd of 14,570 braved the heavy rain to see the Royal Poinciana Handicap and nine other races. Hobeau Farm's Kinsman Hope won the Poinciana by half a length from the Greentree Stable's Knightly Sport, with Harbor View Farm's Due Diligence third. Kinsman Hope, the six-year-old son of Swoon's Son, used the speed he inherited from his father to take an early lead, and he held it to the end of the six furlongs.

I WAS not surprised when Gallant Bob did not run in the one-mile Aqueduct Handicap last weekend. The fourteen races he won last season were at either six or seven furlongs, and the only time he was out of the money in his eighteen starts was at a mile and a sixteenth. That's why Joe Marquette, who trains Gallant Bob for Robert Horton, intends to keep him at sprinting distances. He certainly gave the damp crowd something to cheer about in the Paumonok at the Big A a couple of weeks ago; carrying 129 pounds, he went stride for stride over the sloppy track with Our Hero, carrying 113 pounds, and won by a head. Hole in the Pants was third. Our Hero disappointed his stable again in the Aqueduct, finishing third, behind Right Mind and General Beauregard. By the way, Joe Kronovich, the trainer and part owner of Right Mind, was once a linebacker for the Green Bay Packers and later for the Dallas Cowboys. He is the only football player I know of who has become a horse trainer. Kronovich bought Right Mind three years ago and has done well with him; last Saturday, he picked up $32,670 in prize money.

OFFHAND, I'd say that the most notable performance at Santa Anita so far was that of Tizna in the recent San Gorgonio Handicap at nine furlongs on the grass, a race leading up to the Santa Margarita, in February, which Tizna won in 1974 and 1975. The seven-year-old Chilean mare carried 132 pounds, giving twelve to Miss Tokyo—who is no slouch herself—and beat her, after a long battle down the stretch, in the lively time of 1:47⅕. Only once before has a horse won at Santa Anita under that weight—Round Table, in the 1959 San Marcos Handicap. I was pleased to hear that Forceten has come back to the races in fine style after a leg injury. He beat Messenger of Song in the Malibu Stakes on January 10th and has become the favorite for the Charles H. Strub Stakes, the jackpot for four-year-olds, next month.

For the first time, we will have the California Golden Triple—and it will be very golden—before the Triple Crown. The trilogy will consist of the $150,000 California Derby at San Francisco's Golden Gate track on March 6th, the $150,000 Santa Anita Derby on March 28th, and the $200,000 Hollywood Derby on April 17th. How much this will affect the number of starters in the Wood Memorial and the Bluegrass Stakes and the Triple Crown itself I'll not hazard a guess.

AS expected, Bertram Firestone's Honest Pleasure, who reeled off victories in the Arlington-Washington Futurity, the Cowdin Stakes, the Champagne, and the Laurel Futurity (his last starts in 1975), heads the Experimental Free Handicap—the Jockey Club's estimate of the two-year-olds of 1975—at 126 pounds. Kenny Noe, Jr., the New York Racing Association's former racing secretary, who figured the weights, rates Mrs. Firestone's Optimistic Gal and Richard Bailey's Dearly Precious tops among the fillies, at 119 pounds. Telly's Pop, best of the two-year-old colts in California, is second in the Experimental, at 124 pounds; Bold Forbes, the whiz from Puerto Rico, is tied for third, with Lord Henribee and Whatsyourpleasure, at 123. I like the name of a filly by Under the Table, in the 108-pound bracket; her name is Playin' Footsie.

—AUDAX MINOR

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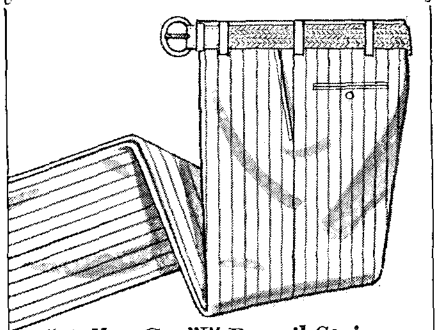

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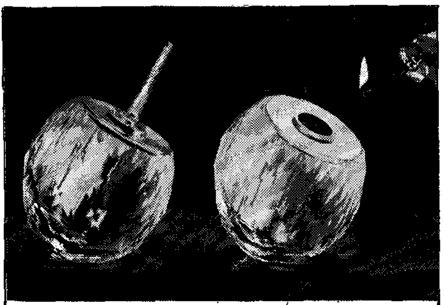

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BOOKS

Crossed Lines

RECENTLY, a group of avant-garde French critics has put forward the idea that books *should* be made unreadable. This movement has manifest advantages. Being unreadable, the text repels reviewers, critics, anthologists, academic literati, and other parasitical forms of life. It may lead to the material discomfort, even the ruin, of the publisher, who is by definition an exploiter and an embodiment of obsolete fantasies of free enterprise. Above all, the unreadable book will humiliate, confound, and rout the reader. This is the essential aim of "final unreadability" (*l'illisibilité finale*). For has there ever been a lazier, more patronizing, more exploitative relation than that of reader to writer?

It is well known that suburban matrons and clubmen are haunted by the conviction that they could, given the necessary will power, typewriter ribbon, and shamelessness, produce an erotic scenario, a thriller, or a domestic saga as fine as any on the best-seller list. In fact, it turns out, instead, that such banality, when it carries the heart before it, is more often than not the fruit of high cunning. But what, then, of the truly unreadable book? This surely must be in every man's reach. Yet again the answer is no. To produce an unreadable text, to sustain this foxy purpose over seven hundred and twenty-six pages, demands rare powers. Mr. William Gaddis has them.

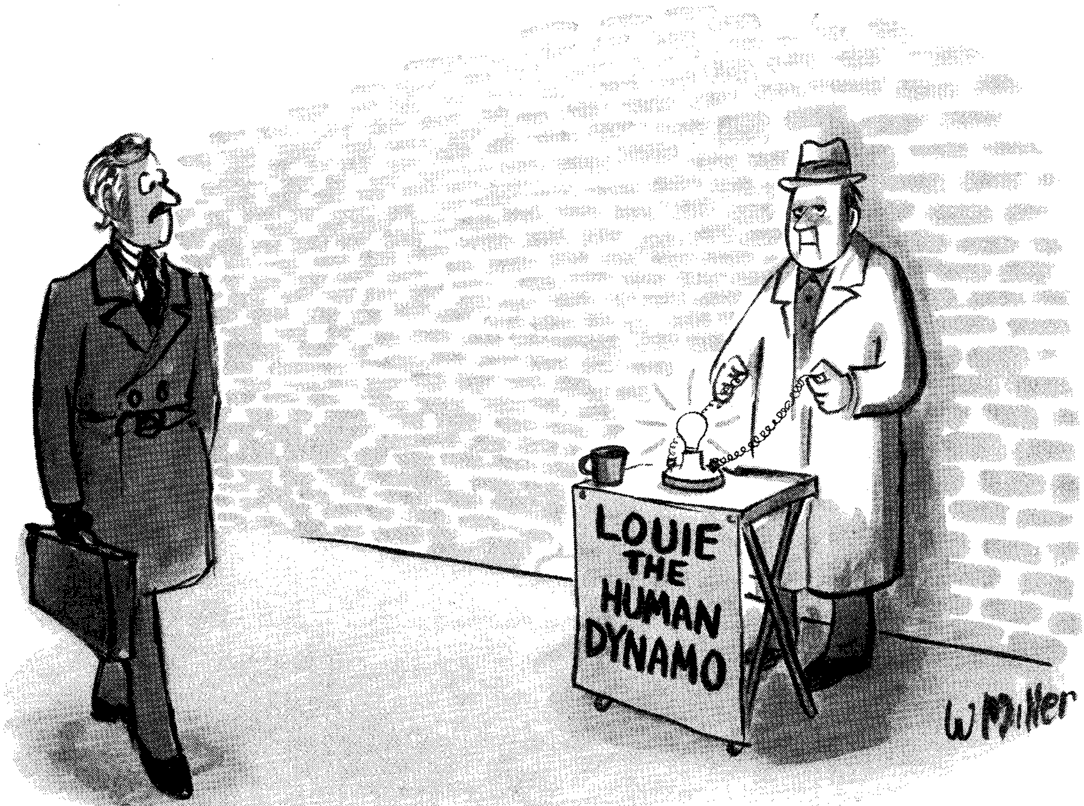
The unreadability of "JR" (Knopf) is brilliantly enforced by one of the drabbest, most jostling pieces of typography ever devised by a publisher notable for elegance. The eye blears across interminable screeds of direct address, fretted by occasional patches of narrative and an auxiliary stream of P.A. interjections, of pronouncements, of captions set apart in a slightly different but equally drab typeface. Only enormous quotation can give a fair impression of Mr. Gaddis's autistic triumph. But quotation presumes a genuine sequence, a discrimination between major and minor points of interest, pauses for summary. These are all but absent from a book that can be dipped in nearly at random and skimmed, or inhaled punitively, like the scent of smoldering rubber. Let me try to dip into the molasses—though the image is unfair, there being in molasses a varying structure and something that catches the light:

> —I know, I forgot to tell you how we got him, see I just read all these job ads in the Times till I found one of this company which sounded real professional see so I copied it and put in my box number instead, this here Mister Piscator didn't you get this letter from him? Because this is just this here carbon copy he sent me of it when I told him on the telephone he should write all this stuff to you at the office because you were handling it there for me like this branch, you know? So when he says he can get all these figures on Eagle Mills off their accountants for those ideas you got me off that smartass broker with all the heads which hey I meant to tell you, you know he said I'd never see a nickel on this Alberta and Western debenture? Well right after they put out another one called series C I got this here interest payment on series B if he's so smart. And like he told you Ace was like toilet paper the price of it just doubled after this progress report that said they expect to pay this dividend and they offered me twenty cents a share which I only paid like ten for so I got this whole bunch more, I mean I'd like to know how many stocks he's got which their price doubles that quick boy. Anyway you didn't bring this here letter from Piscator?
>
> —No I didn't even . . .
>
> —Okay that's okay because I got this here copy, see so anyway remember where he says all this stuff about generating cash and lease-backs and hey look, see? Where it says accelerated depreciation? When I just said that you said it didn't mean anything?
>
> —Well that's not what you said, you said . . .

A few reams of busy pulp later:

> —Wait wait listen Tom listen, idea make a million dollars God damn it listen. Invent a God damned parlor game where's the bottle listen, game about divorce sweep the God damned country parlor game call it Divorce how's that. Every God damned married couple young and old alike sublimate their God damned can't stand each other can't afford to split buy the God damned game for ten dollars sublimate their God damned divorce game call it Split make a million dollars how's that.
>
> —I ever tell you David asked me once if Jesus ever, wait damn it be careful . . .

You will have grasped the point. As far as any description applies—and unreadable books despise description—"JR" is a cancerous mingling of telephone calls, of crossed lines, of dial tones and static that fudges the logorrhea of the American voice. The impact on the reader, who is in this event to be merely a contemptible enemy, is that of a wiretapping service or of a mammoth

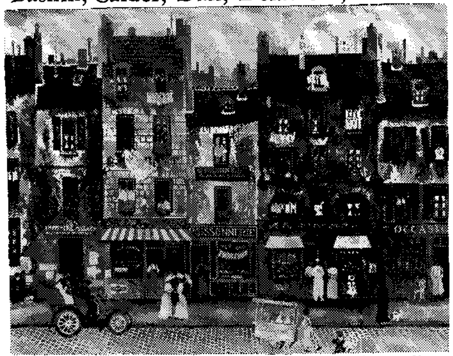


switchboard gone lunatic. Words pour out, momentarily unscrambled, then are submerged in a loud fog. The phone-cadence, stylized into a sort of Alexander Graham Bell-gothic, infects the rare oases of direct narration:

> Mister diCephalis came carrying a child's umbrella in the congruous fashion it feigned here in the small, rolled, black, its handle a curve of simulated birch hooked on his wrist as he passed under the inscribed lintel and pushed at the glass door that never yet had opened in and did not now, stopped to unlimber the umbrella, pulled the door open, and moved at home through crowd and noise toward a door of wood and thick as his wrist which swung lightly closed behind him, not for being well hung but because its hollow core reduced it to a swinging sign for the word Principal and a sounding board diffusing the racket in the hall into the presence of moderation and benign achievement themselves diffused, along with the Horatio Alger award and fifty-six honorary degrees when hung, high in the confines of a single face framed cheaply on the wall in witness . . .

Through this awesome chowder a thin tale threads, winds, wends, coughs for air (Mr. Gaddis's "cacophony"—the publisher's word—is catching). Torn-sneakered, twelve-year-old JR is a sixth-grader in a Long Island public school, an emporium of culture and civic virtues run by and for the benefit of grafting politicos, cornball coaches, more or less eviscerated dropouts from unspeakable teachers' colleges, and the closed-circuit TV, with its never-ceasing exhortations to Americanism. Mrs. Joubert takes her charges on a social-study and picnic-basket outing to Wall Street. The purchase of one share of common stock in a smiling public corporation fuels JR's genius to fever pitch. Knotted inside a phone booth, his voice aged and given menace by the judicious insertion of a soiled handkerchief into his mouth, JR proceeds to wizard the small proceeds of a stockholder's suit he has filed on the strength of the class's single share into a tentacular empire of natural resources, communications, service industries, Pentagon cost-plus enterprises, and futures on such patents as music frozen for later audition in space. He masters the entire pandemonium of stock options, calculated tax losses, deficit financing, asset-stripping, writeoffs, market-cornering. Timber, textiles, land rights, legalized marijuana, surplus plastic picnic forks stockpiled by the Navy, intent on winning the megaton coleslaw battle, pour out of the cornucopia of JR's phone calls. All one has to do is to keep talking:

> I just heard the whole thing went . . . Okay but where does that leave me? I mean if I was the biggest holder they



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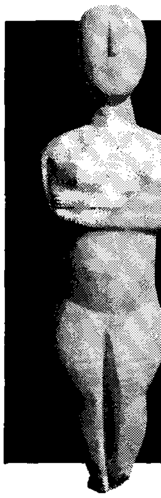

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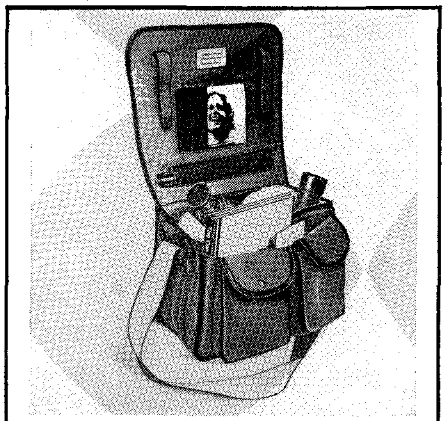

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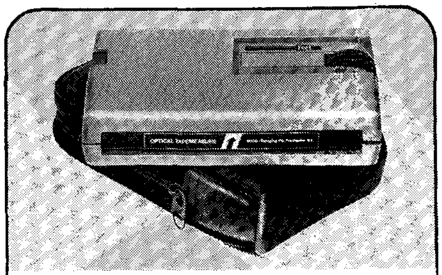

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had in both . . . what? I already told you because it was real cheap, now so where does this . . . possible what . . . ? But what good are leases on mineral exploration rights if I . . . okay but what good are tax writeoffs for mineral exploration if like what am I supposed to do, go out there with a hat and shovel looking . . . not a hatful of no I said a shovel and go looking for these here virgin . . . what? No I mean these minerals what's the difference of that and you said probably . . .

Who could have predicted that pork-belly futures would turn rancid, bringing the American financial colossus almost to its knees?

This is the "Solid Gold Cadillac" scaffold of the novel. Other plot lines and torrents of speech cut in. The textile-mill bankruptcy from which JR will fantasticate some of his takeovers involves a tangled family chronicle, of which we are given chaotic snapshots. JR directs his dam bursts of contrivance at a front man, Mr. Bast, failed pedagogue, putative composer whose dreams, decencies, and sexual-social mishaps give to the book its very few flashes of felt presence.

There is a point to all this, of course. Mr. Gaddis seems to be a man exacerbated almost to the pitch of frenzy by the vacant, predigested pap of the current American idiom. He gags at the mixture of cliché and pompousness, of sawdust and clarion which Washington, Wall Street, small-town unctuousness, and the rhetoric of progressive education have voided over the land. Where there were live forests there are now only stumps and dead shavings. Gaddis has chosen telephones to represent and enforce his nauseated sense of what has happened to the language in the golden era of Vietnam boom. Here and there the satire bites:

> I just want to make one thing clear Vern, I'm proud of my company loyalty I just want to make that perfectly clear, I'm proud of it. Look around all you see's a bunch of unwashed kids that don't know what loyalty is because they've never had anything to be loyal to they never will, sewing the flag on the seat of their pants the way everything sacred's breaking down the only place left for loyalty if you've got any's the company that's paying your way, when my company says jump I jump!

But, though malignant, speech is only the symptom. Inside the mountain of blabber, officialese, chic jargon, and dead metaphor there is a howl of pure, radical protest: against the money-madness that is America today, or that was America until the municipal bonds came due. JR's empty conquests are made possible by a technology of greed so efficient, so inatten-

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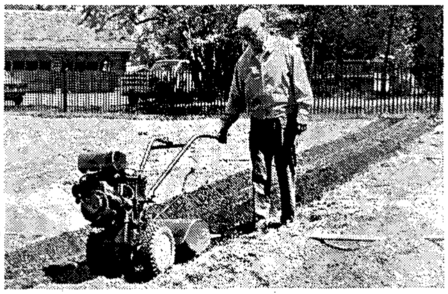

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tive to the objects of its manipulation that it engulfs the political, moral substance of the society. "What do I want with a lawyer?" asks JR at the bitter nadir of the fable. "I mean holy shit where do you think we are over at Russia? where they don't let you do anything? These laws are these laws why should we want to do something illegal if some law lets us do it anyway like selling these looms in this U S aid program at South America that's this U S money coming back here like did we invent this tax break we get with it?"

All this could have been said compactly, and made accessible to the reader. A governed irony crystallizes; it does not reiterate the object of its anger. The muddle seems to be widespread. Over this past decade, the avant-garde American novel has become elephantine in dimension. "Gravity's Rainbow" ran some two hundred and fifty pages the wrong side of mastery. There was a little fat to be trimmed away from the essentially classic design of "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance." The rumor drums are now tapping out news of an impending thousand-page "blockbuster" by one of the most gifted of American experimental writers. It is not only the dollar that suffers from inflation. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

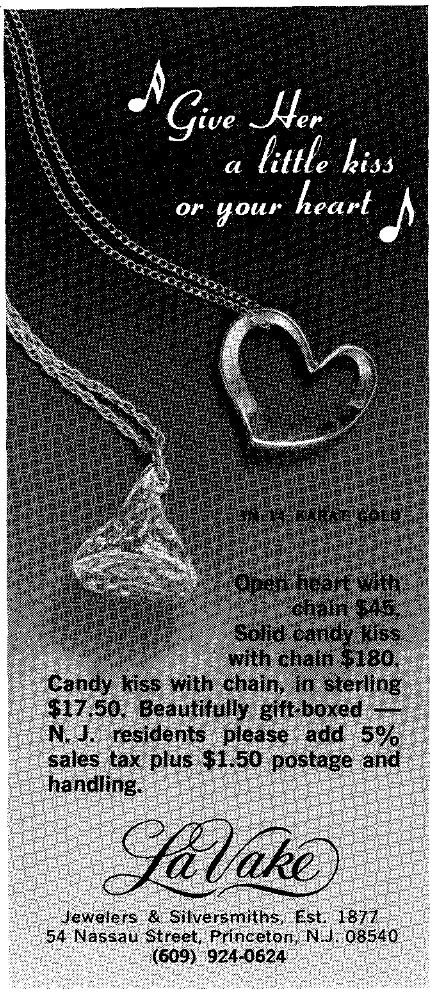
FICTION

CONQUERED CITY, by Victor Serge, translated from the French by Richard Greeman (Doubleday). A highly flawed but fascinating picture of what life was like in St. Petersburg in 1919 and 1920, right after the Russian Revolution and during the civil war. Victor Serge (né Victor Lvovich Kibalchich) was the Belgian-born child of Russian émigrés who had fled Russia during the repressive period that followed the assassination of Czar Alexander II by terrorists, in 1881. After spending a part of his youth as a writer of political pamphlets and articles in France and Spain, he eventually found his way to Russia to take part in the Revolution. An idealist and a dedicated revolutionary, he threw himself enthusiastically into the task of helping to build the new Soviet Republic. He served as a machine gunner in a special defense battalion, he joined the Party, and he even served for a while as a commissar in charge of the Czarist secret-police archives. Like Solzhenitsyn, his belief in individual liberty soon led him to increasing criticism of the government, and because of his views he was eventually blacklisted, arrested, and, in 1936, exiled. Unlike Solzhenitsyn, however, there were no literary awards or funds awaiting him when he arrived in Europe, or in Mexico, where he was forced to flee a few years later, and his last years (he died in 1947) were spent in ill health, poverty, and unhappy isolation from the European Socialist movement that had nourished him. This book is the final one of a trilogy about modern revolutions. It is a difficult, jumpy, overcrowded novel that is full of dialogues between confused commissars, descriptions of how people coped with the terrible St. Petersburg famine, and conversations of frightened soldiers. It shows a city where nothing works and everything is topsy-turvy. As history, the book suffers from frequently supplying fiction where the reader wants facts, and as a novel it suffers from the opposite difficulty. Nonetheless, this is a revealing document from a humane, intelligent witness to an important moment in history.

THE CROW AND THE CAT, by Peter de Polnay (St. Martin's). Mr. de Polnay, who was modest and gay in "Spring Snow and Algy," has followed that entertainment with an unconvincing tale of corrupted naïveté. The story centers on an effete English heir who once guiltily promised a small-time crook that he would support him forever when the crook alone went to prison for a crime in which they were both involved. Through sparely evoked flashbacks and surprises, the author cranks out a complicated plot set on the heir's Oxfordshire estate and in the seamy Parisian underworld of the pair's former days, but all the plot in the book can't make clear why the rich man doesn't simply cut himself free of his obnoxious leech.

GENERAL

THE LAST EMPEROR, by Arnold C. Brackman (Scribners). Henry P'u Yi, as he was known in the West, acceded to the imperial throne of China in 1908, when he was three; in 1912 he was forced to abdicate in favor of a republic. He and his court, however, were offered Articles of Favorable Treatment, which meant that they retained ownership of the palace quarter—the



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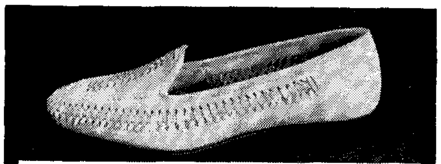

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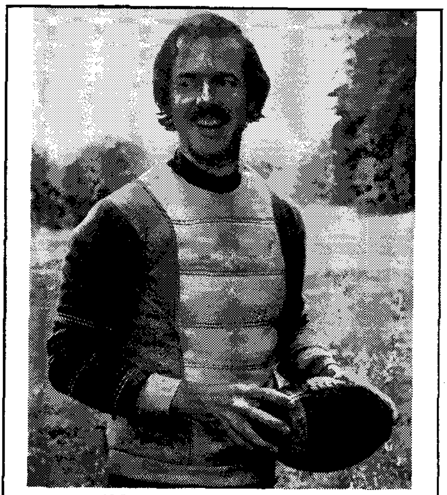
Forbidden City—and everything in it, and were given, besides, a huge annual income. Mr. Brackman's account of this period vividly re-creates the nearly unimaginable juxtapositions—savagery, showiness, refinement—of imperial Chinese life; the emotional underpinnings of Oriental despotism (the lad, treated as if he had remained Emperor, could and did order courtiers beaten for his entertainment); and the remoteness, to the Western mind, of traditional Chinese political and social concepts. For a while, P'u Yi was nominally restored to the throne, and then finally deposed in 1924. Throughout the Fast East, P'u Yi continued to matter, however, like the king in chess, merely because he existed. With his second deposition begins the sorry tale that ends with his serving the Japanese as a puppet, lending his legitimacy to their acquisition of Manchuria—his dynasty's homeland—until the end of the Second World War. But even at his trial for war crimes—where the author, then a U.P.I. correspondent, observed him—the Chinese considered him sufficiently important to be spared and "reëducated," or brainwashed. He wound up as a minor official of the Maoist government—a puppet again. He died in 1967, probably of natural causes, although the author says there are rumors that he was killed during the Cultural Revolution. Mr. Brackman's excellent narrative never demands sympathy for its subject, who was, by ordinary standards, wicked—faithless, self-centered, weak, and, when he could be, cruel. Yet sympathy there is—possibly because P'u Yi displayed the incredible naïveté common to royalty.

ON THE TRACK OF MURDER: BEHIND THE SCENES WITH A HOMICIDE COMMANDO SQUAD, by Barbara Gelb (Morrow). Mrs. Gelb (we are told) spent two years observing the activities of the Manhattan Homicide Task Force, commanded by Detective Sergeant Gerald McQueen, and this book is the often tedious result of that experience. Ten investigations are described, four of them in considerable and plodding detail. Mrs. Gelb is clearly so absorbed in her subject that nothing is too trifling or irrelevant to fascinate her. She is most interesting when she is correcting popular assumptions about police work: in real life (as opposed to fiction), clues are seldom of any value, fingerprints left at the



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scene of the crime are usually smudged, police forensic photographers are not infrequently careless and unobservant, the murders most readily solved are those in which profit was the motive. It might be added that in most of the cases she describes most of the people involved are either deranged or retarded.

LETTERS AND NOTES ON THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS, by George Catlin, edited by Michael Macdonald Mooney (Potter). An abridgment, illustrated with over a hundred of Catlin's drawings and paintings, of the two-volume work first published in 1841. In 1830, at the age of thirty-four, Catlin set out to explore the regions beyond the frontier, which was then not far from his native Susquehanna Valley. He visited nearly fifty tribes, half of them on the plains of the Far West; he painted and drew their chiefs and braves and their women and children, and set down, pictorially and in writing, their rituals, dances, feasts, and wars. He was the first white man ever to seriously observe and record the life of some tribes; of others, his pictorial and written witness is all we know, for after him they became extinct. The editor has done a first-rate job of arranging this material in a freely flowing narrative, and of preserving the flavor of Catlin's perceptive, humorous, and always compassionate writing about the Indians.

WILFRED OWEN: A BIOGRAPHY, by Jon Stallworthy (Oxford). When Wilfred Owen was killed in action, seven days before the end of the First World War, only a few people could have known that the world had lost a fine poet, and perhaps a great one. Several editions of his poetry have made this idea a commonplace, and "Journey from Obscurity," the three-volume memoir of his brother, Harold, provided a basis that no formal biographer is likely to surpass. The main contribution of Mr. Stallworthy's book, which emphasizes Owen's development as a poet, is the publication of some hitherto unseen early manuscripts. These juvenilia are notable in that, though they show an obvious debt to Keats, they are nonetheless sincere and interesting works of art. When they were written, the Romantic tradition, with its rural vistas and its melodious metres, had long since come to seem ancient, but it had not died. Owen's best poems, however conventional they may appear next

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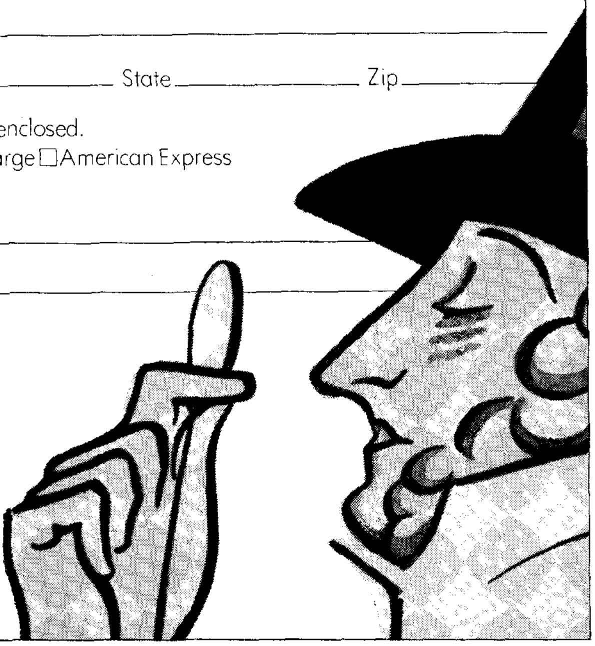

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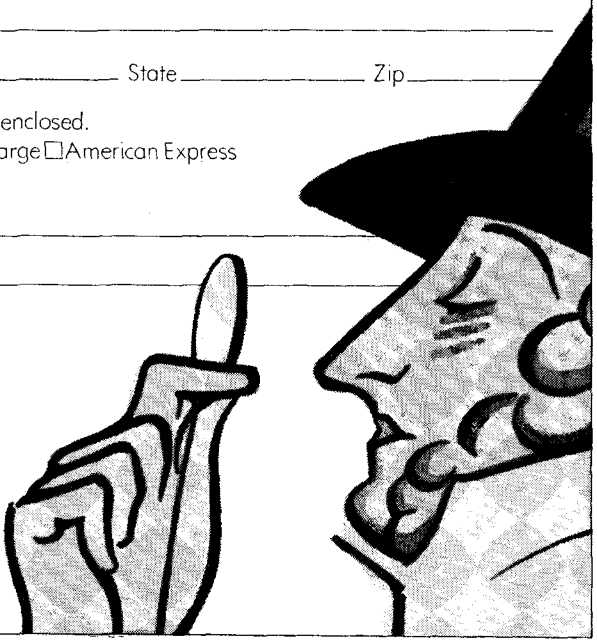

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to, say, Pound's or Hardy's, still excite wonder. And in the horrors of the Western Front they found a durable subject. As the poet expressed it in notes for a preface he never finished, "Above all I am not concerned with Poetry. My subject is War, and the pity of War. The Poetry is in the pity."

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, by Norman Hampson (Scribners). The author, an English academic historian, describes his study as "a concise history," but it is sufficiently detailed to satisfy all but special students of that world-shattering event. Mr. Hampson devotes much consideration to the forces that created the Revolution, and settles on the explosive coincidence of a bankrupt fiscal policy, the by then widespread dissemination of liberal notions, and the crop failure of 1788. He then picks his way surefootedly through the ensuing decade—the euphoria, the factional confusion and squabbling, the war and civil war, the corruption, the Terror, the confident arrival of Napoleon Bonaparte. Many illustrations.

THE DRAWINGS OF GOYA: THE SKETCHES, STUDIES, AND INDIVIDUAL DRAWINGS, by Pierre Gassier (Harper & Row). All of Goya's drawings that were not published (in 1973) in the companion volume to this one, "The Complete Albums." They are painstakingly traced and identified, but, unfortunately, they are impossible to enjoy, because of the fuzzy dimness of the reproductions. Not all the fuzziness is the printer's fault: many of the drawings and sketches were in poor shape to begin with and have been reproduced merely for their historical interest. But whatever the value to scholars of this fastidiousness, mere art lovers should be forewarned of the likelihood of eyestrain. Four hundred and seven plates, nine in color. Sixty dollars.

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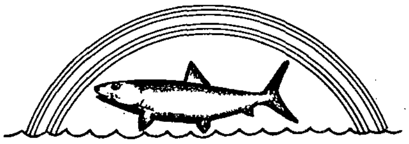

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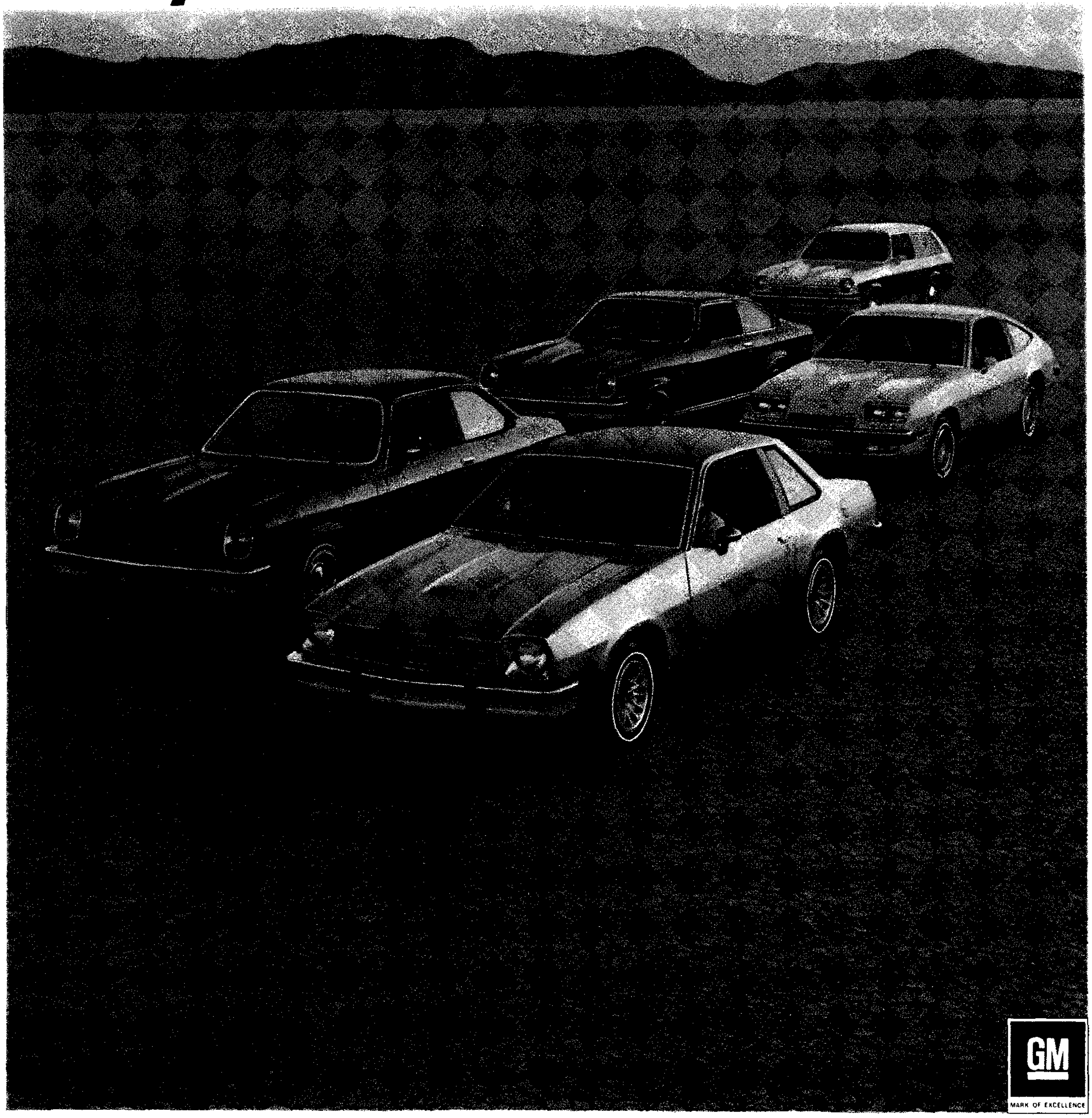

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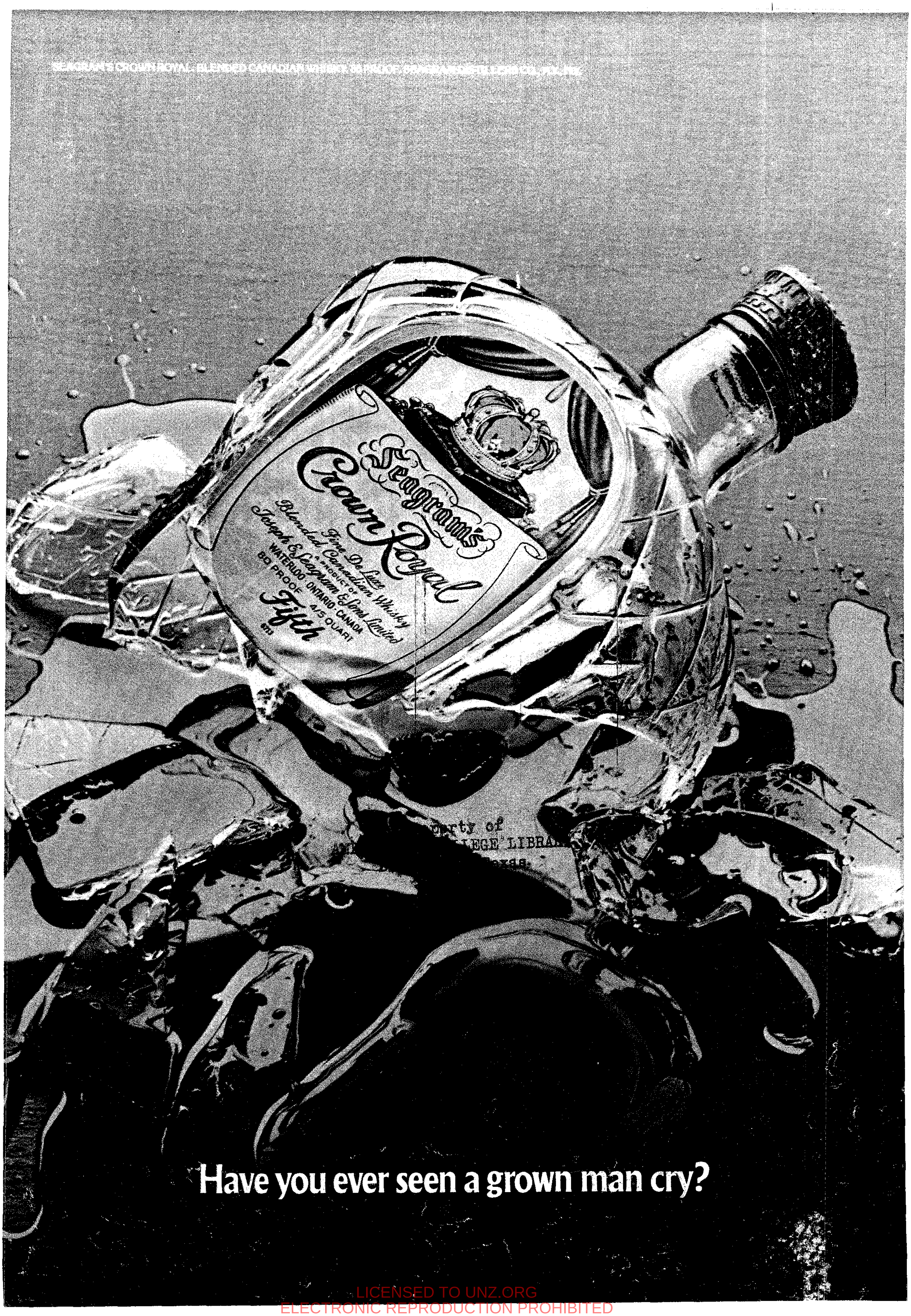
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